



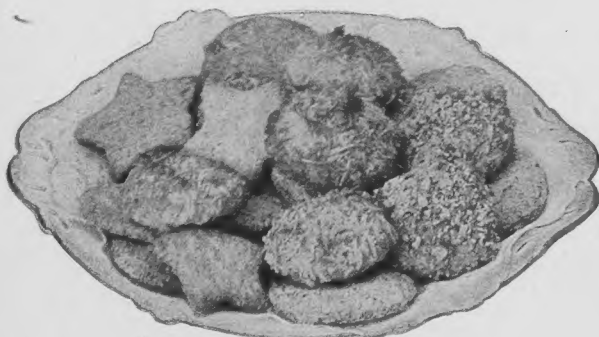
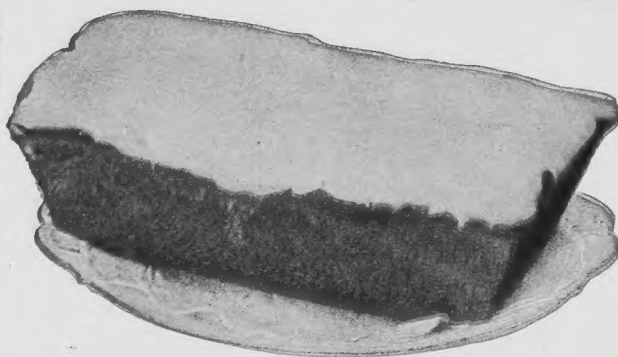
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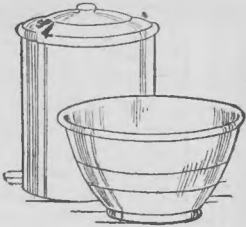
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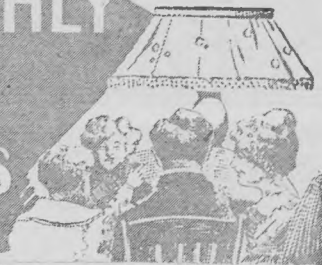
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HOME MONTHLY
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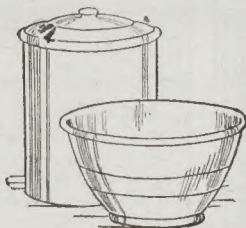
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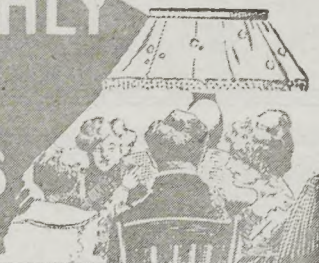
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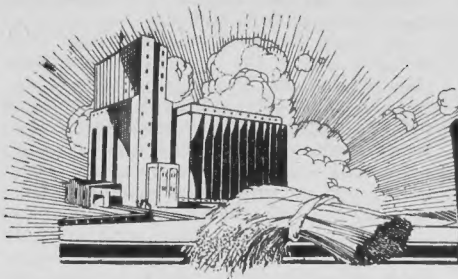
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EDITORIAL



THE ENDURING VIRTUE

The one thing that makes the world move noiselessly is good-will. This is true in the little world called the home, in the larger world of the community or the nation and in the big round world which includes all mankind. The arch-enemy of good-will is selfishness and his twin offspring are injustice and hatred. Selfishness in the home may appear in any member of the family, and the injustice creeps out in such things as the division of money, the buying of clothing, the sharing of luxuries or even in such trifles as the serving of meals or the reading of the newspaper. When a man is habitually selfish and unjust he becomes an object of aversion even in his own family and his self-indulgence will in the end lead him to treat harshly those who interfere with it and it will cause those who should be his best friends to shun and even hate him. What is true of the husband is equally true of the wife. In the ideal home husband and wife are not twain but one—in thought, feeling and action.

Even so in the community or the nation wherever selfishness manifests itself, there is discord and growing feeling of ill-will. If in the family selfishness manifests itself in individuals, in the nation it manifests itself in groups—industrial, social, religious, racial, etc. This rigid group alignment is inimical to national prosperity. Just as one may be so ardent an advocate of some peculiar religious doctrine that he is unable to appreciate the real meaning of religion, or as he may have such a strong racial affiliation that he is completely out of sympathy with Canadian ideals and aspirations, so he may be so politically bound that he cannot consider any problem in its national bearings, and so dominated by his guild or union that he can cherish no other feeling for his fellows than that of contempt and hatred.

Now the cure for selfishness is the cultivation of altruism and the cure for ill-will is the cultivation of good-will and kindness. This is what must be practised in the home and the school until it becomes second nature. It is the groundwork of all true education. Those who are kindly disposed to their fellows in youth will not likely become grossly self-indulgent in later years. Just as the twig is bent the tree's inclined.

And those who in their community and nation have learned to be tolerant, considerate of others, will in international dealings incline to justice and reason. The greatest need in the world to-day is that men should be willing to come together in a kindly way to discuss their problems with a view to helping one another all they can.

This idea of one nation endeavoring to get ahead of another by juggling with tariffs and armaments is wholly unchristian and therefore wholly wrong. The law of happy and prosperous life is not "Each for himself, but each for all." This is true for every group. If we as a nation would attain to the highest, we must learn to lose ourselves in world service. We have the greatest service to render, a service that no other people can offer, for Providence has kindly favored us, and we have no enemies to fear. The Gospel of Service was not intended for individuals alone. It is equally incumbent upon organizations and communities great and small. Individually many have accepted the Golden Rule as their guide, the world has yet to find a nation wise enough to accept the doctrine unreservedly. Perhaps it is for Canada to become the first Christian Nation.

WASTE

The output of the clothing industry in the United States is about six hundred millions a year, and it is reckoned that 40 per cent. of this could be saved by the use of economical methods. There are

nine wasted hours each week—the machinery being idle when it might be in operation, then there are ten hours wasted in time-wasting shop methods and two hours are wasted on unnecessary work. The greatest cause of waste is the craze for variety in design and materials. This craze does not come from the public but is induced by the manufacturers who try to out-do each other. Then the rules of the workers encourage waste, and this particularly in large factories which make complete garments. "Not only do the workers prohibit performance standards, work-tickets and all the mechanism that is necessary to effective shop planning and administration, but it is claimed that they do not work so well for the manufacturer, who to them is a fabulously wealthy non-producer whom they rarely see, as they do for the contractor who frequently works along-

navy. In ten years that would be quite a sum. Alaska cost the United States only seven millions. The canal zone in Colombia cost her twenty-five millions and so cases might be quoted indefinitely.

The founders of the League of Nations recognized the vital fact that "just and honorable relations between nations" are the surest guarantee of peace. The adoption of the rule of justice and right dealing in her international policy would be worth more to Japan than the navy she is building at such tremendous cost.

AN EXPERIMENT IN RAILROADING

Some time ago Henry Ford purchased a "streak of rust," about 450 miles in length, leading from nowhere in particular to a point near Detroit. It was probably the least promising railroad

addition to being the chief owner, Mr. Ford is the chief patron. He is making his railroad dovetail with his factories. Moreover, the lowered freight rates, it appears, are not yet in effect; they will first go into force Aug. 20. Beside, sweeping economies have been effected. Legal expenses have been cut to the bone. Most significant of all, the force of employees was promptly reduced from 2,760 to 1,327—increased to 1,650 in June. If other railroads were able to do more business after having discharged half their men, they too, might begin to talk of working miracles!

It is not necessary nor intended to make light of what Mr. Ford has done with his railway. But its special circumstances have to be duly considered and cautious men will wait to see how the experiment works out after it has been a longer time in operation before proclaiming it a "revolution" in American railroading. But the details of what has already been done, will be read with great interest.

The fact that interests Canadians is this. There is a strong suspicion that the management of nationally controlled roads is altogether inefficient and wasteful. There are too many highly paid officers doing nothing and too many men getting eight hours pay for four hours work. What Mr. Ford found in his little road can be found elsewhere.

Without any change in methods it was found that some departments had on their payrolls employees whose services could be dispensed with without decreasing the effectiveness of railroad operation. These were dropped from the payrolls or transferred. The salaries and expenses of the legal department in June, 1920, for example, amounted to \$17,990.40. In June, 1921, the corresponding charge was only \$206.96. Mr. Ford fully believes that railroads can be successfully operated with much less litigation than is usual in this industry.

Next it was found that by better correlation of the work of related departments much duplication could be eliminated. The employees in the accounting department have not yet quite recovered from the strange combination of work assigned to them, formerly assigned to a half dozen different departments. But they enjoy the new experience and wonder why the plan has not been tried before.

It was found in many cases that one man could do not only his accustomed job but perhaps part of the work of another. In every department even the employees themselves are finding ways of eliminating wastes by assuming duties formerly assigned to others in addition to their own.

Out of it all Mr. Ford has cut his force of railroad employees from 2,700 to 1,650 in the face of more traffic than the road has ever handled before. Nor are the economies in wages the only ones already effected. Damage claims have been materially reduced because freight is being handled more expeditiously and more carefully. This is shown also by the fact that the usual charge of about \$5,000 a month for clearing wreckage was reduced to \$2,200 in June 1921. Stationery and printing bills have been more than cut in two. Fuel bills for yard locomotives show a decrease of one-third and for transportation locomotives over one-fifth from June, 1920, to June, 1921, in spite of the very great increase in ton-miles hauled. Even allowing for a decrease in unit costs of fuel, a very satisfactory economy remains to be accounted for by more effective use of fuel.

For June, 1921, freight revenues amounted to \$686,355, an increase of \$319,079, or 87 per cent. over June, 1920. Expenses for June, 1921, amounted to \$376,383, a decrease of \$102,543, or 21 per cent. In June, 1920, the deficit, after paying taxes and rents, amounted

Continued on page 16.

Looking Backward

It is a pleasant occupation, - for God in His wisdom lets us remember only what is pleasant. We think of the fine pail of raspberries we picked that day we went to the Bigbush, forgetting all about the scratches, the damage done to stockings the time we accidentally kicked over the pail, and the trouble we had making the sorrel horse take the bit, and how sore the hired man was because we forgot to bring his chewing tobacco. We forget all that but when we send our children out to pick berries and they come home empty handed they are quite likely to hear about our own deeds of prowess in the berry picking line. They suffer by the contrast too, in fact children generally suffer when a comparison of the two generations is made. Just as we suffered when Grandpa and Grandma grew reminiscent and told us what blessed little angels they were in their behaviour, how hard they worked and how they loved to do it! Each generation is perfectly honest, - it is the glamour of the past at work! They think they are telling the truth, - so do we, - so will the next.

The ancient Egyptian who carved the inscription which was recently unearthed on a tomb thought he was telling the truth too.

The interpretation of the inscription is -

"The days that are, are not the days that were"

It is the Glamour of the Past! And in spite of it let us remember that though Humanity often stumbles - its general direction is forward!

NELLIE L. McCLUNG

side of them and whose ability to pay them their high week-work wages obviously depends on their enabling him to deliver great quantities of finished garments to the manufacturer." The clothing industry is a type. The same observations, especially that relating to the rules of the workers can be made in regard to a score of industries of national importance. Neither an individual nor a nation can thrive if waste is too great. We have not learned economy. We shall never be prosperous until we do.

A WORN OUT POLICY

It is the wish of Japan to extend her territorial possessions. She must transplant her surplus population somewhere and there appears to be no unoccupied land in the world, excepting perhaps in Africa, Eastern Siberia and Mongolia. There are two ways for her to acquire additional property. The first is by conquest and the second by legitimate bargaining.

Now it is too late in the history of the world for any nation to attempt to add to its territories by conquest. Even a great navy will not help her. The crash that forever ended the Berlin-Bagdad dreams, has indicated what would happen should other nations have similar dreams. If Japan would win her way she must not copy the world of militarism. She must open honorable relations with other nations and by purchase acquire what she so much desires. She now spends six hundred millions annually on her

in the United States. People called it Ford's New Tin Lizzie, and experts declared that he would sink millions in it. And well they ought for the road had for years been in the hands of the receivers, and the owners were in despair. When in May, 1920, a New York firm announced that there was an offer of 60 cents on the dollar for the road's income bonds, 5 per cent. on the dollar for preferred stock, and one cent for common stock, there was a stampede to get rid of bonds and stocks, lest the option be withdrawn. The purchasers were Henry Ford & Son, and the price paid was about five million dollars.

Well, what has happened. The following comment of the "New York Times" puts the matter in a nutshell.

From time to time glowing reports have appeared in the press of the wonderful results attained by the Detroit, Toledo & Ironton Railroad since it passed into the control of Henry Ford. It was made to seem like magic. Wages had been increased and rates diminished, yet net earnings had gone up marvelously, and a decayed and nearly bankrupt concern had been transformed into a money-making property—all in three months!

The true story, as might have been expected, is one of shrewd investment and skilled management. The road was bought, in the first place, at a bargain price—less than one-half of the estimated book value. The overhead for capital charges is thus at once cut in two. In

Mrs. Rosie Starblanket, taking the pipe from her mouth, and narrowing her black eyes into two smudgy lines, listened to the footsteps of her son as he approached the parental dwelling. Mrs. Starblanket did not understand the language of flowers or precious stones, or even the handkerchief flirtation, but she did know something of the language of footsteps, and on this occasion, as her son came quickly down the broad walk, Mrs. Starblanket reached a quick conclusion; she thought she knew what the joyousness of his approach meant.

Now it happened that Mrs. Starblanket was for once astray in her diagnosis, but, as her historian, I hasten to exonerate her from blame.

Johnny Starblanket's footsteps, on this blue-black midnight in July, were of amazing lightness. There was evidently some great source of exultation which shod his feet with wings. Mrs. Rosie Starblanket, his mother, knew but one form of exaltation, now that the great days of buffalo hunts were over. Exaltation as she knew it, came in one form, and one only, copical in shape, dark green in color, with the maker's name in gold letters, and a gold seal below. So Mrs. Starblanket, intently listening, assumed—falsely as it proved—that her son had been drinking.

Johnny had been to Winnipeg Beach for the evening, and as this was prior to prohibition days, and four adequately equipped bars were worthily striving to alleviate the thirst of the population, from eight o'clock in the morning to twelve o'clock at night, Mrs. Starblanket had another extenuating circumstance to condone her mistake.

The air was heavy, and electrical with thunder storms. Lightning stabbed the big clouds which lay over Blue-Berry Island across the lake. Above her head, in the velvet blackness of the night, a hive of mosquitoes circled and spread, monotonously chanting their complaint; but none came near Mrs. Rosie Starblanket, whom mosquitoes have long since passed up as a tough proposition.

When Johnny stepped off the walk and turned into the gate, which was always left open, his mother greeted him. There was no word spoken—just a sound—but it had in it all the essentials of a kindly greeting. Interpreted, it was—

"There you are—I see you—where have you been?—and how are you?"

Johnny replied by another sound which meant, "I'm jake. How yourself?"

Ordinarily that is all that would have passed between them, for Mrs. Starblanket had learned in a long term school, that it is no time for talking when the exalted mood was upon any of the male members of her house.

But to-night it was Johnny who did the talking. He had been hoping that his mother would be in her accustomed place at the west end of the white-washed log house, for he wanted to talk to her. Great events had transpired, and his mother must know of them.

"Maw," he said, "I got a girl."

Mrs. Starblanket deliberately lit her pipe before replying. If that was all that was wrong, it would keep until she got her pipe going.

Then she made another sound, which meant—"I suppose it had to come some time—so go on and let me know the worst."

Johnny had been educated at the Industrial School, and was now Assistant Station Agent at the Beach, so he had learned the use of language.

"She is one Jim-dandy girl—Maw," he began, "you know her. It is Minnie Harcastle—you knew her mother—didn't you?"

Mrs. Starblanket nodded, but it was so dark, Johnny did not see, and repeated the question.

His mother did not deny it.

"She went to school—you know—when I did, at Brandon, but she was small. She is just eighteen years old now, and smart—Maw—say—you should see her wait on table there—she's at 'The Homestead,' and all the fellows are after her, but tonight at the dance I asked her out straight, and she likes me better than any of them."

His mother smoked on, but Johnny did not resent her apparent indifference.

There was a long silence between them, then his mother carefully knocked the ashes from her pipe and put it in her blue print dress pocket—and began to talk.

Red and White

By Nellie L. McClung

"Her father was white man," she said. Johnny caught the implied disparagement.

"But her mother was Indian—all Indian—Cree too," he said eagerly. "You know the Lily people—they were good Indians—Maw—good Indians like our folks."

There was an appeal in the boy's voice that he knew would bring his mother round. "Fathers don't count like mothers," he said, "you know that."

Mrs. Starblanket did not deny it. She was willing to admit like all other students of sociology, that the virtues of the mother are sometimes visited on the children.

"She's pure Indian in everything but looks," urged Johnny; doesn't like white men a bit. You see—she takes me—when she could have lots of white men. Told me she would never marry a white man—wants pure Indian—she remembers her father, and just hates him—says she hopes he's dead—and all that."

"Humph."

His mother swung around on her stool and addressed the place in the dark where her son was sitting.

"What about Maggie?" she asked.

He gave an impatient gesture, which his mother felt, as plainly as if she had seen it.

"Maggie ain't got no style to her—and she toes in too bad," he said.

His mother shifted uneasily in her seat and drew her own moccasined feet under her skirt.

"Anyway, she's got another fellow," said Johnny, "a big freight handler on the train. She wouldn't look at me last night at the dance, just made a face at me when I passed. Maggie isn't caring a cent about me."

"Maybe not!" said his mother, "maybe not—you better go slow on this other girl—she's too white for us, Johnny, it don't do any good—these mixtures—white is all right—Indian all right—I don't like breeds."

Mrs. Starblanket spoke with deep scorn. Why not? In her veins ran the blood of princes, and it was her great comfort that all her children had intermarried with the undefiled Indian families. Johnny, her youngest and dearest, must not be allowed to stumble. Everything else had been taken from her but her pride of blood, and the slumbering resentment against the conquering race which had robbed the red man of everything but his honor, awoke with increasing passion.

"Maggie's the best girl for you," she said, "you can't depend on white ones—some day she'll see another fellow—and let you slide—I know. You can't count on white ones—they change."

"What about Maggie, then," cried the boy indignantly; she's the one that has changed—she's the one that makes faces at a fellow."

"You left her first" said his mother severely—"I not blame Maggie—I'm glad she has another fellow. Maggie's a good girl—she makes moccasin, basket, everything. White girls all for spend and dance."

A sudden crash of thunder which followed a blinding flash of lightning, drove them indoors, and the rain which had been threatening all evening, poured down in torrents. It ran in floods down the square paned windows, and poured in and out of the blue barrels at the corner of the house, which Mrs. Starblanket had placed there for her supply of soft water.

Inside, Johnny Starblanket lighted a small coal-oil lamp and began to make his preparations for slumber. The well dressed young man, resplendent in tan boots and red tie, seemed like a casual caller in the whitewashed cabin, on whose walls were many a trophy of the brave old days. He hung his collar and tie on the horns of an antelope, and threw his boots on a tanned buffalo hide. On a canvas stretcher in the corner, he flung himself.

The raging of the storm made further conversation impossible, and for this Johnny was not sorry, for he knew his mother's moods too well to try to change them. In a vague, boyish way, Johnny had compassion for his mother. He knew that life had grown gray and uneventful for her since the cottages had been built all around the lake, and the whole place had filled with white people to whom his mother was simply an Indian woman who occasionally did a washing for them.

He could remember the time—long ago it seemed now—when their house was the only one on the lake, as far as he could see, and the hunters in the winter evening gathered with his father and big brothers around the fire, and all the talk was of big game and shooting.

He could recall still the joy of being carried on his mother's back through the woods, when the acrid smell of the campfire got in his eyes as she stooped over to stir something in a pot. And behind them the wolves howled, but he was not afraid.

The change had come suddenly, with the building of the Railroad to the Beach, and the hunters had gone north. Soon after, his father had died, and he had gone to school at Brandon and began his education from books and teachers.

At the end of four years, he had come back to his mother's white-washed house beside the lake, and began his work in the station.

At first, the excitement of trains leaving and arriving, the surging crowds, the dances in the evenings, the bands which came out from the city and played in the pavilion—seemed like a wild dream of delight after the rigid discipline of the school, and yet when he went back to his mother's cabin at midnight, and listened to her stories of buffalo hunts and the felling of big game, his soul longed for the silent ways of the forest. By day, he was Jack Star, in all respects a white man, doing a white man's work in the throbbing avenues of trade; at night, with the sound of the lake licking the gray boulders on the shore mingling with his mother's soft voice as she told him the stories of his people, he was an Indian, descendant of Chief Starblanket, to whom the far country called.

His mother lived again the thrilling scenes of life, as she told them to her son. Civilization, which had closed in about her so terribly in the last four years, seemed now to choke and stifle her, and it was only in these dark nights when the kind mantle of darkness blotted out

the offending evidences, that her tongue loosened, and something of her old joy of living came back to her.

In daylight, she could not look out without seeing the desecrated woods—the patches of clearing—the circle of red and white cottages which had broken out like a rash on the fair surface of the sandy shore. There were fences and flag poles and sidewalks and running wells. There was an automobile road from the city, over which the honking, chucking, ill-smelling dragons raced and jostled each other. No wonder that many birds and squirrels had fled in terror.

"Too many people"—Mrs. Starblanket often mourned to herself, as she walked in the early morning along the sandy shore. Behind the cottages there was a board walk and a good road, but she scorned them in her heart, and besides she liked the crunch of the white grave, under her moccasined feet.

The night and the early morning were the times she liked best, for then the cottage dwellers were within doors, and the calm face of the lake was not disfigured with their presence, and the horrible clatter of the screaming, laughing bathers was stilled.

In the morning, too, her own birds, the meadow larks, flickers and thrushes, feeling much the way she did, claimed the woods for their own, and drove their songs of defiance into the open windows of the late sleeping cottagers.

Some of these had even brought their own birds with them, as if the wild ones were not good enough for them, and these wretched little creatures, some of whom sang bravely in their gilded cages which hung on the painted verandahs, drew forth Mrs. Starblanket's pity and scorn.

"They take everything," she muttered to herself—"they don't let anything be—ain't a bird singing in the trees, better than a poor thing sitting on a roost? But the bird in the woods is free, and its own boss, and they can't bear to let us be. Nobody is safe now—they grab everything."

That night after Johnny had gone to bed, Mrs. Starblanket lay long winking at the darkness. There was an unwonted bitterness in her heart as she thought of what her son had told her. He wanted to marry this white girl—for white she was to the Indian woman, in spite of Johnny's spirited defence of her Indian parentage.

"White"—Mrs. Starblanket muttered—"and she'll lie in bed till noon, and wear rag on her head when she gets up, and paint her cheeks and go out all afternoon to sit on some other woman's verandah and gab and cackle. She'll not make moccasin or tan hide, and when she has a kid, she'll be sick a year before and a year after, and then never have another."

Mrs. Starblanket scorned the ladylike weaknesses of the Beach dwellers, which she had so often heard discussed by them with great frankness. She often wanted to tell them of the twelve children she had raised, and never lay in bed a day



Johnny Starblanket in Railway Uniform

in her life. They were surely the good-for-nothing set, these white women, with their pains and their nerves and their operations.

And now Johnny was going to marry one of them, and his good wages would be spent on doctor's bills, and operations, and crazy frilled things. The sore touch in all this to Mrs. Starblanket was that her brightest and best dream was shattered by this new turn in her son's affairs. There was no chance now of Johnny going back to the life to which all Indians belonged—to the life of his father and his grandfather, and the older brothers who had fled before civilization's choking breath. Johnny the powerful, the fleet of foot and strong of arm, who could when he was five years old, put his arrows into a tree like a man, and ride the worst pony in the bunch. Johnny would push a baby carriage up and down the sidewalk, while his wife played cards with other white women, and told how many stitches they had put in the last time.

She supposed there would be a place for her in the kitchen. She could wash and iron, and polish the slippery floors. It looked like a life sentence for both her and Johnny.

Mrs. Starblanket made no sign the next morning, but was especially attentive to Johnny, when she got his breakfast of eggs and bacon. Poor Johnny, he would soon be cooking his own and "hers" too, so while she had him, she would use him good.

His mother's solicitude was unnoticed, for John Starblanket's heart was busy with other matters. Like most men—Indian and white, the attention of his women-folk was only noticeable in its absence. But Mrs. Starblanket was not worrying or even thinking. Indian women do not live on words of praise or honeyed phrases.

The storm of the night before had left the lake fretful and complaining, although the sun had come up in a cloudless sky, and the wind had gone as completely as if it had never been. But the waves rolled in upon the shore petulantly, whimpering of the night and what it's fury had done.

Johnny went gaily whistling out of the gate, but suddenly remembered something which he wished to say to his mother.

He came back to the door and called to her—

"I'll bring Minnie down to see you, Ma—she's real Indian—you'll see! She's been asking about you."

His mother made a sound in her throat which Johnny knew meant assent, and he resumed his whistling.

"I won't come home to-night—but we'll both come down to-morrow night—for supper—we'll come in canoe, mos' likely. Oh yes—there's something else I want to say—the papers say there is going to be war over in Europe—there's lots of talk goin' round, and fellows say we'll all have to go, mos' likely."

Mrs. Starblanket nodded. War! that was more of a man's job than handing out train tickets like Johnny was doing

now. War! she remembered when her grandfather had painted his face and gone out early. . . . War! What was she thinking of? "They won't fight"! she said in contempt; "white men won't fight—they're too soft—too lazy—too fond of easy things."

The instinct to house-clean is inherent in woman. It is a sure wall of defence against the arrows of fortune, for with a clean house, a woman can face the world, though it turns to her a frowning countenance.

Mrs. Starblanket's first impulse was to set to work to clean the house, so that Minnie Hardcastle would see that Johnny was the son of a woman who knew how to make a man comfortable. The floor would be none the worse of a scrubbing; the narrow-paned windows, cleaned though they had been a few days before, were now spotted with flies; the stove could easily be made a brighter black; there were weeds in the garden too, which Mrs. Starblanket could remove.

She rose hurriedly and began to set away the remains of the breakfast, with many plans for improving the appearance of her house, and glad of the two whole free days in which to do it. She'd let this white man's daughter see that John Starblanket had been "fetched up good," and if he picked up with lazy women now, it wasn't because he had been used to them.

Mrs. Starblanket knew well the ways of cleaning a house. Though she would not have admitted it—the cottage dwellers had taught her many things, and if her heart had been heavier since their coming, her house had been cleaner. Curtains had appeared at her small windows, and vegetable dishes had mysteriously supplemented the function of the black pot in which her potatoes and cabbages were boiled. Better methods of washing, too, had superseded the fire on the shore and the rubbing of the clothes by hand on a stone.

For two days she practiced all her skill in household arts, and every treasure of her house was brought to light. Johnny would not feel bad about his mother and her Indian ways. The beaded suit with the gauntlets to match, was hung carelessly on the head of Johnny's bed, just as if beaded suits were but incidents in his life. The bear-skins were beaten on the line until no more dust could be dislodged, and the one and only house-plant, given to Mrs. Starblanket by one of her last years' patronesses, and carefully brought through the winter by heavy coverings of newspapers on the coldest nights, was turned around to show the best side of its luxuriant foliage, and a jardiniere made for it from some silver paper she had picked up on the shore.

"Mos' likely they'll be hungry," she said to herself, as she went over to one of the cottages to negotiate for a chicken. Chicken, she knew, was the proper offering when company was coming, and white though she was, Johnny's girl would be treated good.

If Mrs. Starblanket had not watched

herself, she would have grown quite happy over her preparations, but she kept up her scornful attitude to the whole proceedings. She put tiger-lilies in a pickle bottle on the table for a centre piece; she brought out all her plates and washed them in soapy water and polished them until they shone. She knew the more dishes people use at a meal, the sweller it is. She folded white paper napkins into teepees before each plate, and had her steel knives scoured to look like silver. Mrs. Starblanket was feminine enough to prepare more thoroughly for an enemy than for a friend.

If it had been Maggie the basket-maker who was coming for a meal; Maggie, her choice for a daughter-in-law; there would have been none of this; but for this white girl—for white she was to Mrs. Starblanket—there would be nothing amiss—and no need for apologies. She would let Johnny's girl see that she knew how a meal should be served.

That evening, while Minnie served dinner in the long dining room of the Winnipeg Beach Hotel, overlooking the blue waters of the lake, she was watched by at least two pairs of masculine eyes. Johnny's deepest, languorous gaze followed her graceful movements, with admiring, prideful looks. She was his girl, the swellest girl at the Beach, and she was his. He gloried in her somewhat haughty beauty, her well poised head, her neatly coiled hair, the springiness of her step and the neatness of her attire. Johnny did not analyse her appearance—all of his adoration of her was covered when he told himself "she sure was a swell girl."

The other pair of eyes were gray and oyster-lidded—not so young or so bright as Johnny's, not so honest in their admiration. They belonged to a man, thick-set and prosperous looking, who had come on the evening train.

He spoke to the younger man who sat beside him.

"Great place they have here!" he said, looking about the long dining room approvingly, with its many tables, "this place was virgin wilderness the last time I saw it—just nineteen years ago a bunch of us were out hunting for a week, lived with the Indians, and shot big game—and feared neither God or man—we sure were wild young colts. That was the time a fellow could have a good time—there were no laws—no ten commandments—and no consequences. The present was everything."

He laughed reminiscently.

"I wish I could see it as it was then. The Indians were in great form. They took us up the lakes in canoes, and showed us how to tan hides and make moccasins. There were some pretty girls among them, with shy brown eyes and red cheeks—that girl—he pointed to the next table, where Minnie was serving—reminds me of one of them—same carriage and same dignified manner. By jove! she is a pretty girl."

"Hush!" said the other man with some embarrassment, "she'll hear you."

"That won't hurt her—they all like to hear it—young or old. Don't worry about me—I make no mistakes with women. There's just one system with them—young man—go after them—they like to be chased—and lay on the blarney. You can't get it on too thick. Now watch me—if you want to see how it's done."

When Minnie passed the table at which he was sitting, he lifted his hand to gain her attention.

"How are you, my dear," he said blandly, regarding her with a beaming smile.

A full ten seconds passed before she replied, and then her answer came deliberately—"I am quite well." Minnie's voice was serenely calm and level, and would have been disconcerting to a less self-assured man.

"My dear," he beamed, "I did not need to ask. All I needed to do was to look and see the roses on your cheeks and the sparkle in your eye. My dear girl, to look at you makes me young again."

Minnie's eyes were narrowing as he spoke, and two dull, red angry spots which rose to her cheeks, emphasized the high cheek bones. There was something about him that gave her a sickened feeling. Not that Minnie Hardcastle had not been made love to in public before. She had been too long a waitress in a summer hotel, to experience any surprise



Mrs. Starblanket seeks solace in her pipe

at the foolishness of men, young or old, and had thought herself prepared for anything—but there was something in the tone of the stranger's voice, a sort of vaseline softness, that stirred bitter memories.

"What do you want to eat," she asked hurriedly, forgetting her accustomed graceful manner, in her intense desire to return to a strictly business basis with this well favored guest, whose eyes were upon her in such bold admiration.

"Eat!" he laughed noisily, "I have not got to that yet, my dear. I am too busy admiring the roses—I am walking in the garden in the cool of the evening—don't hurry me. My dear, will you tell me were you born up here in this wild country, or have you stepped out of a picture, or where did you come from?"

Minnie's eyes were half closed, as she asked:—

"Are you fresh, or—just foolish?"

The younger man laughed and looked as his companion to see if his composure had wilted at all. But his bland face revealed nothing.

"I'm just foolish"—he said, still smiling.

"In that case," said Minnie, "I do not mind telling you that I was born near here. My mother is dead, and my father too, I hope."

"Bless its heart," he cried. He burst into a laugh as if some witty word had been spoken—a great throaty laugh which had no mirth in it—the sort of laugh in which no one joins. "It has a temper, for all it looks so mild—well—well, we won't press the point any further."

"Ham and eggs, roast beef, pork chops, sausage," said Minnie mechanically, and with no hint on her voice of any emotion except a desire to feed the hungry and get it over as soon as possible.

The two guests decided in favor of roast beef, and when Minnie had gone, the older man had just a hint of anger in his heavy eyes. The younger man adroitly ignored the incident, and began to talk of other things.

But the portly gentleman had been wounded in a tender spot, and could not forget it.

"It's all a part of this damned uplift business," cried he, attacking the roll beside his plate, with murderous intent, "there is no place where a man has any liberty any more. Here, even here in this neck of the woods, the half-breed girls after a year or two in these infernal industrial schools, get the airs of a duchess, and notions entirely beyond their plans. There are no shy, modest little girls any more, who blush when they are spoken to, and know how to take a compliment. Now they stare back and talk back, and I'll bet that black-eyed jade wants to vote, and all the rest of it."

The December and January issues of The Western Home Monthly will contain the remaining instalments of this exceedingly interesting and human story of Mrs. McClung. No one should miss these two numbers, as the story in its development portrays in a wonderfully vivid way the finer traits of our western Indians.

The December Number will also contain a special Christmas contribution from the distinguished Canadian authoress who is at present in the Old Land attending important conferences where she has splendidly upheld Canadian institutions.



Minnie—the swellest girl of the beach

Upon the face of the man who walked slowly up the lane between the high hedges was a look of bewilderment. During the weeks he had spent upon it—the ship—and the routine of ship's life, had grown familiar, but this steep lane winding upwards between tall hedges, brought back the sensation of bewildered ignorance about himself and his surroundings which for so long now had wrapped him round like a cloud of darkness. When the ship came into port the captain had tried to detain him, but with something of the instinct of a trapped animal he had fought against the suggestion. Somehow—somewhere—he was sure that he would discover again that identity which so mysteriously eluded him. Because of that lost identity and because of his utter destitution in the South American seaport the Consul had shipped him back to England—and the Consul's words drifted oddly back to his mind now, as he made his slow way between the hedges that were white with may, and golden with blossoming gorse.

"My good fellow you speak like an English gentleman. What, in God's name has brought you to a pass like this?"

And he had only been able to shake his head and answer that he did not know. He could give no account of himself; he was ignorant of his own name, of where he came from, of what he had been doing, before he found himself wandering about the lowest quarters of Rio, dressed in rags, and utterly destitute.

"You speak like an English gentleman." That phrase persistently recurred to him as he plodded on, "like an English gentleman," he laughed harshly and aloud, startling into terrified flight a blackbird searching for grubs in the grass in the hedgerow.

"A gentleman." He spoke the words aloud, staying his steps a moment to glance down at his soiled and ragged clothing, and again he laughed, a mirthless laugh full of misery.

Spurred on by that instinct of the trapped animal, he had allowed the captain to believe that memory had partially returned to him, that he had some means of finding help and shelter. By skilful evasion and subtlety he had contrived to effect an escape from the ship, which had been his temporary haven and refuge—but now, out here on the hillside, between the flowering hedges, he was fain to own to himself that he knew no more than the blackbird he had scared, where his next meal was to come from, where his head was to rest that night.

The curtain of blackness that had hung between himself and his past when he talked to the consul at Rio, hung there still. He could remember nothing—nothing at all, before that moment when he realised that he was penniless, destitute, alone, in the lowest quarter of the Brazilian port, and that he did not even know his name.

He paused for a moment in his upward climb, just at a point where a gateway cut the hedge in two, and leaning over the gate, he looked across a field of deep red earth, which sloped away to a wide stretching landscape of meadow and woodland and far blue hills.

Overhead was the blue sky of May: beyond the field of red earth was an apple orchard whose trees were clothed in daintiest pink and white; a carpet of bluebells covered the copse close at hand, the leaves of a beech tree near by were delicately green against the vivid blue of the sky. The sound of distant sheep bells floated up on the soft breeze, high overhead the voices of the larks made a ceaseless pulse of song.

The man who leant upon the gate sighed, and moving away, toiled on along the lane, though he did it with a strange sense of purposelessness.

"Where am I going? And what am I going to do when I get there?" he said, and once more he spoke aloud, as though the sound of his own voice were some small comfort to him, lonely traveller as he was, "a gentleman!" For the third time he laughed, and his laugh met a countryman coming down the lane towards him—a tall and stalwart fellow with eyes as blue as the skies overhead, and a healthy sunburnt face.

The sound of that laugh startled him. In the whole course of his vigorous and wholesome life, Jan Gurney had never heard such a laugh issue from the lips of any human being, and hearing it, he stopped short in the roadway and stared at the traveller, taking in with his obser-

UP ALONG

Author of
"Man and Woman," Etc.
By L. G. MOBERLEY

vant countryman's glance the lined and haggard face, the tattered garments, the bewildered trouble in those sunken eyes.

"Marnin to 'ee," he said in his soft sing-song accents, "where be gwine?"

"I was going to ask you the same question—at least I was going to ask you where I shall get to if I follow on along this road?"

Jan's eyes grew round with amazement when he heard the stranger's cultured accents, his own hand went intuitively to his hat, and he said with grave courtesy, "You do get to Morlhay, sir."

The ghost of a smile flickered over the traveller's face as that last word dropped almost unawares from Jan's lips, but he only answered.

"Morlhay?" Is that the nearest village?"

"No, 'tis a turrible long way to Morlhay, sir. But there's Bramsford. There's a lane a few yards up the road, you do turn into the lane, and you do go up along to Bramsford."

Again the eyes, whose glance was so strangely keen, sunken though they were—searched Jan's face, "does she live at the Manor, and take care of the little master?"

"She have bided at the Manor ever since Sir Jasper went away and left her—so they do say," Jan repeated the former refrain in that soft singing voice of his, "and lonesome she must ha' been in that great house on the moor," he said thoughtfully, "but tisn't lonesome for her no more," he added, a ring of positive gladness in his voice, "she's wedded the best man in all the west country."

"She—wedded—who?" Each word dropped separately from the stranger's lips, he seemed suddenly to have straightened himself into an attitude of tense listening.

"She's plain Mrs. Stapleton now," Jan answered, "since Sir Jasper went away and left her, Mr. Laurence Stapleton—he've been her best friend, so they do say—and in June last year they two were

No Word to Say

By A. C. MANN

Bill Smith was but an ordinary "skinner," But one whose daily task was always done Before the evening star began to glimmer, Before the setting of the wintry sun.

The lumberjacks were gathered 'round the skidway, 'Twas mid-day and discussion was their bent. They talked of great religious creeds and dogmas, But Bill talked not, though noon-time was not spent.

He sat there quiet while his team was feeding, And heard quite candid views of Church and God. Apparently their words he was not heeding, He gave no sign by smile, or word, or nod.

At last, addressed, and asked for an expression of his idea of what was right or wrong, He said; "Of knowledge I make no profession, So, I'll just hitch this team and move along.

"Of Luther's laws and John the Baptist's teachings, Of Rome's domain, Episcopalian show, Of Wesley's ways and Billy Sunday's preachings I know not much; but these few things I know.

"I guide this team wherever they are wanted, I am their boss, and well they know it, see. I treat them right and go through life undaunted, For surely God will do the same to me.

"I've always been well-fed, well-shod, well-stabled, And always worked, no matter where my road. I know that I will always be enabled To haul whatever God sees fit to load."

The heel-chains rattled, and upon their way Went team and sleigh, conducted by the man Who had no word of any creed to say, But worshipped God by God's own perfect plan.

"Up along?" The stranger said the words very slowly, but the bewilderment all at once left his eyes, an extraordinary gleam flashed over his face, "up along?"

Jan nodded. "Up along," he repeated, indicated with a gesture of his hand the lane of which he spoke, "tisn't such a turrible long way to Bramsford, but Morlhay—"

"And from Bramsford to Dunlerton—how far is that?" A curious eagerness had crept into the traveller's tones.

"Dunlerton." Jan's brows drew together. "It'd be a matter of twenty miles or more by road—but over the moor—"

"Yes—over the moor," the eager note was in his voice again, "there—there's a house called Wyvern Manor—"

"Wyvern Manor's over to Tullcombe." Jan's face broke into a smile. "They do know Wyvern Manor all over the country. The last Sir Jasper Wyvern he died in foreign parts, they do say—"

"He died?" The stranger put in, his dark eyes seemed to rake the young man's face.

"He died." Jan repeated simply, "two year and more ago. Little Sir Jasper—they do call the young master—little Sir Jasper—and they do say he favours her ladyship, and not his father who was a blackguard and a scoundrel—so they do say."

"So they do say," the traveller echoed under his breath, "and Lady Wyvern—her ladyship—what do they say of her?"

wed in Wyvern church. And they do say there was the glory of Heaven in her face when she came down from the altar steps. Sir Jasper he made life a hell for her—so they do say—but she've found Heaven now."

"She've found Heaven now." The phrase rang in the traveller's brain like the tolling of a passing bell, when Jan had passed on down the steep lane, and he was alone. "Sir Jasper he did make life a hell for her, so they do say—she've found Heaven now."

"She've found Heaven now." He said those words aloud, as once again he leant against a gate, and looked out across the sunlit country. But this time he did not look with dazed eyes of bewilderment: the dark curtain which had hung between him and his past had rolled away. He remembered. Just those two words spoken so carelessly by Jan, the blue-eyed countryman, had struck the missing chord of memory.

"Up along." The words had rolled back the curtain, and all that had come and gone since last he heard those words spoken in a soft west country voice, came back to him again. The old gray house on the moor; the woman whose love had not been able to hold him there; the boy—the little master—who was not like his father, the blackguard and a scoundrel—picture after picture of them came pouring into his mind, and now that the black curtain was rolled away, he remembered.

"Up along." The little familiar phrase had brought it all back, and he was no longer the lonely ragged wanderer—destitute and nameless—but Jasper Wyvern, the master of the old grey Manor House twenty miles away, owner of the acres of moor and pasture, and woodland round about the Manor, father of the "little master"; husband to the woman who—had found Heaven now!

His hands tightened their grasp on the hard wood of the gate, until they were torn and bleeding, his eyes looked out across the blossoming orchards, and the fields with their white flowered hedges, to the blue hills on the horizon—the swelling uplands beyond which Wyvern Manor lay. And as he looked the sunlit country grew misty before his eyes.

He remembered, and remembering—the iron entered into his soul.

"A blackguard and a scoundrel." Those were the words used by the blue-eyed countryman to describe him, to describe that Sir Jasper the speaker had never known except by hearsay. And the words were true.

A blackguard and a scoundrel . . . his eyes watched the great rooks stalking over the meadow, his ears followed the song of the larks far out of sight, but in his heart Jan's words swung to and fro.

"A blackguard and a scoundrel—a blackguard and a scoundrel."

Memory was ruthlessly accurate now after that strange temporary lapse. He remembered them all—the days at the Manor House when he and Leslie had been happy, the after days of unrest, evil, misery, the breaking away from ties that chafed and obligations that fretted him.

And then the wild life in a far country. Scene after scene from that dissolute reckless existence flashed before him, whilst he stood gripping the hard wood of the gate, and looking out across the sunny landscape to the uplands round his own old home. Scenes in which he had always played the wildest and most devil may care part started into life before his eyes; he had eaten husks with the swine, but he had enjoyed the husks—and been half fellow well met with the swine. All the best of him had been blotted out during those days of wildness; he had wiped a sponge over his life with Leslie—her image had been thrust aside and forgotten.

The quarrel, the swift flash of a knife a sting of unbearable agony—and darkness—black total darkness mingled with ceaseless pain. This formed the next vivid picture, and the awakening from that confusion of pain and darkness found him in the lowest quarters of Rio—destitute, alone, and with memory and identity gone.

And now he remembered. Looking out across the beech trees, vividly green, across the copse with its carpet of bluebells, and the woodlands that climbed the far away moors—he remembered.

And with memory came an intolerable yearning, an unspeakable regret.

He had made Leslie's life a hell: that blue-eyed countryman had spoken of it as though it were the talk of the countryside.

"So they do say." And Leslie had now found her Heaven in another man's arms.

Sir Jasper was dead. They all thought Sir Jasper was dead. The little master, Jasper's son, reigned in his stead. The blackguard and the scoundrel had come home, but his house was his no longer—and his wife was the wife of a good man—a man who had opened for her the gates of Heaven.

Leslie's face? He could see it as it had looked when first she promised to marry him, her grey eyes deep with love, the radiance of happiness in her smile. Leslie had such restful eyes! He stirred uneasily, and his hands moved along the rough wood of the gate with a movement of desperate misery. He wanted to look into those restful eyes again. He wanted to hear Leslie's voice say "Jasper my dear," just as she had said it long ago, before he had broken her heart. He had always meant to come back to Leslie some day. Through all the wildness, all the unfaithfulness, all the temporary forgetfulness of her, he had held her image somewhere far down in the depths of his soul. And he had always meant to come back—when he had had his fling.

Leslie had never failed him. Leslie's forgiveness had always been forthcoming.

Continued on page 10



The Doctor: Perfect health for baby and for grown-ups, too, requires clothes that not only look clean but are hygienically clean.

What have clean clothes to do with health?



What is Naptha?

It is that powerful yet harmless dirt-loosener used by professional dry-cleaners to cleanse safely and to freshen dainty fabrics and delicate colors. Naptha is good for clothes because it thoroughly cleanses; and thoroughly clean clothes last longer. **Smell the real naptha in Fels-Naptha.**



More, perhaps, than you realize! Consider the health-value of clothes washed with Fels-Naptha. They not only *look* clean, but they *are* clean through and through.

Because—The clothes are given a *double* cleansing; they are naptha-cleaned and soap-and-water cleaned.

The real naptha in Fels-Naptha dissolves the body oils that hold the dirt fast to clothes. Thus the naptha makes the dirt let go by soaking it loose, with only a light rub on extremely soiled places. All the poisons and oils of perspiration in the clothes are completely taken out. The naptha having done its work vanishes completely, carrying away all odors. Then the soapy water flushes away the dirt.

Wash all your clothes, even the fine dainty baby garments, with Fels-Naptha—the perfect combination of *good* soap and *real* naptha. Then your clothes will be *doubly* clean—*hygienically* clean. The only way you can get the benefit of this double cleansing-value in soap is to be sure you get *Fels-Naptha*—the original and genuine naptha soap—of your grocer. The clean naptha odor and the red-and-green wrapper are your guides.

FREE If you haven't seen or used Fels-Naptha lately send for free sample. Write "Fels-Naptha, Philadelphia."

FELS-NAPTHA

THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR

RUTH GILMORE'S ADVENTURE

By TINA FORRESTER BEST

Although still early afternoon, so grey and gloomy it was, twilight seemed to have fallen. Heavy flakes of snow fell thickly from leaden skies, covering the crisp yellow leaves on lawn and park. The thermometer had been steadily dropping until that morning it had registered zero. Winter had come unheralded, and caught the shivering, hurrying pedestrians unawares.

Of all those who were unprepared, none was more so than Ruth Gilmore, and to her it could make little difference. If winter had obligingly deferred its coming for another month, it still would have been unwelcome. She had no money to buy the necessary clothes, and it seemed unlikely that there would be any. For days, she had counted her dwindling purse by dollar bills, then half dollars; now she was down to quarters, and unless she found work soon, there would be only five-cent pieces, and then—what?

She would not permit herself to think what it might be. She clung desperately to the thought that such a time would not, could not come to her. To-day as she hurried along the thronged thoroughfare, her thin suit buttoned closely about her chilled body and her cotton-gloved finger tips shoved for protection up her scanty sleeves, she was discouraged to the point of despair. Her room rent was due in three days. Mrs. Howe, who was sympathetic and understood her difficulty, had granted her an extension of time last month; but Mrs. Howe, too, had to earn her living, and she could not expect her to wait any longer. If there had been any one in this whole city whom she knew, she might have swallowed her pride and asked for help, but there was not a soul. No one but the Ruth Gilmores can know the bitter isolation of such a position—friendless, penniless, practically homeless, and added to that, small prospect of acquiring any of these essentials.

The snow was falling heavier now, and a cold wind had risen. Ruth shivered, and transferred her hands to the pockets of her coat. There was nothing else but to go back to her boarding place. She was tired out from walking; she must wait until to-morrow morning to start again on her search for employment.

She stepped out on the crossing, her head down, completely absorbed in her thoughts. Suddenly a hand clutched her shoulder, and she was jerked backward. The next moment a motor car shot passed her.

"I beg your pardon. I had to do it to save you." The voice was masculine, a refined and cultured one.

Ruth turned swiftly, and encountered a pair of dark eyes set in a strong looking, sympathetic face. In spite of the fact that every nerve in her body was quivering from the narrowness of her escape, her frightened eyes registered the unmistakable air of ease and breeding about him, both in his bearing and clothes.

"Thank you," she said, and her voice trembled slightly, "I had forgotten about cars."

She went on, and the man behind wondered half-curiously what absorbing thoughts could prevent one remembering "safety first" on a crowded street.

"By the look of her eyes they weren't pleasant ones," he ruminated. "Wonder what she's up against, poor thing."

He stood for a moment following her slight form; then, fastening the collar of his well-fitting ulster more closely about his throat, he walked in the opposite direction.

In her tiny room on the third floor, Ruth threw herself on the bed and lay with closed eyes. She was too tired, too discouraged to think any more. Three days to pay the rent, and winter coming on! She almost wished the man had not stopped her at the crossing. Death would have solved things so easily.

Her thoughts slipped back to the small town she had left little more than a month before. It seemed a year since she had bought her ticket that early morning for the city, confident in the hope that she would obtain a position somewhere. Why hadn't some one told her that business training or experience was necessary, or that the place was already over-crowded with applications in every line of work, or that room rent was so high a well-filled

purse or a bank account was needed to tide one over the waiting season? Her purse had been scanty enough since her father died and left her everything so involved that practically nothing came to her.

She had been an only child, a motherless one, and therefore, more idolized. In her father's comfortable home she had been sheltered from every thought of want or adversity. Preparation to earn a living had never been considered. Then had come the crash—her father's sudden death, the closing of his affairs, the crushing revelation that there would be nothing left after the creditors were satisfied. Even the beautiful old home had to be sacrificed to cover certain liabilities. And now, when she most needed it, her education was of no practical use. It had been of the futile, fragmentary kind, acquired merely as an accomplishment and to aid her in the pleasures of life—a fairly good schooling, but no certificate, a taste of oil painting, a smattering of music, with nothing in the way of business training apart from the time spent on household accounts. Why, oh why had she not worked for a definite standing in some one line? For the hundredth time her heart echoed the cry of her need.

can give you a place in the country if you will go. It's an easy place and good wages. There's no milking or outside work."

No milking or outside work! What was he talking about? Then, across her bewilderment flashed the explanation. It was a hired girl, he referred to. For a moment she was too dazed and heart-sick to speak. She must have work; but to be a hired girl on a farm!

"Where is the place?" she asked presently.

"At Tisdale. It's about forty miles out. I happen to know the people—Ferguson is the name—and they're mighty nice. I've got lots of applications here, but I'm giving you first chance on this, Miss Gilmore."

"Thanks," said Ruth drily. First chance! And he thought he sincerely was doing her a favour.

"They've left enough money here to pay the train fare, and the wages are Thirty-five dollars a month," continued the affable manager of the bureau. "You will have to speak quick, as there are others that will go right off the bat. There's only an old lady and her nephew, and the work will be easy."

plenty of milk and cream and eggs. There always was in the country. Yes, this morning life seemed more as it should to a girl of twenty, even if it held only servitude on a farm.

A team of grey horses hitched to a cutter seemed to be the only vehicle in evidence when she alighted at the little country station. A young man stood at their heads, and as the train steamed out, he came over to greet her. She had been the only passenger to get off here.

"I am John Ferguson," he said pleasantly "You are Miss Gilmore, I expect."

"Yes," she replied. Then she stopped in sheer amazement. For a moment neither spoke, but stood gazing at each other with incredulous eyes. That he should be the man who had saved her yesterday from a probably fatal accident seemed too amazing to be true.

"I think," she said with a nervous little laugh, "we have met before."

"It seems like it," he answered. "Rather peculiar, is it not?"

"Yes. I never dreamed that we should meet again so soon, or under these circumstances."

The man noticed the culture of her voice and speech. It was obvious she had once enjoyed better things. "Or under these circumstances"—the words spoke volumes.

He led the way to the cutter, where he produced a fur coat. "Aunt Emma sent this for you to wear. The cold weather came on so suddenly that she thought you might need an extra wrap." He said it so casually, with never a glance at her thin suit, that there was no cause for embarrassment. "We live there miles from here," he explained as he helped her into it, "and one feels the cold more in driving."

Ruth was silent and wondering as he tucked the robe around her securely, what kind of people they were. She was a total stranger, going to their home in the capacity of a servant, yet both aunt and he showed her the same courtesy bestowed on a welcome guest. How strange that he should be the one who had saved her from the crushing weight of the motor only yesterday. Only—already it seemed a year away. He must have taken the night train out here; and it was he, no doubt, who left her trainfare at the Bureau. Her new life had assumed the thrill of adventure.

All the rest of that day she was treated as a guest. "You don't need to start work until to-morrow morning. We'll get acquainted to-day," said her mistress when she had taken her to the dainty bedroom reserved for her. "You look a bit tired, and the rest will do you good. You'll want to unpack your things now, so I'll leave you. Take your time, and come down when you're ready."

She went out, leaving the surprised girl standing with wide-open, questioning eyes. And this was the place she had scorned to come! She glanced around the bedroom. It was small; but blue-tinted walls, the simple white furniture, the fluted muslin curtains, made it a room that any girl could love. And when Ruth had arranged her own dainty toilet accessories on the dresser and her books and a few treasured photos on the table that stood before the window, it held the homey, intimate air of a room in which she had always lived and had no desire to leave. Mentally her vision photographed the uninviting attic room which her home had been for five anxious weeks. Dark and gloomy, with the fumes of the coal oil stove and the odour of stale cooking clinging to everything—how she had hated it! And yet it had been her refuge, and Mrs. Howe, too, had been kind. But here, it seemed that there would be no need of a refuge. What a delight it would be to work for this dear, kindly old lady who reminded her of a piece of Dresden china, with her snowy hair, her delicate colouring and deep violet eyes.

The getting acquainted was a pleasant process. Aunt Emma Ferguson had seen enough of the world to realize that her new helper was interesting and an uncommon type. Before the day was over, her rare sympathy had drawn Ruth's story from her. But when the girl told her of

Continued on page 11

Prairie Autumn By HARRY W. LAUGHY

"When the dew is on the pumpkin,
And the somethin's on the corn"
That's the way we usta always start a poem
When we wrote about the autumn
And the fallin' of the leaf
In the day we speak of now as, "Days back home."
But when autumn strikes the prairie—
Well! It hits her with a squeal,
And a half the story never has been told.
Hoe a myriad elfin fingers
Garb our grainfields with their charms—
Spreadin' million aced mats of Cloth of Gold.
Then the cock-crow rides the whisper
Of the breeze among the wheat,
Soaring endless miles across the dew
Drenched dawn;
Then the binder chuckles softly
To the low-hung harvest moon
While it shears the sheaves from off the
prairie lawn.
When the dew is on the pumpkin,
"Boots and saddles!" in the dawn
Is the clarion call that summons us from
rest.
Life goes lilting to our heart-beats
While a tang steals through the wind,
When it's autumn in the land we've won—
Out West.

The room was chilly, and she drew a quilt over her. In a few minutes she slept, and her dreams were strangely intermingled with automobiles, land-ladies, and dark-eyed young men who persisted in pulling her back every time she went to move forward.

It was an hour later that Mrs. Howe tapped at her door. Ruth awoke with a start. The room was almost dark, and her body ached from the cramped position she had lain in.

"What is it?" she asked.

"You are wanted on the phone."

The girl rose stiffly and followed her down the stairs. Who was it, she wondered. She had been told to leave her name at different places, but no calls had ever come, and she decided that it had been only a polite subterfuge to get rid of her.

She was natively optimistic. Even a month of rebuffs had not altogether quenched that spirit. And now hope flared again expectantly. If it were the manager of Henry's department store, or that position at Miss Eagen's shop!

Her hand trembled as she took up the receiver. "Hello," she said in a quivering voice.

"Miss Gilmore? This is the Central Employment Office." Ruth's heart sank. She had gone to them in a moment of impulse and despair, tho' she knew full well they had nothing congenial to offer. "We

Money to pay the train fare—that decided it. Beggars could not be choosers. Her pocket book would be empty to-morrow. "All right. I'll go," she said. "When do they want me?"

"Right away. I'll wire them to meet you to-morrow."

She went slowly back to her room. She had settled things now. And yet, in spite of its unattractive prospect, the load of apprehension was lifted. One thing she could do was housework; and, if the manager's words were correct, it might not be so bad. At least, it would be better than this hand-to-mouth existence.

The next day found her boarding the train for Tisdale, with the ticket purchased with her employer's money in her purse. She had satisfied Mrs. Howe with a promise that her first cheque should be forwarded to cover the delayed rent.

As the train sped by the woods and fields, beautiful in their winter garment of white, with the morning sun shining over all, some of its radiant magic entered her heart. She felt a strange and almost inconsistent buoyancy of spirit. The cosy farm homes with smoke curled upward into a cloudless sky looked really inviting to her in contrast with the dingy little room where she had cooked her frugal meals over a coal oil burner. One thing she would be assured of—good food, with



Nothing So Pretty as beautiful teeth—Keep the film coats off

Millions of women have in late years learned the way to whiter teeth. If you don't know it, we urge you to try it. Send for a ten-day test.

When you see teeth that glisten—teeth you envy—this method is probably used. It combats the dingy film-coats as nothing else has done. It keeps teeth cleaner, safer than before.

You also care for such things. Then make this test and see what quickly happens.

Why teeth grow dingy

Your teeth are coated with a viscous film. You can feel it with your tongue. It clings to teeth, despite your brushing, gets between the teeth and stays.

That film absorbs stains, so the teeth seem discolored. Often it forms the basis of a fixed and cloudy coat. The ordinary tooth paste does not effectively combat it. So countless teeth brushed daily have their luster dimmed by film.

Cause of tooth decay

That film does other damage. It is now regarded as the cause of most tooth troubles. Under old methods of brushing, those troubles have been constantly increasing. Very few people escape them.

Film is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. Also of other serious troubles, local and internal.

Made in Canada

Pepsodent
REG IN CANADA

The New-Day Dentifrice

The scientific film combatant, which meets in five ways modern dental requirements. Approved by authorities, and now advised by leading dentists everywhere. All druggists supply the large tubes.

Dental science long has realized that something must be done. So diligent research has been made for effective film combatants.

Now ways to combat it

Two efficient methods have been found. Able authorities have proved them by many careful tests. Now leading dentists everywhere advise their daily use.

The methods are combined in a scientific tooth paste, made to meet modern requirements. And millions of people have come to employ it, largely through dental advice.

The name of this tooth paste is Pepsodent. A 10-Day Tube is being sent to everyone who asks. So all who will may quickly know what this new method does.

What science requires

Modern dental science also requires other aids to Nature. The average diet, rich in starch, deficient in fruit acids, makes them necessary.

Pepsodent meets these requirements. It multiplies the salivary flow. That is Nature's great tooth-protecting agent.

It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva. That is there to digest starch deposits which may otherwise cling and form acid. It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. That is to neutralize the acids which cause tooth decay.

These natural forces are increased each time

Watch the effects

Send this coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coats disappear. Watch the other three effects. This test will be a revelation to you.

You are welcome to 20 tests

The 10-Day Tube we offer will supply you 20 tests. Twenty times it will bring to you all these desired effects. The book we send will tell the reasons for them. Then you will realize what this method means to you and yours.

Send the coupon for it.

Pepsodent is used. And that alone, it is believed, means a new dental era.

Pepsodent does in these ways what nothing else has done. Old-time tooth pastes, based on soap and chalk, had just opposite effects. Compare results with the old results, and you will quickly realize what this new way means



Children, above all

Children need Pepsodent even more than adults. Their teeth are easily affected by the film and starch attacks. Few children avoid tooth troubles. Dentists advise that Pepsodent be used from the time the first tooth appears.

Men who smoke find that film-coats deeply stain. The use of Pepsodent therefore brings them most conspicuous results.

The woman in the home should prove these things for all. The 10-Day Tube will do it. The book we send explains the meaning of each new result.

Send this coupon and see how quickly the benefits appear. Then you will know how your family can better save their teeth.

Cut out the coupon now.

10-Day Tube Free

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,
Dept 296 118 Sherbourne St., Toronto, Ont.
Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

Only one tube to a family

The foolish man who built his house on the sand—

He gave an example in folly which anybody can understand.

It isn't so easy, however, to sense the mistake of trying to build the body on foods which lack essential nourishment.

Here, again, is a foundation of sand which gives 'way when the test comes.

Many a food that tastes good lacks honesty of nourishment to equal its taste. Thus it tempts the appetite into mistakes that often are costly.

Grape-Nuts is a food which helps build bodily endurance for life's stress and storm. The full nourishment of wheat and malted barley, together with the vital mineral salts so necessary to bone structure and red blood corpuscles, with phosphates for the brain, is retained in Grape-Nuts. The long baking process by which Grape-Nuts is made gives the food a natural sweetness and an unusual ease of digestibility and assimilation.

Served with cream or milk, Grape-Nuts is fully nourishing, and whether eaten as a cereal at breakfast or lunch, or made into a pudding for dinner. Grape-Nuts has a particular delight for the appetite. Sold by grocers.

Grape-Nuts—the Body Builder
"There's a Reason"

"Domolco" MOLASSES

Makes Bread as
Delicious as Cake

And it's much healthier, too. It contains all the natural food elements of the pure West India sugar cane.

Children love it on bread, pancakes and porridge. Let them get the Domolco habit.

The healthiest sweet
The Children can eat

A British Empire product

THE DOMINION
MOLASSES CO.,
Limited
HALIFAX, N.S.



UP ALONG

Continued from page 6

Leslie's love had been fathomless, the one certainty in an uncertain world. "She've found Heaven now."

Yes, but nevertheless she was his wife. Though she had found Heaven with another man, she was still his wife, the wife of Jasper Wyvern, the wanderer who had come back.

They had thought he was dead. Well—two years ago, two years before that deadly knife thrust of the other day, he had been wounded and left for dead in a street brawl. Heavens, he had forgotten all about that affair. But somebody must have got hold of his name, and sent back to England the tidings of his death. Leslie had thought he was dead, and she had married Laurence Stapleton—"the best man in the west country"—and with him, she had found Heaven.

Again his hands gripped the wood of the gate so hard that they bled—and all the fair prospect of blossoming orchard, and hawthorn hedges, and golden gorse, grew blurred and dim before his eyes.

Leslie, his wife, had found Heaven; and he, her husband, was out here on the highway, a wanderer, destitute, ragged, alone.

But he had only to make himself known, and the loneliness and destitution would be things of the past. Only to make himself known—and he would be back in Wyvern Manor, master of the grey old house that was his home—and of the fair acres that lay round about it. Leslie would be his again—he would see the boy—their boy—the little master, who had been only a tiny babe when he went away. A sudden hunger for his son assailed him. He wanted the boy. He wanted to look into his son's eyes, to hear his son's voice, to put his hands upon the little master's shoulders, and hear him say "Father."

And they were all his, waiting there for him to claim them—home, wife, son—they were his own, his by every law of God and man, though he stood here in the May sunlight destitute and alone.

It was all easy enough. Now that memory had come back to him, his path was clear. To find the nearest magistrate: to tell him the strange story, those were the preliminaries—the rest would be plain sailing. And to-morrow—perhaps not to-day—but to-morrow, he would be at home in Wyvern Manor—with Leslie and the boy.

"She've found her Heaven now."

His return would mean the ruin of that Heaven of hers. If he crossed the threshold of Wyvern Manor, her happiness must inevitably be blasted—there would be no joy in her eyes or in her smile, there would be only misery. The restfulness of Leslie's sweet eyes was not for him any more. He had forever forfeited the right to that restful glance. It belonged to the man who had given her Heaven.

And the boy—their boy? The boy was little master, and Laurence Stapleton, the best man in the west country, was the boy's new father, a father who could help the little chap to be in his turn the best man in the countryside.

If he—Jasper—never went back? If he just stayed dead—just stayed dead—his eyes looked along the carpet of blue hills, at the gold of the gorse, the good English gorse which spoke to him of home, and of all that was clean and sane and wholesome—at the snowy loveliness of the hawthorn, the dainty pink and white of the orchards, looked over the wide reaching fields, to the swelling uplands, soft and blue under the blue arch of the sky.

If he—just stayed dead! He must go away from all this, and he must never see it again. He must go away to the uttermost ends of the earth for ever, even though the sweetness of the homeland cried out to him from afar—though the call of home sounded always in his heart.

If he just stayed dead, Leslie could stay in the Heaven she had found—his hands clenched and unclenched; for an instant his lips quivered—the gates of her Heaven would not shut upon Leslie, and the boy would say father, to another man who was not a blackguard and a scoundrel.

But they were his, his, his! the wife and the boy were his! He wanted them

both, he was not the sort of man who could be expected to make so gigantic a sacrifice he wanted Leslie and the boy. He was tired, destitute, lonely, and he wanted Leslie and the boy. That was the one refrain that echoed and re-echoed in his brain, he wanted Leslie and the boy.

He took his hands from the gate. He drew himself into an upright position, and a new manliness, a new strength seemed to show all at once in the ragged slouching figure, upon the lined and haggard face. He lifted his torn cap from his head, and in his eyes there was a strange light.

"Greater love"—who was it said that, he muttered, "something about greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friend." Leslie's more than my friend—and the boy, his voice broke, "but it's the only way. I want them both—my God I want them both," it was an exceeding bitter cry, "but it's the only way. If I stay dead—I'll be showing them the greatest love I've got—if I stay dead."

Once more he looked across the sunlit country—then he turned away: and with the song of the larks in his ears, about him the fragrance of an English spring, he walked with steady and unflinching steps down the steep lane, between the flowering hedges, away from Wyvern Manor, back towards the port he had come from—back to the sea.

A Dime's Worth of Instruction

The zeal of the reformer not infrequently makes him blind to considerations that to ordinary individuals are very plain. The authors of "Abroad in a Runabout," Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Hand, made a brief stay at an inn in rural France, where they fell in with an English family, the head of which took it upon himself to reform their practises in the matter of tipping.

Madame, going back to tip the maid, met the member of Parliament, and asked him if he knew where she was.

"Yes," he replied, "in the next room."

What do you want of her?"

"Only to give her a tip."

"How much are you giving?" he demanded.

"One franc," she replied, not dreaming what excitement she was stirring up.

"It's too much," cried the Englishman, with vehemence, "too much by half! You Americans are ruining the servants over here. Give me your franc, and I will change it for you. This will never do; you must give her only fifty centimes. That is all I shall give, and she has done more for us than for you."

Cowed by this violence, madame extended her franc, and he found a fifty-centimes piece. Then he gave her this, took the franc, put it in his pocket, and still muttering about these scandalous Americans, stalked down the corridor to his room.

When he was out of sight, madame found the maid, and then went gleefully down to the waiting car. The Englishman soon appeared,—all unconscious,—and waved an enthusiastic good-bye.

Not till we were started did madame tell monsieur how the British lawmaker had "done" her as well as the maid out of a dime.

The laugh we had was well worth the price; and this we would gladly have doubled to know whether he ever discovered his mistake, and, if so, what he said and how he felt.

Gallant Unto Death

When Sir Ralph Abercrombie was mortally wounded in the Battle of Aboukir, he was carried on a litter on board the Foudroyant. To ease his pain, a soldier's blanket was placed under his head. He asked what it was.

"It's only a soldier's blanket," he was told.

"Whose blanket is it?" he persisted, lifting himself up.

"Only one of the men's."

"I want to know the name of the man whose blanket this is," the dying commander insisted.

"It is Duncan Roy's of the 42d, Sir Ralph," said his attendant at last.

"Then see that Duncan Roy gets his blanket this very night," commanded the brave man, who did not forget even in his last agonies the comfort and welfare of his men. Of such unselfish stuff are true soldiers made.

RUTH GILMORE'S ADVENTURE

Continued from page 8

rescue from the motor wheels, she threw up her hands in astonishment.

"Well if that isn't the queerest thing!" she cried. "And the very next day you come out here. John must have been surprised when he saw you. Well, well, if that isn't strange!"

Ruth flushed. If she had known that out in the barn John was thinking that it was not only strange but wonderful fortune, that his eyes had followed her yesterday until she was lost in the crowd, that she had been in his forethoughts all that same evening, the flush would have been deeper.

The girl found her new work very easy. The house was small but immaculately clean. Miss Ferguson had a system that was easy to follow and allowed much spare time. And, best of all, she was treated as one of the family. Before she was there a week, she addressed the old lady affectionately as "Aunt Emma." She drove to the little church with John Ferguson, for Aunt Emma found the cold too trying to venture out, and if there happened to be a social gathering or a concert in the community, John insisted that she accompany him. He always was the gentleman, always deferential, and they found many things in common to enjoy. Gradually Ruth's old independent status came back to her, the feeling that every creature had the right to happiness; and with it, the sparkle returned to her eyes, the colour to her cheeks. Anxiety had blanched and thinned her face, but wholesome food and a normal, contented life was working its miracle.

"It's strange," said Aunt Emma one night as they lingered at the supper table "Ruth reminds me of some one I used to know, I can't think who. Have you always lived in this part?"

"Always," she replied. "Father lived here all his life. But mother came from the East."

"Indeed! What part of the East?"

"From Truro. She was like myself, an only child. Why, what is it, Aunt Emma?"

The old lady was leaning forward eagerly. "Now I have it. Your mother's name was Elsie Raymond, wasn't it?" Ruth nodded, wide-eyed. "Why, my dear your mother was one of my dearest girl friends. I used to live in the same town. She came west to teach, and we lost track of her. You look exactly like her. She was a most lovely looking girl. As soon as I saw you, I knew I had seen your counterpart somewhere."

"That's a compliment to you, Miss Gilmore," said John, with his pleasant smile.

Ruth's soft cheeks were flushed and her eyes shining. In the wonder of this new revelation she had noticed the compliment.

"Then you must be the Emma Ferguson I've heard mother speak of when I was small," she cried happily. "How funny I never thought of it. You seem like a real aunt to me now."

If Ruth had before been treated as one of the family, she was now virtually a member. When neighbours dropped in she was introduced as the daughter of a dear friend. Aunt Emma insisted on sending Mrs. Howe the deferred room rent out of her own bank account.

"It's worth that to find Elsie Raymond again," she said when Ruth protested. "Don't you say a word. You need some new clothes, so I'm going to advance you a month's pay to get them. You can wear my fur coat. I won't be needing it. Since I had this rheumatism I can't go out and it looks bonny on you. I told John when he bought it last winter it was too young a style for me."

Ruth threw her arms impulsively around the old lady's neck. "Aunt Emma, how can I ever repay you?" she cried.

And so a happy month went by. The anxious days of the city had receded until they formed a very dim background in her memory. She could scarcely believe that there had been a time when she had walked the streets, cold and disheartened, in search of work. Such a thought passed through her mind as she sat before the cozy fire in Aunt Emma's cheerful living room. It was evening, the pleasantest hour of the day on the farm.

The lamps were lit; Aunt Emma sat in her rocking chair with a piece of embroidery work while John Ferguson and she read or talked together. She had let fall her magazine absently to her lap, and was gazing thoughtfully into the fire, unconscious that the man opposite was watching her.

"Do you know," he remarked, smiling, "it may seem impertinent in me, but I've often wondered what engrossing thoughts caused you to forget the street traffic that afternoon."

Ruth looked up, a little startled at the relevancy of their thoughts. Then a wistful expression crossed her face.

"They were not very cheerful ones," she confessed. And she told him. But her gaze was on the glow of the fire, and she did not see the pity and tenderness that softened his fine face as she unfolded her page of history. "I was so desperate I wished you had not stopped me," she ended. "Was it so very wicked?"

She raised her eyes, and what she saw in his face made her heart suddenly throb. It was not merely sympathy, nor tenderness; it was something more, and she felt a strange confusion.

"I think it was very natural," he said gently, "But you don't feel that way now? You are glad now, aren't you?"

Ruth's eyes sought the fire again. She knew by this pulsing, intoxicating sweetness that she was glad, unspeakably glad. All at once there had been revealed the knowledge that life's greatest adventure had come to her—the greatest and most beautiful. And John Ferguson was waiting for her answer.

"Yes," she said softly, "I'm glad now."

THE ROAD TO HAPPINESS.

Beulah Vick Bickley.

For many there are many roads,
Aye, many traveled roads to go.
Upon each way some sunlight falls,—
Some shadows lie, some flowers grow.

The road I love leads me to home
Where golden days pass, hastening by.—
If shadows fall they but enhance
All homely beauty for mine eye!

HARVEST

By Isobel Wilson.

"Hark! The binders cheery song.
Sounds throughout the land,
Fields with busy workers throng.
Many a willing hand.
Gathers in the golden grain,
Ripe to Harvest once again!

Every hardy son of toil
Works both long and late.
Ploughing, seeding fertile soil
Then an anxious wait.
Now he reaps in rich reward
Harvest given of the Lord."

Man may work and plan and strive,
'Twould be but in vain.
Not a living thing would thrive,
Without sun and rain.
All these blessings come from Thee
Thou hast given liberally!

At Thy word for use of men.
Earth her increase yields.
We, Thy children, thank Thee then,
For the fruitful fields.
Rich or humble, great and small,
Thou providest for us all.

EAVESDROPPING ON DOCTORS

A woman who had fallen ill distrusted doctors. So she asked her sister to conceal herself and listen to the conversation between the family physician and a specialist who were called in consultation. When the specialist joined the family doctor his only remark was:

"Bless my soul, I have never seen so ugly a woman in all my life!"

"Ah, but you should see her sister," said the doctor.

The sister's experience was scarcely as disconcerting as that of a man who was ill and who desired to know the truth about his condition. According to a contributor to the Sphere, the butler, who concealed himself at his master's order, reported that there was a disagreement between the two physicians.

"However, it doesn't matter," reported the butler, "for some fellow whom the specialist called 'Mr. Post Mortem' will settle the matter within two or three days."



Puffed to 8 times
normal size

The Mystery of a grain of wheat

A kernel of wheat contains over 125 million food cells. All those food cells should be broken to easily digest.

Whole wheat supplies 16 needed elements. It forms almost a complete food. It supplies some elements which most other foods lack.

Prof. Anderson's Idea

Ordinary cooking breaks only part of the food cells. So Prof. Anderson invented this process.

He seals the grains in guns, and submits them to an hour of fearful heat. The moisture in each food cell is thus changed to steam.

Then he shoots the gun and the steam explodes. Thus 125 million steam explosions occur in every kernel.

Every food cell is blasted, so digestion is made easy and complete.

Puffed to Bubbles

The grains come out as bubbles, eight times normal size. They are flimsy, flavory, toasted. No cereal food was ever more delightful.

Thus Puffed Wheat means whole wheat made tempting, and easy to digest.

Now millions of children get whole-grain foods in the form of Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice. They enjoy them in a dozen ways, morning, noon and night.

The cereal dish has new enjoyments, and children are better fed.

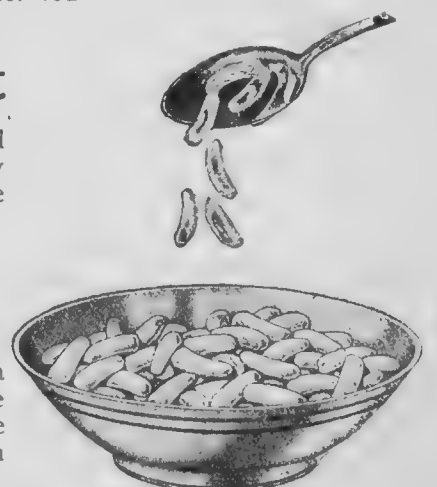


Puffed Wheat

Airy whole grains, toasted and crisp, to serve in every bowl of milk. An ideal bedtime dish.

Puffed Rice

Thin, flimsy globules, with a taste like toasted nuts. The finest breakfast dainty. Serve with cream and sugar. Mix in every dish of fruit.



The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers

Peterborough, Canada

Saskatoon, Canada

Westclox

—that's Big Ben's family name



Big Ben in evening dress

HOW do you like him this way? Jet black face—big, radiant hands and numerals that talk business day and night. He'll glow time for you in the dark no matter how black the night.

So many friends asked Big Ben to serve them this way that he got himself equipped for the job.

He's very fussy about his appearance. It took him a long time to get a luminous dial designed that suited him. Then the grade of ra-

dium compound for his face and hands had to be just so.

Naturally he costs more this way: \$7.50 puts him in your home. The man who sells Big Ben in your neighborhood will supply you; either with luminous dial or plain.

Same good old Big Ben. Same careful Westclox workmanship. Same famous easy-running construction and the same quality-mark, Westclox, on his dial and orange-buff tag.

Western Clock Co., Limited, makers of Westclox
Peterborough, Ontario

\$10. the lot SPECIAL OFFER the lot \$10

2 ALL WOOL WHITE BLANKETS—size 64x84 inches 7 pounds pair.
2 WHITE FLEECY BLANKETS—size 60x90 inches.
2 STRIPED TURKISH TOWELS—size 18x38 inches.

PACKED and CARRIAGE PAID to your address. Money returned in full if not satisfied

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Safe Milk for INFANTS and INVALIDS

Nourishing,
Digestible,
No Cooking.



For Infants, Invalids and Growing Children. Rich Milk, Malted Grain Extract in Powder.



The coffee with the
flavor suggestive of the
second cup.

Gold Standard "The Chaffless Coffee"
The Godville Co. Limited.

CATCHING UP

By Emma Veazey

The Meredith's were at breakfast. Breakfast with them was usually a hurried affair, affording little opportunity for conversation, but this morning it was different. An impatient remark from Carolyn, the eldest daughter, had started a discussion.

"Things can't go on this way much longer," she had exclaimed. "Here it is just the second day of the month and every cent of my salary is distributed. That's just the word, 'distributed'. It's all spent before I get it, and I just hand it out and then wait another month to repeat the same performance. It's frightfully discouraging."

"It's no better with the house money," said her mother. "I'm certainly not extravagant, but as you say, nearly every cent is due on last month's bills, and there is nothing left for current expenses. It isn't my idea of good management but it's an unequal struggle."

This admission from mother was certainly depressing. Mother did not lightly admit defeat.

Mr. Meredith put down the morning paper, and as he hastily drained his coffee cup, made his contribution to the general lament.

"It's the same in the business world. We use every cent we make in the scramble to 'get by'. I don't know where we're coming out; but I do know that things will be no better for a while. We'll just have to worry along."

He spoke regretfully; for he was a generous man, and had a man's dislike of financial worries for his womankind.

With a hasty glance at the clock he rose, and the clang of the front door shortly after announced his departure.

There was silence at the breakfast table, broken at last by Ralph, the school-boy member of the family.

"Seems to be a question of just once catching up where we could chase the bills, instead of having them chase us. I say, let's just go without everything we can't pay cash for, for a whole month. That would solve the problem."

"It sounds easy," said Carolyn, as she rose from the table. "But I fancy we might find some little difficulty in carrying out such a plan." She hesitated, frowned, then turned to her mother. "It's ridiculous; but it is a suggestion. What do you say mother? Would you be willing to consider such a way out?"

Mrs. Meredith hesitated in her turn. "I don't know," she replied. "I can see where it might be very inconvenient if one adhered strictly to the letter of such an agreement. But I'm willing to try it, if the rest of you are."

Helen, aged twelve, who up to this time had contributed nothing to the conversation, but who was plainly doing some hard thinking, now exclaimed joyfully "I think it would be great fun mother. No music lessons or anything."

A general smile greeted this naive remark. "Nothing doing kid," remarked her brother. "Music lessons don't have to be paid for till the end of the quarter. It's ice cream and candy where you'll feel the pinch."

"Oh!" gasped Helen, and relapsed into silence.

Carolyn was putting on her hat. Carolyn was twenty-one and very attractive; but withal brisk and business-like; as a first-class stenographer should be.

"If we go into this thing," she said thoughtfully, "remember, we've got to see it through. No half-way measures. Are you game, Ralph? And you Helen, if mother and I are?"

"Sure thing!" exclaimed Ralph with a good-natured grin. "You can count on yours truly."

"Me too," agreed Helen, with a total disregard for English.

"Well then, it's agreed," said Carolyn. "The plan goes into effect immediately."

"Just a moment!" said Mrs. Meredith, as Carolyn stood with one hand on the door knob. "There are certain things which we must have as usual—milk and bread for instance. I have enough cash on hand to pay for those for a month; as for the rest"—she made a little deprecating gesture—"I don't know what we're in for. We can only try it and see."

She was the first to feel the pinch of the new regulations; for it fell to her lot to plan the dinner.

"I'll just order a nice roast of lamb," she said. "We have all the vegetables. With tomato soup, and a simple little dessert we'll get along nicely."

She turned to the telephone. Then she remembered. There was to be no roast of lamb for four weeks. Her menu must be prepared from the supply of provisions at her disposal.

She dropped into a chair and considered. Then she arose with determination and the dinner preparations were carried forward.

"What have we here?" asked Mr. Meredith as he sat down that day to dinner and prepared to serve. He lifted the cover of the dish before him and his face fell.

"Canned salmon, Effie? is that the best you could do?"

His wife hastened to explain. "I don't know whether you will approve of our plan or not, Henry," she said. "But the children are all willing and perhaps we could worry along for a month."

"A month!" repeated Mr. Meredith dubiously. Then his face cleared. It's drastic," he said, whimsically, "But I'm no quitter. You can count on me."

"Carolyn's test came the next day.

"Mother," she exclaimed; as she looked up from a letter which she was reading. "Fred Allen will be in the city tomorrow and he says that he will run up to see us. We'll have to ask him to dinner." Her color was high and she studiously avoided meeting her brother's eyes as she spoke.

That young man's face had assumed its most tantalizing expression. Already he was finding compensations under the new regime.

"What will the menu be Sis?" he asked. "Bacon and taters, or bread and cheese?"

Carolyn's hands went up in dismay. "What in the world can we have, mother?" she cried. "I forgot all about that wretched agreement."

"Got to play the game," her brother reminded her. "You said yourself there was to be no squealing. Maybe he'd prefer bread and taters; only mother says the taters jug is nearly empty."

"Ralph!" sternly rebuked his father, though the corners of his mouth twitched, "don't tease your sister. Your turn will come, young man, you mark my words."

Meanwhile Mrs. Meredith was doing some hard thinking. "I believe I can manage it all right," she said. "Just leave it to me."

She was as good as her word. The piece de resistance the next day was a delectable chicken pie, which the guest of honor thoroughly appreciated.

Mr. Meredith maintained a discreet silence at the time, but later in the privacy of their own room, his curiosity got the better of him and he put some leading questions.

His wife modestly explained that her desire to excel in all housewifely arts, had led her one day, to try her hand at canning a plump chicken, with the above satisfactory result.

"I saw a man in from the country with some nice, fresh, eggs," said Mr. Meredith at lunch a week later. "I sent him up to the house. Did he come, Effie?"

"He did," replied Mrs. Meredith. "Henry," she added reproachfully, "will you never remember? I simply hated to send those beautiful, fresh eggs away."

"Whew!" exclaimed her husband softly. "Well, I'm not used to being entirely impetuous; but I expect I'll learn in time. By the way, do the 'regulations' extend to the family laundry? I thought I detected the hand of a new artist there. See here Effie," he added severely, "you're not going to make yourself sick doing extra work on account of this fool plan?"

"Not guilty," smiled his wife. "You'll have to settle that little account with your eldest daughter."

"Oh!" said Carolyn, lightly, "that was just a little experiment of mine with the electric washer. By the way, mother, the soap and starch are both getting low and we've two weeks yet before the month is up."

"If it was only the laundry soap, it wouldn't be so bad," interpolated Ralph; "but the toilet soap is getting, well—to say the least—attenuated. We'll be reduced to Dutch Cleanser before long."

"The problem gets more acute every day," declared Mrs. Meredith. "I'm afraid to ask any one to lunch now. I

know Mrs. Worden came with the intention of staying yesterday, but I simply couldn't invite her."

It was indeed true. Mrs. Worden returning lunchless to the bosom of her family, had said rather spitefully. "I've always heard Effie Meredith called a hospitable woman; but it strikes me she has changed for the worse lately. She never even suggested that I might wish to stay though I gave her every opportunity."

Mr. Meredith, who had been accustomed to bringing his friends to dinner without warning, had, on more than one occasion since the institution of the new regime, found himself compelled, by the recollection of the leanness of the family larder, to stop short in the very act of extending an invitation. Naturally his friends wondered, and vainly sought an explanation of his changed behavior.

"I didn't know one could be so embarrassed," wailed Carolyn. "I went into Menot's ice cream parlors with some of the girls, and somebody proposed a 'Dutch' treat, and I didn't have a cent, not a solitary cent. Then I remembered a little twenty-five cent scrip which I had carried for months and I produced that. Ordinarily I would have borrowed from one of the girls, but you see under our agreement, I couldn't."

Ralph too had had his private worries. He arrived from school one night full of a new society just organized in High School. "Select?" Yes sir! And only two dollars to join."

There had been an ominous silence at mention of the two dollars. Ralph had looked at his father expectantly—till he remembered the agreement.

"I could give it to you, son, his father had said, and perhaps feel it less than usual for there have been fewer demands on me of late. But it wouldn't be 'playing the game.'"

"I know, Dad," the boy had answered, "I wouldn't have mentioned it if I had remembered."

He had been unusually quiet the rest of the evening, and at bed-time had announced with determination. "I'm going to earn that two dollars." And he did.

Two blistered palms, acquired the next Saturday while wrestling with Aunt Dora's woodpile testified to his zeal, but his satisfaction at achievement was for a time tempered by the pain of the injured members.

Helen's greatest disappointment came when the family larder proved unequal to the strain of a birthday party, and the baking powder having given out, no birthday cake was forthcoming.

"Now, why did my birthday have to come this month?" she exclaimed. Nevertheless she bore her disappointment with a fairly good grace.

The third week of the month dawned on a harassed family. Then great-uncle John decided to visit them.

When the telegram announcing his intention was read, a chorus of dismay rent the air.

Great-uncle John! Who never had visited them before, and who was worth half a million! Then indeed the Meredith almost—to quote Ralph—decided to "throw up the sponge."

But they did not. "We're going to see this thing through, company or no company," they decided; and having made this brave pronouncement they went to meet uncle John.

He was seventy-eight and very deaf. "Shall we tell him, mother, why we are cutting expenses so closely?" asked Carolyn.

"I think not," replied Mrs. Meredith. "Some way I don't just fancy the idea of shrieking the whole tale into uncle John's ear trumpet. You know of course he carries an ear trumpet? No modern electrical appliances for him."

"Very well," sighed Carolyn. "But what do you suppose he will think when he sees our frugal bill of fare, and beholds in even the youngest member of our family, a soul above such common things as butter and eggs? The butter is gone, mother, and the sugar is pretty low."

But temporary relief was in sight. Mrs. Meredith, out of the kindness of her heart, had taken into her home, during a Civil Service Examination, the daughter of a well-to-do farmer. It proved to be bread cast upon the waters. The very day of uncle John's arrival, a hamper came from the farm-people containing eggs, butter, cream, and a plump golden pumpkin. Never was a gift of fairy godmother greeted with more appreciation. There

was now no imminent danger of uncle John starving to death. They might yet weather the gale.

Breakfast the next morning was all that a breakfast should be; but concerning the menu for dinner, Mrs. Meredith had many misgivings.

"The soup is good," she said; "but the real dinner is just fish-cakes with eggs for those who want them. There's a nice pumpkin pie for dessert too, but altogether it doesn't sound much like a dinner for a guest."

She tried to convey to uncle John, on his arrival, something of her regret at the plainness of the fare, but the irascible old gentleman silenced her with, "It's a dinner fit for a king, Effie, I haven't tasted anything as good for years."

His appreciation was not a mere matter of words. The celerity with which the fish cakes and the pumpkin pie disappeared witnessed to that fact.

Throughout his stay, which lasted into the next week, he continued to eat the increasingly plain fare with evident relish.

"I'm afraid he'll think we're parsimonious, Effie," Mr. Meredith said dubiously. "But he's certainly thriving on our meagre fare."

His visit, indeed proved a blessing in disguise. The second day after his arrival, Mrs. Meredith was called to the telephone. A convention was in progress in the city. "Would Mrs. Meredith kindly entertain two of the delegates during the session? The committee always felt that they could depend on Mrs. Meredith."

That lady fairly gasped at the narrowness of her escape. Uncle John's presence in the guest chamber had alone saved the situation.

"That's the first time Mrs. Meredith ever refused to take delegates," said one member of the committee to another. "I've known the family to 'double up' in all sorts of ways, just to be obliging; but they seem to be less hospitable lately."

Uncle John took his departure just before the end of the month. With considerable ostentation, Ralph turned the leaves of the calendar to November twenty-nine, and exhorted the assembled family to prepare now for the "home run."

"Only two more days," said Mrs. Meredith with a deep sigh. "I believe we can do it; but I must confess a few more days of this would be my undoing. If only company will stay away till the first of the month." But that was not to be.

The very last day of the month, when the resources of the family were at their lowest, the sound of voices in the hall announced that Mr. Meredith had not arrived alone.

"Professor Palen!" groaned Carolyn. "And he'll stay to dinner."

It was indeed Professor Palen, and he had every intention of staying to dinner. Why not? It had always been an understood thing; the formality of an invitation, in his case had never been considered necessary.

Now, engaged in an animated conversation with his host, he failed to see the look of consternation on the faces of mother and daughter. Lost, also was the departure of the agitated pair kitchenward.

Alone together, Mrs. Meredith with a look of desperation faced her daughter.

"This is the end, Carolyn," she almost wailed. "I am positively without further resources. What shall we do?"

Carolyn was still comparatively calm. She had escaped the thousand and one little occurrences which had worn down her mother's morale. Her state of mind could not be called hopeful, but equally, it was not despairing.

"Tell me exactly what we've got, mother and we'll consider. I will not give in on the last day."

"I'll tell you rather what we haven't got," sighed her mother. "No butter, no sugar, no coffee, no cake or cold meat of any sort; and not much to make either a scallop or a salad."

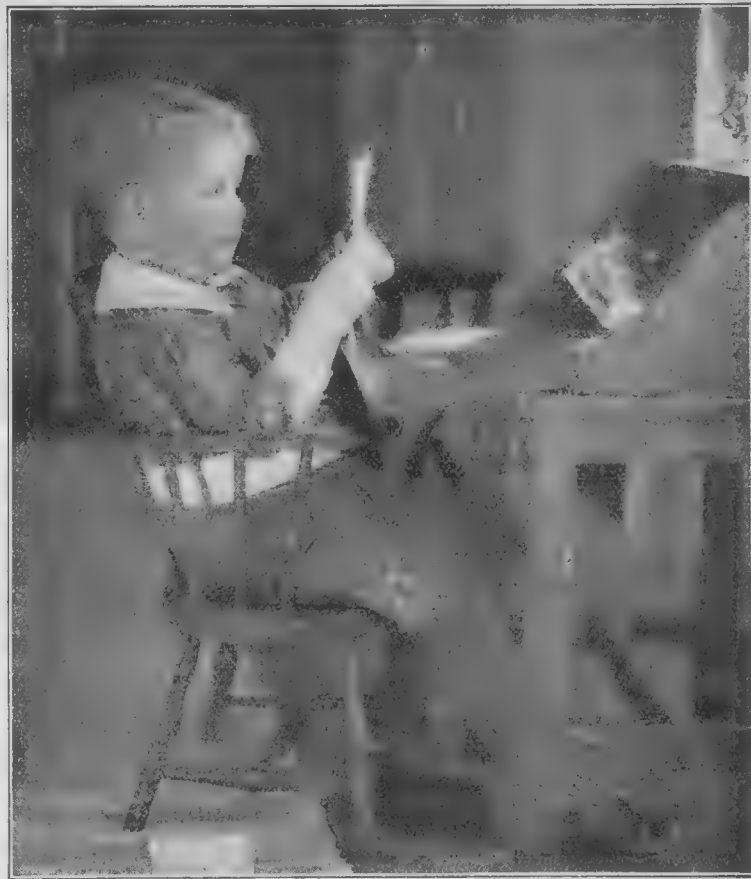
"How about potato soup?" asked Carolyn hopefully. "Is there any milk?"

Before her mother could reply, the kitchen door burst unceremoniously open and Aunt Dora "blew" into the room. That term fittingly describes Aunt Dora's entrance. Moreover her speech was even more brusque than her manner.

"What's the trouble, Effie?" she exclaimed. "Any of the family sick?"

"Oh! no, no," wailed Mrs. Meredith. "But Professor Palen is in there waiting for his dinner, and there is no dinner!"

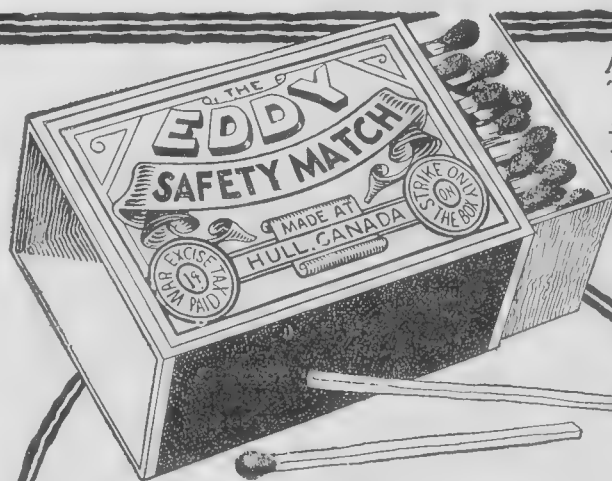
Continued on page 16



from a Kodak Negative

*Keep a Kodak story
of the children*

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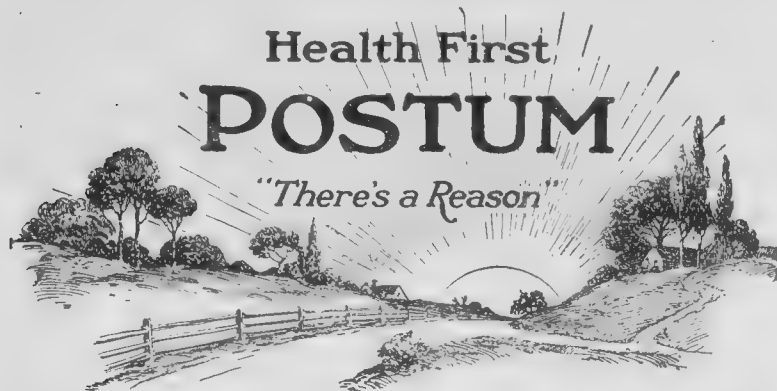
But say Eddy's Safety Matches and the salesman will give you real matches—full boxes of value-for-money lights. Every Eddy Safety Match ignites when you strike it on the box. Every Eddy Safety Match is good for a light—and there is no dangerous after glow.

Say Eddy's Next Time and Note
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By Ethel Kirk Grayson



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Thousands of former tea and coffee users have found that Postum meets every demand for a delicious table beverage, and brings steadier nerves, clearer mind—better health.

As many cups as you like with any meal—no after-regrets.

Postum comes in two forms: Instant Postum (in tins) made instantly in the cup by the addition of boiling water. Postum Cereal (in packages of larger bulk, for those who prefer to make the drink while the meal is being prepared) made by boiling for 20 minutes.

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The Big Offer of the Year!

The Western Home Monthly
FOR ONE YEAR
The Free Press Prairie Farmer
FOR ONE YEAR, AND

A Stamped Tray Cloth

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Enough reading matter to supply your needs for the coming twelve months, and you will be delighted with the Tray Cloth which is stamped on good quality crash, and all ready for embroidering.

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Address: MUSIC LOVER, THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

John Rudolph Curtis represented a not uncommon type of young manhood. He was of a medium height, slender, with a scholarly droop to the shoulders, and round gray eyes peering abstractedly from behind tortoise rimmed spectacles. He was at once a prodigy of learning, a scorner of athletics, and proverbial failure in feminine society. In other words, he was one of those impossible individuals who attain to a professorship at the mature age of twenty-four; was an authority on the flora of the Alleghanies, and he spoke fluently of "cladonia rangiferina" as well, and of "parenchyma," and the forms of crystals obtainable from the bark of the locust, the leaves of the begonia, and the bulb of the onion.

He tramped far afield in search of specimens, wearing a rough tweed suit ingeniously dyed by wind and weather to the colour of dried mustard, and he was never without a microscope, a pair of shears, and a market basket. Usually, he was bare headed. Hence originated that unkind comparison between his forlorn shock of hair and a dishevelled dandelion seed. An extremely pert co-ed had even had the temerity to speak of him as being "frayed and moth-eaten."

John Rudolph was as happily oblivious of these disrespectful remarks as he was to every object in the world which could not be brought within the direct range of his microscope. When custom sternly decreed that he should put in an appearance at some gala college function he made haste, upon his arrival, to seek out a spreading artificial palm, or a particularly colossal rubber plant. There, safely huddled within its protection, he invariably drew forth a note-book, and was soon deeply engrossed in the "Characeae" group of filamentous algae, or the dispersal of seed-plants by roots and rootstocks.

If an especially importunate maiden sought him out, carrying a Nile green ice in one hand, and a cup of indifferent coffee in the other, he waved her instantly aside, fearful lest he be overpowered, and the obnoxious refreshment thrust upon him. He held a remote doctrine concerning "the old-fashioned girl," and he associated modern woman with chiffon, frivolity and gossip. Only once had he been known to laugh, and that was when the professor of English had casually mentioned Evelyn Chandler's "brain."

On one other momentous occasion John Rudolph had suggested to the President that members of the sex opposed to his own should be debarred from entering college unless they were at least twenty seven years old, and had completed the entrance examinations with first class honours. This would serve to eliminate the idle and the foolish, he had observed somewhat pompously, and appreciably raise the standard of scholarship. President Davies had looked at him reflectively, caressing his moustache as he did so. It would be difficult to say whether or not he had been trying to conceal a smile.

Finally, one June morning, Curtis threw basket, shears and microscope pell-mell into an old trunk, along with some heterogeneous garments, and a fearful looking bundle of the inevitable dog-eared notebooks. Several hours after performing this function he got aboard a train destined for the sleepy little village of Birchborough, and about five o'clock he might have been seen driving from the station towards Silver Swamp farm, a matter of three and a half miles. Here he intended to pass the summer, making a special study of the order "Iridaceae," and various other denizens of marsh and upland. He had been attracted to Silver Swamp farm by a modest advertisement in a small local paper. "Large, comfortable bedroom for single gentleman desiring perfect rest and quiet," it had stated, "excellent cooking, spring water, scenery unsurpassed. No other boarders taken."

The last phrase, needless to say, was in itself sufficient to bring John Rudolph to a favorable decision, and upon arriving at the farmhouse he felt that he had indeed chosen well and wisely, and experienced no regret whatever. It was low, rambling, and decidedly homey; there was a wealth of honeysuckle over the porch, like a pink cascade, and robins

carolling in a stunted pear tree by the gate. Shimmering hills undulated in the distance; the sky had the vivid beauty of larkspur, and the swamp itself wore the black and green radiance of polished lacquer.

To purely sordid souls the interior of the house might have proven somewhat disappointing, but not to John Rudolph! It never occurred to him for a moment that quite the most cheerful objects in the family sitting room consisted of the framed obituary notice of one, Susan Maud Hammersley, and a volume of sermons bound in black morocco. Nor did his soul cry out in protest against the superfluity of pink pin cushions and blue hair receivers in the bedroom allotted him. He saw nothing of malice aforethought in its two framed engravings, "Can't you talk?" and "Sweetheart Days." For that matter, there was not a single grain of maliciousness inherent in the old farm house. The pictures had been presented to Mrs. Reuben Hammersley on the occasion of her wedding, along with a cabinet organ and an ornate parlour lamp.

John Rudolph, though manifestly devoted to "plain living and high thinking" throughout twenty-four lean years was not yet so steeped in asceticism as to be wholly indifferent to the delicious home-cured ham that put in an appearance at the supper table, in company with fresh bread and golden butter, big red raspberries, cream so thick it would hardly pour, yellow layer-cake liberally endowed with chocolate icing and walnuts, and most incomparable tea. Mrs. Hammersley hovered in the background, a benign fairy godmother, and only flitted out of the shadows when the professor's cup needed refilling, or she felt it incumbent upon her to serve ham a second time, or raspberries and cream a luscious third.

John Rudolph had almost mellowed to the point of asking a few questions about the village of Birchborough, when a most unwelcome apparition floated in from the garden, a slender girl, all drooping hat and shadowy eyes and indefinitely graceful movements. Curtis, restraining the impulse that would fain have prompted him to instant flight, turned to his matronly servitor with stormy questioning in his eyes.

"T'aint a boarder," said Mrs. Hammersley with an apologetic smile, "just Miss Gussie Elliot, a sort of distant cousin who likes to come here in the summer, you know."

"How do you do?" said Miss Elliot in rather a listless fashion. "You really mustn't feel you're in the way. I don't imagine that you will disturb me in the least. May I trouble you for the chilli sauce?"

Not disturb her, indeed! This was a pretty turning of the tables, to be sure. John Rudolph stared and speculated, and quite omitted to pass the sauce. Mrs. Hammersley complied with the request herself, however, when she finally saw that he had no intention of doing so, and John Rudolph forbore to speak of the village, and finished his repast in silence.

Two days later, desiring to climb certain wooded hills in search of "cypripedium" confided to Mrs. Hammersley his discomfiture on learning that he would have to walk four stiff miles in order to do so.

"Makes it a bit strenuous, don't it?" she ventured solicitously, "the four miles there and back, and all the climbing sandwiched in between. I'll see what can be done about it, Professor."

Mrs. Hammersley "saw about it," with but very dubious result as far as John Rudolph Curtis was concerned. She intimated to him the next morning that Miss Gussie Elliot would be pleased to drive him to the hills in the small red buggy. The horse was "used" to Gussie, but liable to be "cantankerous" with strangers, it appeared. And Gussie had nothing very particular to do, spent most of her time roaming around the country herself, in fact.

Curtis was reluctantly forced to accept the offer. He and Gussie had hitherto only exchanged perfunctory "good mornings" and "good evenings," and one or two observations concerning bread and

butter. After the first glaring omission he had remembered to pass things.

When once the little red buggy, with a kind of miniature stateliness, had threaded its way into the fragrant, pine-covered hills, the botanical enthusiast took leave of his fair charioteer with but scant ceremony. The morning proved arduous; the soil was in a particularly black, oozy and treacherous condition, the nettles rampant and stinging, and the mosquitoes drawn up in unmistakable array of battle. "Cypripedium" herself was in elusive mood. She did not choose to frequent any haunts similar to those in which John Rudolph had been wont to discover her. Nor were any of her associates abroad.

After three strenuous hours, therefore, the young professor was constrained to seek out the little red buggy again, aching with weariness. The fawn coloured horse was nibbling contentedly at the grass; Gussie (she of the serene brow and drooping hat) was crotcheting an impossible antimacassar. At least, John Rudolph Curtis would doubtless have diagnosed the disease as such. In reality, only a black and coral "frilly" sweater. At her feet (mirabile dictu!) reposed a cool, mossy looking basket, literally brimmed with the rosy loveliness of "Cypripedium."

"Why—what—where?" began John Rudolph with unaccountable flustering.

"Yes?" said Gussie interrogatively. "Those flowers," he amended weakly, "I've been searching high and low for some."

"What a pity!" said the young lady smoothly, "I found them not ten minutes after you left, just beneath that big boulder. They always grow there." And as John Rudolph struggled valiantly to restrain what might very probably have been profanity in another man, Miss Elliot added in sweetly condescending fashion, "I picked them all, but you are quite welcome to a few. If you had only told me what you were looking for, I might have saved you ever so much trouble, don't you know."

"But I should scarcely have thought," snapped John Rudolph, "that the term 'cypripedium' would have conveyed anything very definite to you, Madame."

"But I should have known immediately if you had just mentioned pink lady-slippers," she supplemented, "still, I suppose you do prefer to use the technical words, just like the scientific father in the 'Swiss Family Robinson.' Wasn't he a dear old pedant, though?" And after a moment, "Madame"—she repeated, as if caressing the word. "One is seldom spoken to in that way. Quite delightful and refreshing."

John Rudolph, scowling, muttered that he had had no intention of evincing either of the qualities apparently designated by these adjectives. He could not altogether conceal his thankfulness for Miss Gussie Elliot's bestowal of the flowers, however, even though it had been absolutely stupid of her not to realize by instinct that he had been looking for this special variety in the first place. Despite his chagrin, he finally essayed a word or two of gratitude.

"Oh pray don't mention it," said Miss Gussie thoughtfully, "though there is, to be sure, a way in which you might recompense me for the slight favor, if you should care to do so."

"And that?" queried John Rudolph, not without outward signs of inward trepidation.

"There is a social in the Birchborough school house to-night. They aim to make it a Community Centre, you see, and I feel that it is a project which deserves encouragement. I should like very much to go, but I dislike walking alone after nightfall. Excessively childish of me, of course."

"Couldn't you drive?" grumbled the professor.

"Oh, I don't like driving alone, either." "Hump! Well, I suppose there's no help for it, then."

"Does that mean you will accompany me?"

"There's no other way out of it that I can see," snapped John Rudolph viciously, "I naturally feel that I am under some sort of an obligation to you."

"Yes," pondered Miss Gussie, "you really are, I think, Professor Curtis. Get up, slow poke! (The latter an admonition to the horse)."

John Rudolph ground his teeth as if under torture. He even hated to look at the coveted flowers. And yet, in spite

of everything, he could scarcely help enjoying that drive home. The wind was an emerald zephyr; scarlet tanagers flashed hither and thither. An audacious purple butterfly poised for an instant on the drooping brim of Miss Gussie's quaker-like hat. And that evening, after an especially superb collation, ripe tomatoes heaped with mayonnaise, hot beaten biscuit, and fried chicken of which the very bones were edible, John Rudolph put on a clean collar, brushed his suit, made an effort to "slick" his hair, and in due course presented himself before Miss Gussie, a fairly docile cavalier-in-waiting.

He did not care greatly for the Community Social.

There was a tiresome programme, when Miss Queenie Brookes, the leading village soprano, assured the audience with many a shrill tremulo, that spring was coming. Yes, it was coming, she insisted. And although none ventured to contradict her she must needs declare a third time that it was coming. And as a final proof of her veracity, she called in the swallows to support her statement.

The Baptist Minister made a speech, in which he said he hoped they might have many more little gatherings of this nature, and then Harold Perkins recited "Fitz James and Roderick Dhu," "A la Napoleon," legs wide, arms locked behind, and old Mrs. Mather read a paper on "Cannibalistic Rites among our Friends, the Aborigines of Australia," interpolated with coughs, and sundry dives after horehound lozenges. Then Miss Jessica Beach, a lady of uncertain years and freshly-ironed hair, warbled "Oh, That We Two Were Maying," and Mr. Edward Thornbury followed with "a few words," in which he said he had not expected to be called upon for a speech, and, as a consequence, had come totally unprepared. His further observations furnished conclusive proof of this state of unpreparedness, and John Rudolph was unfeignedly glad when they were at length over, and coffee and doughnuts discovered to be in order.

"What did you think of it?" asked Miss Gussie, walking home in the moonlight half an hour later.

"Amateurish and boring to a degree!" said John Rudolph, dismissing the whole affair with a contemptuous wave of his hand.

"A crude beginning, to be sure," she answered thoughtfully, "but I feel that it is going to be a wonderful success in time. We're trying to work up one or two vital things, you see, organized games for children, and a Woman's Home Cooking Exchange, and a Biography Study Circle for the men. The entertainment of to-night was merely a surface feature—just to draw the crowd."

"And you are really interested?" queried John Rudolph with some amazement.

"Indeed I am. To me, no work is truly valuable unless it involves the good of the many."

"But botany," he floundered.

"There is no earthly reason as to why a botanist should become a crabbed old hermit," said Miss Elliot, calmly.

John Rudolph wasn't quite clear as to what she meant, but he wisely forebore to ask. The rest of the walk was extremely pleasant, strangely enough, all tangled up with philanthropy, and quotations from Yeats, and the miraculous silver moonlight upon a field of daisies. Even John Rudolph could not remain wholly impervious to the sweet mystery of that summer night. He told himself that it was all nonsense—this slow, delicious warmth in his veins. And yet he was just a trifle sorry when they reached the farm, even if the girl did mix up poetry and altruism rather shockingly.

He was more than sorry—he was unaccountably and profoundly shocked to learn from Mrs. Hammersley the next day that Miss Gussie Elliot had taken an early train out of Birchborough station. "She had a telegram, and it was awful important, I guess," Mrs. Hammersley confided, "anyway, she's gone off to some desert place."

"Desert!" echoed Curtis amazedly. Mrs. Hammersley pursed up her lips and nodded.

"But I don't understand—" he exclaimed, and then, realizing that he was betraying altogether too keen an interest in Miss Gussie's affairs, he turned away abruptly and began an absent-minded examination of hollyhocks.

"Desert!" What on earth could the

Continued on page 17.

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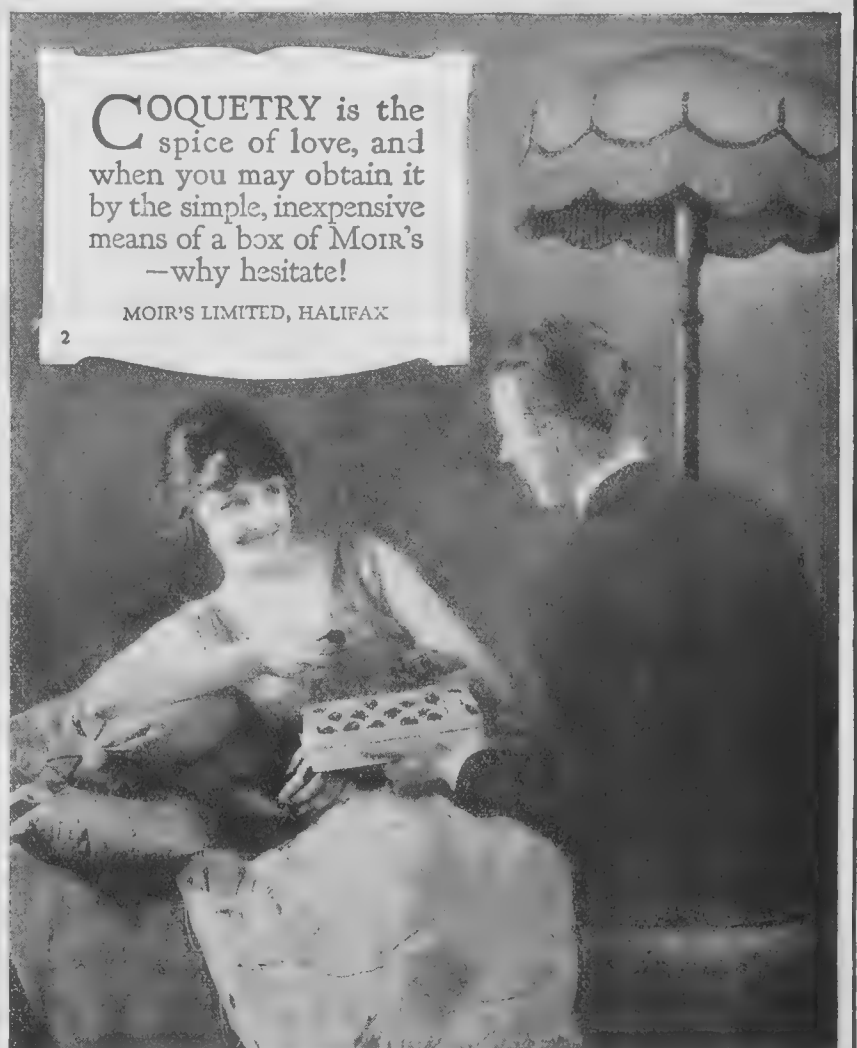
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MOIR'S Chocolates

EDITORIAL

Continued from page 3

to \$135,932; for June, 1921, the corresponding figure was a net income of \$261,259, an increase of \$397,191. Meantime the cost of carrying one ton of freight one mile has been reduced one-third—from 1.15 cents to 0.77 cent.

All of this is of extreme interest to Canadians. We have in Canada men with just as good ability as Mr. Ford, and were they given a free hand they could work just as great a change. And the time has come for some change in methods of operation. With freight rates as at present and with hours and wages as set forth in present schedules, there is only one thing to expect. What is needed and what it quite possible is a revolution such as that effected by Mr. Ford.

THE ART SPIRIT

In almost every field we produce for world markets. We must equal the best that the world produces. The production of the highest requires brains, training, perseverance. A recent discussion in the London "Times" emphasized the necessity of awakening industrial workers to the importance of art. In New York an investigation shows that American manufacture is largely imitative, but that the tendency is towards simplicity which accords with simple living. What Mr. Harris, Managing Director of the

Art Centre has to say, has a meaning for us in Canada.

"The task of making craftsmen is an expensive one, and particularly difficult here," he says. "We are letting Europe do it, and no doubt will continue to do so until there develops a compelling economic reason why we should do it ourselves. Then we shall, because we shall have to. Since no man knows how soon that necessity will arise, we shall be wise if we give thought to it to-day, so that we shall be somewhat prepared when the time comes. An increased public appreciation of the value and beauty of craftsmanship would bring it quickly. No one need fear that we lack the native talent, for it lies everywhere about us."

Now it is not by emphasizing the eight hour day, and the restricted output that we are to get anywhere. What both capital and labor in Canada must do is to forget their squabbles and to join together in producing that which has the highest artistic merit. Otherwise they shall lose out, for industry is in the end a matter of international importance. Every disagreement in Canada, and every bit of inartistic production throws custom to some other nation. If we would lead we must think in terms of quantity and quality and chiefly the latter.

GIVE US MEN

In a dozen books and magazines have appeared articles deploring that college women are refusing to marry, and if

they marry, are refusing to become mothers of large families. Miss Wells, of New York, has answered one of the writers on this topic, Professor Holmes, who is author of a book, "The Trend of the Race." Her answer is of such a kind that it makes men sit up a little bit. It is time they did some thinking. All they have to do to win the affections and the life companionship of "the most cultured ladies of the land," is to become worthy of them. Why should an intelligent, cultured, highly sensitive young lady, with a love for truth and beauty, join herself to a boorish, ignorant, coarse-minded man whose only ambition is to hoard and sleep and feed? Here is what Miss Wells says:—

"Perhaps Professor Holmes understands the construction of the modern woman, as far as he has analyzed her. He finds her sidestepping matrimony and its accompanying blessings as well as troubles. Does he mean that this new woman has no desires, no hopes, no longing for home and children? Many of the best women are unmarried—and why? Because they would have none of these things? No, by all means, no. This new woman is as correct biologically as any cave-woman of history but—she is alone. She goes through life alone because as yet nowhere can she find her mate, the man who can accompany her, who can equal her in stature, the man who asks for a co-worker, not for a housekeeper, who wishes a woman of brain and mettle, not a thing of powder puff or kitchen.

Man must cease to expect; he must learn to go neither domineeringly before nor deferentially after the partner of his joys and sorrows, but hand-in-hand with her; he must learn to share not when he wills but always with her in the home; he must grant her fair, not grudging and limited, competition with him until this man's world becomes a human being's world. When man himself ceases to be a traitor to the race and progresses with the leaps and bounds that civilization demands; when for every new woman there is a "new" man, then and only then will the race come not to its destruction but to its triumph. Perhaps the superwoman has arrived but—where is the superman?

CATCHING UP

Continued from page 13

"Are you raving, Effie Meredith?" cried her astonished sister-in-law. "Why isn't there any dinner?" Then the whole tale was poured forth.

Aunt Dora listened to the end without comment. Then she spoke tersely.

"Just come with me, Carolyn," she said "Such a crazy business! But I won't see you stuck."

She was already half-way to the door Carolyn and Ralph following obediently in her wake.

Subsequent movements of the three are best described in the words of Aunt Dora's maid, Ellen.

She had an appreciative audience that evening, in the presence of one Timothy O'Blenis, and the story was losing nothing in the telling.

"The missus arrived hot foot and says she. 'Just take up the dinner, Ellen, and carry it across the street to Mr. Meredith's. Carolyn here will tell you what else she requires. Don't stand there gaping, girl, but get busy at once.'

"Now who wouldn't be standin' there gapin', with such orders as them, I'd like to know?"

Master Ralph, though, seemed to sense what she meant. Says he, 'Act, act in the livin' present, Ellen' and grabbed the roast. Thinks I, 'It aint my fault if they're all crazy. I'll do as I'm told;' and I laid hands on the vegetables, and we carted the whole dinner right across the street. A good dinner it was too," she went on spiritedly. "Roast beef, mashed potatoes, squash, and a beautiful chocolate puddin'; and sure we had bread and cold meat and apple sauce ourselves; but nobody seemed to mind."

Nobody had minded. There was nothing mean about Aunt Dora and her family. When they gave, they gave whole-heartedly, and the thought of what the dinner meant to the harassed family across the way was sufficient reward.

Mr. Meredith in his relief, fairly exuded hospitality, and Professor Palen basked in the genial home atmosphere, and thought with regret of the dreary boarding house to which he must so soon return.

"We ought to celebrate," said Ralph, as the family gathered happily round the breakfast table on December First.

"Celebrate!" exclaimed Carolyn. "I have the queerest feeling of compunction every time I go to spend a cent. It will be days before I can even realize that the ban has been lifted. But we've caught up and it was worth while."

And it would have been worth while, even if uncle John hadn't died a few months later, and left that legacy.

"Ten thousand dollars apiece," exclaimed Ralph. "How was it he put it, mother? 'Because, as a family, we had escaped the national curse of extravagance.' Cricky! Our catching-up week certainly made a hit. It's a satisfaction to know that one person at least, thoroughly enjoyed it."

A QUEER BROTHER-IN-LAW

They were looking at the kangaroos at the "zoo" says the Boston Transcript, when an Irishman asked his neighbour in the group:

"Beg pardon, Sor; can you tell me phwat kind of a crature is that?"

"That," said the man "is a native of Australia."

"Good hivins!" exclaimed Pat. "And me sister Julia married wan'o' thim!"



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A BELATED SUMMER

Continued from page 15

woman mean? The Sahara, or Arizona, or some particularly remote and inaccessible island? To be sure she had spoken once of the Swiss Family Robinson.

Then John Rudolph, utterly failing to get the connection, switched off the top of a blowsy hollyhock, and betook himself to his note-books and his microscope.

October found him lecturing to the youthful mind once more (a more than usually vapid Freshman class, he imagined) Judging from his outward appearance, he was the same old down-at-the-heels professor. Inwardly, however, he was slightly changed. He was subject to queer fits of loneliness, and it began to worry him to hear the saucy co-eds giggle and whisper as he shuffled miserably through the halls. Moreover, for the first time on record, he appeared at the President's initial reception in a dress suit (hired), and an immaculate gardenia. He felt sorry afterwards that he had done so. He had been more painfully conscious than ever of giggling and whispering.

Towards the end of the month he visited St. Francis, the nearest city, in order to attend the Botanical Convention. He enjoyed it immensely. In fact, by the afternoon of the third day he had almost recovered his prosy old self again. Huddled down comfortably in a leather opera chair, he was awaiting the next speaker. "Making the desert to blossom as the rose," the programme read, Dr. A. C. Elliot.

"Who is this Elliot!" he leaned forward to ask an acquaintance, "the man who contributed that series of articles to the 'Scientific Quarterly' on 'Arctic Vegetation.'"

"I don't think" began the other, and was promptly interrupted by a vociferous clapping.

The sensations of John Rudolph Curtis during the next half hour were indeed worthy of the analytical powers of a Henry James. I shall not attempt to record them here. Suffice it to say that the poor young man ran the gamut of the emotions. After he had given vent to the first painful gasp, and it had dawned upon his reeling faculties that "Gussie" often stood for "Augusta," and that she had been somewhat original, in a demure way, and that Mrs. Hammersley had spoken of "desert" places, and consequently must have been in the secret—after all these minute and sundry realities had come home to him, I repeat, John Rudolph crouched lower than before in the leather opera chair (because of humiliation now, not for the sake of comfort), and steeled himself to a bitter acceptance of the truth of things. That slip of a girl on the platform had enlightened and charmed him through the medium of the "Scientific Quarterly" for three whole years. She had tramped forests and forded rivers, and descended into coal mines. She had crossed the mountains of Tibet, and lectured to Oxford dons and before the Royal Geographical Society, and the Archaeological Institute. And she had discovered three absolutely new varieties of fossil, and had specialized "in making the waste places glad," and in cultivating and irrigating hitherto arid regions. She had done a number of other things as well—but perhaps these will be sufficient for the present.

John Rudolph was awaiting her when she finally came out of the building, ready to enter her taxi. She was wearing a splendid coat of Pekin blue brocade, with huge silver flowers on it. John's theories concerning the frivolity of women wavered, shook, and collapsed in an abject mass of delight and bewilderment.

"I never dreamed—I've been awfully dense," he heard himself mumbling. And the divine lady only answered, "Rather cruel of me, wasn't it? But if you think you can forgive me you might call at the 'Vendome' this evening. I know you are interested in that marsh project."

"Not half as interested as I am in other things," stammered John Rudolph joyfully, "not half as interested as I am in Community Centres, and Yeats, and—and—" he gasped—"and moonlight Gussie, and you!"

Miss Elliot was sitting in her taxi-cab now, very lovely and regal in the blue and silver coat. And as she looked at John Rudolph she saw that he had been inexplicably transformed. He had grown three inches taller. And he was a boy again, with roguishly tumbled hair, and laughter shining in his eyes.

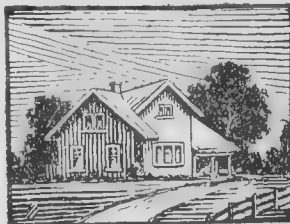
"I shall be dreadfully disappointed if you fail to come," she said presently, "I really believe summer has entered into your life, John. Just a trifle belated, perhaps."

The impatient taxi driver whirled her away then, and John stood looking after, riveted to the pavement. And presently, thrilled at the prospect of that belated summer, he hurried down street to purchase a dress suit of his very own. And he indulged, as well, in a huge box of pink lady slippers.

GOD'S HELP

Mr. Morehouse lately well illustrated the truth of God's power and readiness to help, by the following incident: "Mr. Moody and I were once taking tea with the family of a Baptist minister at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, and the mother was telling us all about her remarkable little boy—all the smart things he had said—all the wonderful things he had done. I suppose that mother thought there was not such another boy in all the world. After she had talked a good while, his father said: 'I also must tell you something about this boy. The other day, I was moving my library upstairs, and the little fellow wanted to help me; so I gave him a small book, and he carried it up with great satis-

faction. Just then I was called away for two or three minutes, and pretty soon I heard him calling: 'Papa, papa, come and help me.' I ran to see what was the matter, and found him on the middle of the stairs with a great heavy dictionary in his arms, all tired out with trying to carry it. Now, what do you suppose I did?' Well, I said, I suppose you took the book from him and carried it up yourself. 'No,' said the father; 'I did better than that; I took the boy in my arms, book and all, and carried them upstairs together. The boy carried the book and I carried the boy.' Well, I said, that is just the way the Lord does when he sees us, burdened with our sins, struggling to get upwards. He just takes us up in His arms, heavy-laden as we are."



TALKS ON SWINE

Interesting Facts on the Bacon Trade That Canadians Should Know

No 2



Why British Are Bacon Eaters

NORMALLY Britain consumes 688 million pounds of bacon, of which only 176 million pounds are "home grown".

The British have been bacon eaters for ages. It is a custom that is deep-rooted—an inherited custom.

Breakfast without bacon would not be breakfast to the Englishman.

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Bacon is particularly suited to their cool climate, as it is a heat and energy producing food, and this class of food is needed the year round in Britain.



A Happy Family.

The British cannot begin to produce enough bacon to meet their own demands, and, therefore, they must always import vast quantities.

On account of its compact form and good keeping qualities, bacon is easily transported long distances at small cost.

The British know that Quality Bacon

supplies the most desirable food units in the most compact form and at the most reasonable cost.

They know that Quality Bacon is appetizing, easily digested and nourishing.



Notice width of back, the length and depth of side.

As eating bacon has so long been a British custom, they have developed a taste and demand for only the finest quality bacon.

British Market Good For All Time

Britain is destined to remain an importer of high-class bacon for all time, because she cannot produce her own supply. To produce her own she would have to import concentrates for feed. It is cheaper to import bacon than to import feed to produce bacon.

There is only one type of

hog that produces the bacon the British want. That is the bacon-type of "Wiltshire side" hog—the fat hog won't do.

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Denmark, Canada's greatest rival in the British market, makes a specialty of the bacon-type hog and has studied and catered to the Britisher's fastidious tastes for years. The Danish farmer well knows that if he produces a high quality bacon and in steady quantities the British bacon market will always be a steady and regular one for him. It is the Danish farmer's ambition to hold the British



A Good Start for a Young Farmer.

market, and he tries to maintain a steady production of high quality bacon the year round.

The Future

Britain wants high quality bacon the year round. Britain will always want bacon in large quantities. Canada won the British bacon market during the war.

Denmark is now striving for supremacy.

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MORTGAGE INTEREST RATES GOING UP

The registrar of loan companies for Ontario recently published some very interesting figures showing the gradual increase in the rate of interest charged on mortgage loans in the prairie provinces during the last twenty years. These figures show that Ontario borrowers were paying 9% in 1873. 8½% in 1876, 7½% in 1885; 6½% in 1897 and 5¼% in 1904. The rate then started upward, was 6¼% in 1906; 6½% in 1912; and 7% in 1918 with a drop to 6¼% in 1920. The rates on mortgages in Manitoba and Saskatchewan were much higher as the following statement shows.

Average rate of interest earned on mortgages in

	Manitoba	Saskatchewan
1881	9½%	
1886	8½%	
1890	8%	
1898	7½%	
1902	7½%	7½%
1914	8%	8%
1920	8%	8%

Interest Rates Are Important

The fact that interest rates show no tendency to come down in the west is a very serious matter because the amount of interest paid by western borrowers is a very important item in the cost of doing business. At first sight it seems strange that the rate of interest charged on a mortgage loan in Western Canada is greater now than it was in 1902. During the past eighteen years wonderful changes have taken place in this western country. Our population has increased by leaps and bounds and the land under cultivation is far greater in area now than it was in 1902. In every direction we have made wonderful strides and our land is far better security now than it ever was before. As a general rule, any increase in the stability of the security for a loan naturally leads to a decrease in the rate of interest charged on that loan, but in the case of the western provinces during the past eighteen years this has not resulted. Of course, there are reasons for this, some of them due to several causes over which we have no control, others due to causes which we can control.

Money is like wheat—its value depends on world conditions. The value of wheat is fixed day by day by the law of supply and demand. The interest rates on money to loan are fixed in much the same way. Money can be taken from one end of the world to the other without losing its value and in consequence it moves rapidly away from the countries where interest rates are low or security is poor to the countries where interest rates are higher or the security offered is better. Money never stays where it has been ill-treated, capitalists immediately withdraw their investments from countries where capital does not receive fair play.

Great World Wide Demand For Money

The havoc created by the war has led to a tremendous demand for money in Europe. Millions of dollars are needed to rebuild war stricken towns and cities and fabulous sums are required to rehabilitate industries and place Europe on a pre-war basis. This great demand for money has naturally led to an increase in interest rates. Millions of dollars invested in farm loans in Western Canada by European investors have withdrawn by those investors and re-invested in Europe. These investors had good reasons for withdrawing these funds, among which may be mentioned the following:

1. The slump in European exchange meant that they got from 20% to 50% more for their Canadian investments in

their own money than the face value of those investments called for.

2. They could re-invest their money in their own country and help to build it up, at interest rates just as favorable as they received in Canada.

3. Moratoriums and other unwise legislation relating to seed grain liens, etc., had in many instances made these investors feel that they were not receiving a square deal in Western Canada.

4. The average Canadian is not so prompt in paying his mortgage payments when due as the average European is. There is a marked tendency among borrowers in this country to neglect payment on due dates and this negligence creates a bad impression on the European investor who is used to having contracts lived up to on the day they are due. So when the European investor has an opportunity to invest his money in his own country, where payments are made when due, at a reasonable rate of interest, he seizes that opportunity.

Some Adverse Conditions We Can Correct

The first two reasons are due to conditions over which we have no control. The next two reasons we can control. In the past fifteen years Western Canada has suffered considerably from what might be termed "freak" legislation. Our legislatures have tried to protect the borrowing farmer from the unscrupulous individuals who from time immemorial have considered the farmer an "easy mark". They have also made various attempts to assist the farmer over times of depressions. In many instances they seem to have looked upon mortgage and loan companies as enemies of the farmer and laws relating to farm loans and mortgages on real estate generally have been placed on the statute books, the main result of which has been to make it more difficult and more expensive for mortgage companies to do business. This kind of legislation has two direct results—it either drives capital away or it makes the interest rate on loans go up; usually it does both. If we did not need to borrow in this country we would not have to bother about these matters—but we do need to borrow and will continue to need to borrow for many years to come, so we are vitally interested in this class of legislation. Every citizen in this country should use his influence in seeing to it that all legislation passed by our governments is passed with a view to make it easier, cheaper and more safe for investors to loan money to our farmers and for farmers to borrow from investors.

The Personal Element

The fourth reason has to do with the personal element in our borrowing population. Those who observe financial happenings will have noticed that borrowers are divided into a number of classes and the interest rate charged to a borrower depends upon which class he belongs to. We all realize that the Canadian Government can generally borrow money at a cheaper rate than any of the provincial governments; that a provincial government can generally borrow money at a cheaper rate than any city or town in that province; that a city can generally borrow money at a cheaper rate than the average individual citizen and so on. The distinction does not end there for one citizen can oftentimes borrow at a cheaper rate than another citizen. Why? Because these various borrowers belong to different classes and each class is more or less distinct in itself. A bond issued by the Canadian Government is a gilt-edged security and the investor knows that nothing short of a national disaster of great magnitude would prevent it

PIPE or PIPELESS HECLA MELLOWAIR FURNACE

The HECLA heating plant is the simplest because it hasn't an unnecessary part—that's why it saves so much fuel.

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Send me, free, all particulars about HECLA (Pipe or Pipeless) Furnace.

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from being paid when due—it is absolutely safe. The bond of a province although generally recognized as gilded, is in the last analysis not quite so safe as that of the Dominion, it being obvious that there is not so much security behind it. A city's bond is not quite so safe as that of a province mainly for the same reason, and the bond of the average individual is not quite so sure as that of a city because there is not so much security behind it. Careful examination of these facts shows why it is that the farmer must pay a higher interest rate than the Dominion Government but it will not be out of place to briefly state the reasons which increase the rate to the farmer. They are as follows:

1. It costs more to negotiate a loan with a farmer than it does with a government. Farmers borrow hundreds while governments borrow millions in one transaction.

2. The Canadian Government always pays the interest and principal on its bonds on the due date, farmers do not always do so.

3. The Canadian Government always pays its debts, some farmers do not.

4. If a farmer does not pay his taxes, seed grain liens or similar charges, the mortgage must pay these to protect its security. The investor in a government bond has no such payments to make.

When the farmer in Western Canada can satisfy the investor that his money is absolutely safe when invested in farm loans; when the investor is shown that the farmer will always pay his debts when due unless it is impossible for him to do so; when it is no longer necessary for the investor to pay large sums for taxes and similar charges on the borrower's property to protect the security he holds for his loan—then the farmer in Western Canada will enjoy the lower rates of interest which the European farmer has been enjoying for many long years. At the present time the good, honest and businesslike farmer is paying a high rate of interest because of legislation on our statute books which makes it unnecessarily expensive and difficult to loan money in Western Canada and because a certain percentage of our farmers have given the whole country a bad name by not attending to their obligations in a businesslike manner.

Standing in the Way

At a prayer meeting one of the brethren gave an exhortation to those who were not Christians to come to Christ, and not stand in the way of others. As soon as he had finished a man in the back part of the room, near the door, arose. He was a man of commanding presence, the richest man in the place, and holding high offices in the city. He said: "I ask pardon of my God, of my fellow-citizens, of my family, of you all, for standing in the way of others so long by holding back from my duty. He did not know that his wife and children were present. The meeting was greatly affected; sobs were heard, and no one could speak or pray. The silence was at last broken by his wife, who went up to him, took his hand, and said: "I want to go with you." Then the eldest son arose and went to them both, and said he wanted to go also. The meeting broke down, and this incident was followed by a work of grace which resulted in the conversion of thirty persons to Christ.

Courting in Missouri

"Listen to this!" exclaimed Mrs. Harlow, looking up from a morning paper across the table at her father-in-law, who is the only other member of the family who has time to linger over breakfast. "Here's a place where women are valued as they were in the days of chivalry."

"Where is this medieval hamlet?" asked Mr. Harlow, between sips of coffee.

"Somewhere out West," replied Mrs. Harlow, rather vaguely, for she had already begun to read the daily preachment on the woman's page, this time concerning street-car manners. "The young men of the place have written our mayor, asking him to send an immediate shipment of young women. They promise them husbands, homes and happiness. Imagine young men here in the East

eager to exchange bachelor freedom for the gravest of all responsibilities!"

Mr. Harlow nodded understandingly. "It is no new desire in that part of the country," he declared; "the demand was just as great forty-five years ago."

"I was a young man myself then," he continued, reminiscently, "and once when I was on a hunting trip in Missouri, I put up overnight at a farmer's house where there were three sons and only one daughter.

"Shortly after I got there a wagon drove up containing two young men, who were instantly ushered into the parlor. Supper was then served, but while we were eating, the howling of the dogs announced a newcomer. It was a third young man. The mother rose to admit him, but the daughter rushed forward.

"Don't get up, maw!" she said. 'Tis one of my fellers! Come in, Jim. Howdy-do?"

"After supper I was invited to sit in the kitchen. Jim was left in sole possession of the sitting-room. Scarcely were we comfortably settled in the kitchen when a fourth young man made his appearance.

"The house consisted of only three rooms. Two beaus were already in the parlor, and one in the sitting-room. There was nothing for the last comer, therefore, except to make himself as happy as he could in the kitchen, while the young lady divided her attention impartially between the four. Ten minutes later there were two more arrivals.

"The widders," the youngest boy explained, audibly.

"At nine o'clock I wanted to go to bed, and the father divined my wishes.

"I'm sorry, stranger," he said, "but the only bed is in the parlor, and this is courtin' night. Them two in the parlor never leave afore midnight, and the other four'll straggle along later.

"Friday nights is purty bad, but Sundays it's wuss. Lass Sunday night there was ten on 'em; and the gal's gittin' more'n more partic'lar!"

"Seeing no other resource, I betook myself to a haystack in the yard, and the old man remarked, as he lighted me along.

"Yes, sir, courtin's always brisk in Missouri!"

A Good Day for Wars

There was nothing in sight down the road. The major sat tilted against the wall of the general store, reading yesterday's paper. It was a clear, warm day. Inside the store the postmaster could be heard sorting the mail, but without everything was still and peaceful. At last there was a clatter and a rattle, and from somewhere there appeared a negro driving an unpainted wagon drawn by a mule. He drew up with a loud whoa in front of the store.

"Major!" he called.

No response.

"Major! Doan' wan' ter 'sturb yo', major."

No response.

"Major!"

The major heard at last.

"Hello, uncle!" he said. "What can I do for you?"

"Doan' wan' ter 'sturb yo', major, but is dey any news in de paper?"

"No," said the major, "no, there isn't any news to-day. Yes, there is, too. There's a war between France and Morocco."

"S dat so?" said the negro. "'S dat so, an' is dere really a wah, with fightin' and blood-killin'?"

"A real war," repeated the major.

"Golly!" said the negro, gathering up his reins. "Whar did yo' say dat wah was, major?"

"Morocco," said the major, turning again to the sheet.

"Well," said the colored man, "dey suttently has got a fine day for it. Giddap!" And he clattered down the road.

To-day's Optimistic Thought.—Cheer up! When all the neighbors buy autos you can get a seat in a street car.—St. Paul News.

The Starting Crank.—Just because a crank can start something, he thinks he is the source of the horsepower.—Baltimore Sun.

A Typical Great-West Result

\$5,000. 20 Payment Life.
Issued 1901. Matures 1921.
Age 25. Premium \$135.50.

Cash value at Maturity - \$3,580.00
Premiums paid in 20 years 2,710.00
Profit over Premiums paid 870.00

The policyholder received a return of all premiums together with \$870.00, and was protected by insurance of \$5,000 during twenty years.

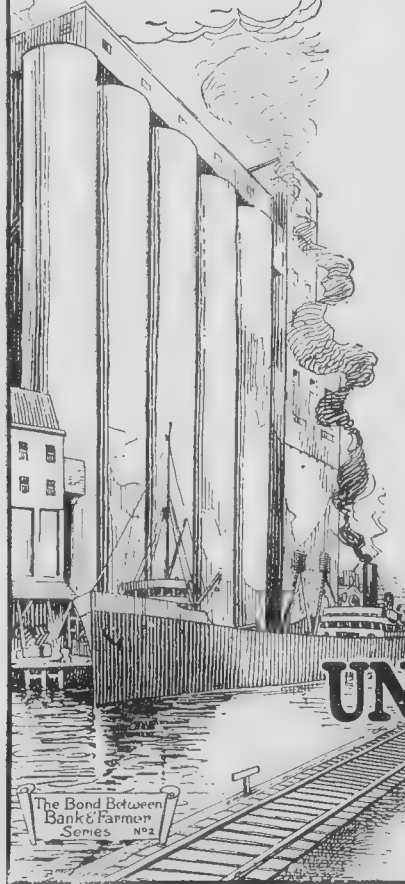
Ask for rates at your own age.

The Great-West Life Assurance Company

Dept. "Q"

Head Office - Winnipeg.

-marketing crops



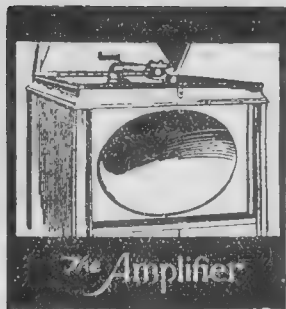
Moving the Western Wheat Crop from the prairies to the markets of the world is Canada's mightiest annual undertaking.

The grain movement gradually increases in dimensions until the limit is reached at the point of breaking bulk for water shipment. The capacity of a farmer's wagon averages 65 bushels of grain, a railway car about 1200 bushels, a train upwards of 60,000 bushels, a lake boat more than 300,000 bushels.

The hidden forces behind the crop movement are the country's financial reserves, accumulated months ahead and harnessed for action through the medium of Canada's banking machinery. It is the steadying influence of sound banking which guides the millions of bushels of wheat to the world's markets.

UNION BANK OF CANADA

Resources of \$169,000,000.
380 Branches in Canada.

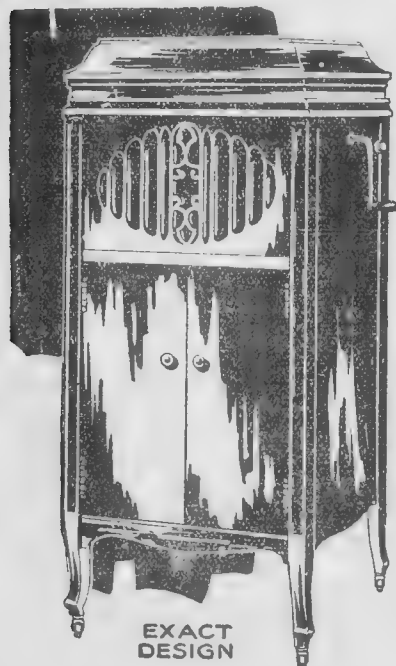


The horn or 'Amplifier' of the Brunswick is oval in shape, moulded entirely from choice woods. This complies with the law of acoustics which demonstrates that all tone waves travel in ovals or circles. This all-wood oval horn is exclusive to the

Brunswick Phonograph

This feature, combined with the 3-in-1 Ultona, gives the perfect method of reproduction and makes the Brunswick the FINAL phonograph. See and hear this

New Model No. 210



MADE IN CANADA

Here are the dimensions and equipment of this new model Brunswick: Height, 47 inches. Width, 20 inches. Depth, 21 inches. All-Wood Oval Horn. Single Diaphragm Ultona. Brunswick guaranteed Double-Spring Motor. 12-inch Turntable, Automatic Stop. Tone Modifier. Double Doors. Seven Albums for filing records. Automatically balanced lid. All trimmings nickel-plated. Fumed Oak or Mahogany. Fully guaranteed—including springs.

The full price of this model is only \$220.00 and your nearest Brunswick dealer will deliver it to your home immediately for

ONLY \$20 CASH

with the balance spread in easy monthly or weekly payments over an entire year.

Order Now for Christmas

Your nearest Brunswick dealer will gladly take your order for one of the models for delivery any time up to Christmas. All you need to do is make a small deposit and arrange future payments according to delivery. If you do not know the address of your nearest Brunswick dealer, write us a post card, mentioning having seen our advertisement in the Western Home Monthly. We will send you his name and address, by return mail and will also include our illustrated catalog and big Alphabetical index of the famous Brunswick Records.

The Musical Merchandise Sales Company

Portage Ave. E.

Winnipeg.

WHAT TO LOOK FOR IN BUYING A PHONOGRAPH

A phonograph is built primarily to reproduce sound. Tone is perhaps a better word, for the number of musical records in demand is greatly in the majority.

For this reason tone quality is a most desirable feature, and should be one of the first to receive the attention of the prospective purchaser.

Tone Reproduction

In the phonographic reproduction of a musical tone, there are four prime essentials:

- (a) The Record.
- (b) The Needle (or point) which vibrates through contact with the record and transmits these vibrations to the Reproducer.
- (c) The Reproducer, which magnifies the sound vibrations and passes them along to the Tone Amplifier.
- (d) The Tone Amplifier which, as the name implies, enlarges, enriches and rounds out the tonal vibrations.

Let us consider briefly each of these four important requirements.

The Record

There are many different makes of records, each make presenting the recorded art of distinguished artists, orchestras and bands, all worthy of

The Diaphragm (or diaphragms) should be of mica, the best known substance for this purpose—mica being practically unaffected by changes of temperature.

Up-To-Dateness

Modern phonographs offer many advantages over old style instruments. When buying, therefore, the purchaser should be sure to select one which embraces the latest and best ideas in tone production.

The Manufacturer

The manufacturer, too, should receive earnest consideration. An answer to each of the following questions will be of decided advantage:

- (a) How many years has the firm been in business?
- (b) What is its reputation? Has it been a leader in this and other lines which it has manufactured?
- (c) Is it known for its progressive-ness? Has it followed the principle of developing to a high degree—scientifically—the various products which it has made?
- (d) Has it brought out new and exclusive improvements which have added materially to the desirability of its products?
- (e) Has it ample capital to develop the business along the most modern lines?
- (f) Is its method of distribution costly or economical?

The foregoing are the salient points to be observed and regarded by thoughtful purchasers of a reproducing instrument. They are respectfully submitted

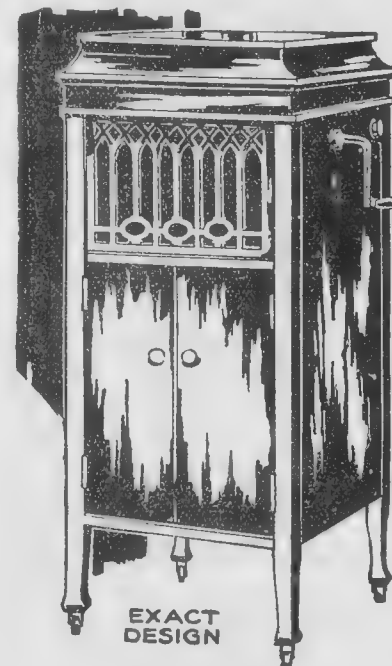


This is the famous 3-in-1 Ultona which plays ALL makes of records with the correct point, position and weight. It is an exclusive feature of the

Brunswick Phonograph

A mere twist of the wrist adjusts the Ultona instantly to play any make of record. No attachments or extras. Nothing to take off or put on. You will find the Ultona on this

New Model No. 207



MADE IN CANADA

Here are the dimensions and equipment of this beautiful Brunswick:

Height 45½ ins., Width 19 ins., Depth 21 ins. All-wood Oval Horn, Single Diaphragm Ultona, Brunswick Guaranteed Double-Spring Motor, 12-inch Turntable, Automatic Stop, Tone Modifier, Double Doors, Shelf-Filing System designed to accommodate Albums. All Trimmings Nickel-plated, Fumed Oak or Mahogany. Fully Guaranteed including Springs. Automatically Balanced Lid, Continuous Hinge.

The full price of this beautiful instrument is only \$185.00 and your nearest Brunswick dealer will deliver it to your home immediately for

ONLY \$20 CASH

with the balance spread in easy monthly or weekly payments over an entire year.

Order Now For Christmas

Your nearest Brunswick dealer will gladly take your order for one of the models for delivery any time up until Christmas. All you need to do is to make a small deposit and arrange future payments according to delivery. If you do not know the address of your nearest Brunswick dealer, write us a postcard, mentioning having seen our advertisement in the Western Home Monthly. We will send you his name and address by return mail and will also include our illustrated catalog and big Alphabetical index of the famous Brunswick Records.

The Musical Merchandise Sales Company

143 Portage Avenue East
Winnipeg



place in any phonographic library. To limit oneself to any one make of records is to forego the pleasures which all of the other makes afford. It is a first essential, therefore, to select a phonograph which can play records of all makes.

The Needle

There are four common types of points—the steel needle, the wood fibre needle, the sapphire ball, and the diamond point—all of merit; each possessing special qualifications essential to certain makes of records. Therefore to have all four of these needles or points at one's instant command becomes a practical necessity to those buyers who would enjoy the advantages of reproducing any and all records upon their own phonograph.

The Reproducer

The Reproducer should, first of all, be of sufficient size to adequately magnify the vibrations received from the needle and to transmit them to the Tone Amplifier with power and fidelity, retaining their true tone-quality, character, purity and power.

by the writer as an unprejudiced aid to prospective buyers.

Henry Purmort Eames, L. L. B., Mus. Doc., is one of America's ablest artist-piano teachers and musical educators. He is recognized both in America and France as an authoritative pianist, lecturer and writer.

In Piano and Theory he was long a pupil of the late W. S. B. Mathews. In Piano, he studied further with William Sherwood, Madame Clara Wieck Schumann and Ignace J. Paderewski.

Mr. Eames has enjoyed the advantages of broad education and much travel; these, added to an intimate knowledge of the allied arts and of the varying needs of audiences, peculiarly fit him for the field he occupies as pianist, lecturer on musical appreciation, history of music and on esthetics.

Mr. Eames is Director of Piano and Ensemble Departments and Lecturer on Esthetics and Musical History in the Cosmopolitan School of Music of Chicago. He is recognized as one of the most inspiring and successful teachers and the influence of his studio is felt in all parts of the country.

Growth of Musical Culture In Western Canada

The growth of musical culture in the Canadian West was amply proven by the successful Musical Competition Festival, held in Saskatoon in May, the Provincial Musical Festival held recently in Winnipeg and the Alberta musical competitions held at Calgary.

The recent musical festival held at Saskatoon brought out many surprises in the brilliant performances of gifted young pianists, the playing of the military bands, and the artistic singing of the choral societies and church chorus. The massed choruses of the school children were especially splendid.

At Winnipeg, the children's choruses were also a specially commendable feature, as they were as well at Calgary. All these festivals are rendering a magnificent service to the musical atmosphere of the West that is bound to be beneficial to all the people, whether or not, they are musically inclined.

Music in the Home

Japanese Music 2,000 Years Old

The impetus which music is receiving in Japan at present brings to mind the fact that in the Flowery Kingdom, music held sway centuries ago.

Prince Yi of Seoul, Chosen, formerly the Korean Imperial House, has preserved some ancient music dating back nearly 2,000 years which existed a far-reaching influence upon Japanese music in bygone days, containing in its original form, a portion of Chinese and Egyptian music of ancient times. The precious music has, however, been threatened with falling into probable decay by reason of the difficulty of supporting an adequate number of court musicians.

A few years ago, supplication for the maintenance of the ancient art of music was made by the Prince of the Japanese Department of the Imperial Household

to which the latter has finally given response by reluctantly dispatching Mr. Tanabe of its Music Section to Chosen for taking measures for the preservation of the art, which is said to be one of the rarest specimens of old music in the world.

How We Hear Music

The generally accepted theory of how we hear music is that the ear differentiates sounds by the frequency of their vibrations by means of a membrane containing innumerable receptive nerves, one for each frequency of vibration.

Certain sounds cannot be heard, because there is no equipment provided for detecting these rarer frequencies. The membrane resembles the Xylophone, the nerves being like strings for varying lengths, the whole, however, being rolled up closely in snail-like form.

Music is Self-Revealer

Musical performance, whether it be singing or playing, is a great self-revealer. One need give out but a few measures to disclose what sort of a person he is. If you can speak through music, we shall know it at once, if you can not, we shall soon discover that also. You may have a very excitable, lively temperament, hence you will be more attracted by the gay and jovial in music, and express yourself best through that medium. The bright and happy side of music is always inspiring. Many of the older masters wrote most frequently in cheerful mood—Bach, Mozart, Haydn, Scarlatti, also Mendelssohn and often Schumann. There is plenty of joyous material to be found among these composers. On the other hand if you are inclined to be reflective or even melancholy you will find much to your liking in the works of Brahms, Beethoven, Schumann and Schubert.

Once again you have the opportunity to Join Our Christmas Club —GET A PIANO TO-DAY



DURING the past many years we have conducted this annual Christmas Club. Hundreds of homes in Western Canada have availed themselves of the many concessions offered and secured standard Canadian Pianos at rock-bottom prices, and on such terms as could not be surpassed. This club is made possible through the powers of real co-operative buying. When a large number of people buy the same thing at the same time, from the same source, they profit by co-operation. It costs you nothing to join this club. There are no fees or charges or assessments, yet the membership gives you advantages of the most substantial kind. This club is to be organized at once, and will be limited to 100 members. Any responsible person may apply for membership. The only requirement of a Club member is that he is on the market for a piano. By joining the club you are under no obligation to buy, but if you want to buy you will obtain every club advantage if you select your piano on or before the 31st. December 1921. But, remember, while you may have till December 31st to make your selection, the club will be closed immediately 100 members enroll, owing to the approaching shortage of pianos. Join now is the safest way.

IMPERIAL



Latest 88-Note Player Piano
Regular \$825. Club Price **\$725**

Secret of the Club Offer

This club is run in co-operation with the best and oldest firms in the world, such as Gerhard Heintzman, Nordheimer, Williams, Bell, Haines, Sherlock-Manning, Karn, Morris, Canada Piano, Doherty, Lesage, Imperial and Winnipeg Piano Co.

REGULAR Pianos are featured at **SPECIAL** prices and on **SPECIAL** terms. You have **NINETY** styles of Pianos and Player Pianos to choose from in genuine Walnut, Mahogany and Oak cases. Illustrated catalogues with **REGULAR** and **CLUB** prices and terms mailed free on application.

BELL



Style C

Regular \$575 Club price **\$495**

This is the Whole Plan of the Winnipeg Piano Company's Christmas Club

1. Your choice of any make of Nordheimer, Gerhard Heintzman, Williams, Bell, Haines, Sherlock-Manning, Karn, Morris, Canada Piano Co., Doherty, Lesage, Imperial, and Winnipeg Piano Company's Pianos or Player Pianos at special club prices until the 31st December, 1921.

2. The terms are one-fifth cash down and one, two or three years to pay the balance, or small monthly payments can be arranged to meet your convenience.

3. A special discount for all cash or extra instalments paid now.

4. The piano will be delivered when you join, or later, if you wish it.

5. The monthly, quarterly or yearly payments to date from when the piano is delivered.

6. Every instrument is guaranteed without reserve for ten years. There are no "ifs" or "ands" in the guarantee—just a straight-out guarantee as strong as we know how to make it in writing.

Other Club Values

Gerhard Heintzman	- \$595
Nordheimer	- - - - \$595
Williams	- - - - \$545
Karn	- - - - \$475
Morris	- - - - \$455
Doherty	- - - - \$455
Imperial	- - - - \$395
and many others.	

7. If, after thirty days' trial, the piano is not satisfactory we will give you your money back on return of the piano.

8. If the piano is satisfactory after thirty days' use, the club member has **eleven more months** in which to satisfy himself as to the character of the piano. If it does not then prove satisfactory in every respect, he has the privilege of exchanging it without **one penny's loss** for any other instrument of equal or greater list value by paying the difference in price (and we sell 90 different styles of the best pianos in the world).

9. A beautiful \$18 Piano Bench with music receptacle to match the piano is included without extra cost.

10. Freight paid to your nearest station.

11. Come into our store or write and select the style of case you prefer, in Walnut, Mahogany or Oak; this is all you have to do.

12. Each and every club instrument will be personally selected by our president.

GET OUR LIST OF SLIGHTLY USED PIANO BARGAINS AT FROM \$225 TO \$325

PIANO PRICES WILL NOT FALL

We have anticipated any price reductions in pianos that could possibly be expected. This is your opportunity to buy at rock-bottom prices and on easiest possible terms.

WINNIPEG PIANO CO.

Steinway, Gerhard Heintzman, Nordheimer, Williams, Haines, Bell, Sherlock-Manning, Karn, Morris, Doherty, and Lesage Pianos.
Edison, Columbia, Aeolian, Gerhard Heintzman, Pathe, McLagan, Starr, and Euphonolian Phonographs.

333
PORTAGE
AVE.

The Magic Touch of a Great Musician



Gives Christmas Cheer Throughout The Year

WHAT could be more appropriate as a family gift this Christmas than a Martin-Orme Player! Anybody can play it and everybody will enjoy the depth of tone and wealth of expression with which it interprets your favorite selections.

The "Violiform" System (reg'd) of Sounding Board Installation and the Duplex Bearing Bar (Martin-Orme Patent) have combined to place this instrument above all others in permanency and grandeur of tone.

Ask to hear the Martin-Orme Transposing Player at your local music store.

THE MARTIN-ORME PIANO COMPANY, LIMITED.
Ottawa, Canada.

An instrument capable of satisfying the critical demands of the virtuoso when played by hand, as well as rendering with the user's own individuality all the music of the world by means of the player mechanism

MARTIN-ORME PLAYER

THE CONNOISSEUR'S CHOICE



Catalogs and Monthly Lists on Request

Our stocks of phonograph records and player rolls are complete and up-to-date. Prompt attention given to mail orders, and carrying charges prepaid on orders of \$3.00 and up.

Phonograph Records

Crooning
Where the Lazy Mississippi Flows
Ain't We Got Fun
Held Fast in a Baby's Hands
I'm Nobody's Baby
Peggy O'Neil
I Know Where the Flies Go
I'm Wild About Moonshine
Whispering
Now I Lay Me Down to Sleep

Player Rolls

Irene
Somewhere a Voice is Calling
Pretty Kitty Kelly
Alice Blue Gown
My Mammy
Stolen Kisses
Grieving For You
Rose of Virginia
Jelly Bean
Gypsy Love Song

WINNIPEG PIANO CO. 333 PORTAGE AVE.

GREATEST SELECTION UNDER ONE ROOF

PIANOS—Steinway, Gerhard Heintzman, Nordheimer, Williams, Haines, Bell, Sherlock-Mann, Kern, Morris, Lesage, Canada, Amherst and Imperial.
PHONOGRAPHS—Edison, Aeolian Vocalion, Columbia, Gerhard Heintzman, Pathe, McLagan Starr, Euphonian.

No Money Down



on Mr. Edison's New Phonograph

THIS wonderful New Edison Diamond Amberola—Mr. Edison's great new phonograph with the Diamond Stylus Reproducer, and 12 brand new Blue Amberol Indestructible 4-Minute Records sent to you on absolutely free trial. Now on this offer, you can have the finest and best that money can buy at a price very much less than that which imitations of the genuine Edison Amberola are offered. Seize this opportunity.

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Musical Culture Growing in Japan

The wonderful enthusiasm with which the young Japanese rush to music for their emotional nourishment indicates the way art education is receiving an impetus in Japan to-day.

The scarcity of proper entertainments for the youths in an artistic direction has been partly responsible for their social degeneration. The Home Office, however, recently set about investigating the condition of the empire with regard to public amusements and entertainments.

While the Educational Department has remained inactive in promoting the artistic in the educational system of Japan, the public has gone far ahead in its demands for artistic and musical culture.

An initiative has been taken by the students in the Waseda and Keio Universities, where musical societies have been organized. The Imperial University of Tokio, where music did not weigh much in the past, has recently formed a music society with an orchestra composed of professors and students. Its largest hall has also been opened for concerts.

Music as a feature in girls' education has also got a start, a High School of Art for Girls, established by a private fund, having taken up music, painting, and foreign languages; and G. Ishikawa, the Japanese composer, whose musical education was received in America, recently accepted an appointment as musical adviser of the Governor-General of Chosen. He will study the folk music of Chosen, and produce new compositions based thereon.

Thinking about something else, while music is being performed is common enough, but it is surely most uncomplimentary to the music, the performers or the listeners. Meditation is all very well, but it is to be assumed that people who go to hear an oratorio go to hear the oratorio, and that a fair measure of concentration on the music, rather than deliberate mind wandering, is the purpose of their being in attendance.

Old Country Musical Briefs.

At a convocation of Durham University, Dr. Chas. W. Pearce received the degree of M. A. honoris causa, in recognition of his fifty years service in the interests of music. Dr. Pearce commenced his musical career at the early age of 14 as organist of St. Martin's church, Salisbury. In 1874 he went to London, where he has been ever since, mostly as organist at St. Luke's. Cambridge gave him his Bachelor of Music degree in 1880 and his Doctorate in 1884.

In a recent lecture M. Bernard Shaw said: "I only wish indeed that the English would give up politics, for which they have no capacity whatever, and take to music, for which they are quite extraordinarily gifted."

Mr. Dan Godfrey is now conducting the Municipal Orchestra at the Winter Gardens, Bournemouth, where he is giving much prominence to works by English composers.

No fewer than 18 choirs entered this year's Harlech Castle musical festival totalling about 1,800 voices. The festival, which was organized in 1867, seems unique in that there is no competition there for prizes. The whole affair is a spontaneous outburst of music in the people themselves who meet together to give vent to it. This year, for the first time there was a small orchestra which played new pieces by Welsh composers. Some 6,000 people, mostly country folk, was the estimate of the audience.

It has been given to very few musical organizations in England to carry on without interruption during the past seven years; but among these few is the Gregorian Association, which, founded in 1870, celebrated its fifty-first anniversary in London, at St. Paul's Cathedral, a month ago. For this annual ceremony the association has assembled a choir of 800 voices, drawn from London and suburbs.

The aim of the organization is to remove prejudice against plainsong. There may be some people who still look on plainsong with suspicion, but no one who went to St. Paul's would doubt the surpassing dignity and amazing suppleness of plainsong melody.

The Incurable Amateur

A committee of Inquiry on the Worship of the Church, instigated by the English Archbishops has recently issued another of its famous reports. Among

many things of doubtful value there are some gems, the following being one of genuine interest in this connection:

"No doubt there have been organists and choirs with merely personal interest in the services, but we are strongly of opinion that the solution of the practical difficulties of church music lies in the direction of supporting the organist more or less. In any church where there is a trained musician he is much more likely to deal rightly with the problem of church music than the clergyman unless the latter also is a trained musician. Great mischief no doubt has been done by incompetent organists, but not less mischief by clergymen who, without any adequate knowledge of the subject and only personal predilection to guide them claim to deal with a high hand with the musical part of the services. What is really wanted is to diminish the power of the incurable amateur whether he be organist or priest."

A Music Library Which Helps Music

The recent removal of the Henry Watson Music Library at Manchester, England, to a new location reminds one of the great utility of such an institution.

The library was presented to the Corporation of Manchester in 1899 by Dr. Henry Watson, with the stipulation that he should be allowed to undertake the duties of honorary librarian as long as he lived. He died in 1911.

Originally consisting of five thousand volumes, the library now contains 28,724 volumes of music, besides an immense quantity of sheet music and scores.

The choral side of the library has played a considerable part in the musical life of Manchester and district by supplying music to the large number of societies that give concerts, some of which depend entirely upon the Watson Library for their existence.

The collection of musical instruments intended to enrich the institution was never completed. It had reached 70 instruments when the doctor died. Many of these are native-made instruments from distant lands.

A Scottish Appreciation

Dear Editor,

As I have been a constant reader of The Western Home Monthly for several years, I now take this opportunity of joining your large circle of friends in expressing my appreciation of your valuable paper.

The literature and pictures which your magazine contains are not only of a very interesting nature, but the highly educational value of them surpasses that of any other paper I know. Not only does The Western Home Monthly contain the brightest and best of current literature, but the splendid advertisements are a study in themselves.

Another outstanding feature of your magazine is The Children's Cosy Corner. Speaking from personal experience I find this page a source of endless amusement and interest to my little pupils whom I teach in Ladyloan School, Arbroath, Scotland. How eagerly they look forward to the arrival of The Western Home Monthly. One can scarcely imagine how fascinated they are with the frontispiece of the magazine. They love to cut it out, mount it on card-board, and hang it on the Schoolroom wall.

If anyone interested in The Western Home Monthly could have a peep into our schoolroom, they would be delighted with the pleasing effect these pictures give the walls.

My letter is getting long, but before I finish let me wish every success to The Western Home Monthly, a splendid paper suitable for both old and young. I am,—Scottie.

Men of Weight and Influence.—"Success brings poise," says a magazine writer. Especially avoidpoise.

—Cleveland News.

Always in the Way.—It's easy to meet expenses these days. You run onto them every time you turn around.

—Jackson Citizen Patriot.

Scientific Proof.—One day a teacher was having a first-grade class in physiology. She asked them if they knew that there was burning fire in the body all of the time. One little girl spoke up and said:

"Yes'm; when it is a cold day, I can see the smoke."—The Epworth Herald.

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BLACKFEET INDIAN LEGEND OF "THE PLEIADES"

By A. A. Godfrey

The Pleiades, that beautiful and brilliant star-group contains seven stars. Six of them are readily seen with the naked eye, but the seventh is not so brilliant, and not always easily discernible. The Indian, in his ignorance, never sees more than six—hence the number in the legend.

It was autumn on the prairie,
In "the moon of fading leaf",
As I travelled o'er the Northland
With my Indian guide—a chief
Of the Redmen of the prairie—
Warrior and hunter bold—
And he whiled the time by telling
Stories of the days of old—
Many legends of the Redmen—
Of the Blackfeet of the plain,
In the days long passed and ended,
Which will never live again.

Ev'nings twilight fast was settling
Ere we reached our ev'ning camp,
And the after-glow of sunset
Glimmered like a golden lamp.
Then the hush of twilight settled,
And the voice of birds was stilled.
Save the whip-poor-will, whose cadence,
Sad and weird, the silence filled.
Or the night-hawk's boom, so sudden,
As it swooped upon its prey,
And the ripple of the river
As it gurgled on its way.

Then the stars their lights uncovered,
And the moon unclosed her eyes,
Lending beauty to the landscape
As the ev'ning dews arise.
And the "Soul-Trail" glowed—that path-
way
Which we call the "Milky-Way",
And our minds in reminiscence
Flew to thoughts of "yesterday",
When the Redmen roamed the prairie
In the hunt for buffalo;
Or again when on the war-path
In their painted pomp and show.

So we travel on in silence,
While the moon in mystic glow
Weaves a spell of sweet enchantment,
As night's shadows come and go.
Then my Indian breaks the silence,
With a motion of his hand
To the heav'ns above, in glory
Of the star-light o'er the land.
Pointing to that famous star-group
Of the Pleiades, he said,
"Do you see the six lost children
Of the Blackfeet, overhead?"

"I will tell you how they came there,
If you care to listen why,"
And his eyes grew sad and brooding,
And he breathed a heavy sigh.
"Many years ago it happened—
Our forefathers told us so—
And my heart goes back in sorrow
To that time of long ago.
'Twas the moon in which the buff'lo
Calves are yellow on the plains,
In the season now called springtime,
Just before the heavy rains.

"And the Indian braves were hunting
For the buffalo—as sport—
In the ancient way of rushing
Them o'er cliffs, their deaths to court.
In those days they had no horses,
Neither fire-arms were known,
And the methods of their hunting
Were but primitive, I own;
For their weapons were but arrows
Shot from bows full strong and taut,
And in that way many buff'lo
In a day were often caught.

"On this day of which I tell you,
There were many buffalo,
Which were captured in this corral,
Also young calves taken so.
These they stripped of yellow cov'ring,
And the skins, in sport, were thrown
To the children who stood playing,
Who thus claimed them as their own.
Then the children donned the cov'rings.
In pretense that they, too, were
Cunning little baby buff'lo,
As their skins, in fun, they wear.

"There were many Indian children
In this band of Blackfeet men,
And each made its best endeavor
To secure 'a skin for them.
But the number lacked sufficient
For each one to get a share
Of the lit'le yellow cov'rings

Which they coveted to wear.
There were six poor little children
Who thus failed to get a hide,
And the others mocked them cruelly
In their own exalted pride—

"Calling names in harsh derision,
Till the six poor children dear,
Drew away from near their presence,
Too ashamed to linger near.
So they wandered off together,
And when ev'ning came anon,
Then the parents hunted for them,
But, alas! they all were gone.
And they spent long hours in searching,
But they searched and searched in vain,
For they found no trace of children,
And they ne'er came back again.

"Thus the springtime passed to summer,
Then the autumn came apace,
But of all the six lost children
There was not a hint or trace—
Till, one lovely star-lit ev'ning
They descried in heav'n above
A bright star-lit group of beauty,
Which they gazed upon in love,
For they found they had discovered
In that group of stars, so clear,
Just the long-lost, mourned-for spirits
Of their six poor children dear.

"And so ev'ry autumn ev'ning,
When the sky is clear and bright,
And the stars come out in glory,
You may view this beauteous sight.
But as springtime close approaches,
Then they slowly pass away,

For it brings to them remembrance
Of that past unhappy day.
They will wait away in hiding,
Till the falling of the year,
And then, once again, demurely
They will venture to appear."

No Melon For Him

Near-sighted people have their own misfortunes; luckily they have, too, their always-to-be-accepted excuses. At any rate, it is understood that the vicar in the following little story freely forgave his bishop:

During one of the banquets of the church congress in London a certain bishop had as his left-hand companion a clergyman who was completely bald. During dessert the bald-headed vicar dropped his napkin, and stooped to pick it up. At that moment the bishop, who was talking to his right-hand neighbor, felt a slight touch on his left arm. He turned, and beholding the vicar's pate on a level with his elbow, said:
"No, thank you, no melon. I will take some pineapple."

Not All-round Quick

They were talking about a certain boy who had just done one of those typically rude and at the same time typically boyish things that are sure to happen wherever boys exist. "He has a quick temper," was the excuse some one put forward for him, says the San Francisco "Bulletin."

"Is he quick at his lessons?" was the question.
"No," was the reply.
"Is he quick at sports?" the questioner went on. Again the answer was, "No."
"Is he quick in obedience?"
"No."
"Well," said the questioner, with a twinkle in his eye, "if he has so little quickness, he'd better use it where it will do him good. It's clear waste to put it on his temper."

No Encouragement

The family had stood the long strain of Uncle Hobart's illness well, but the peculiarities of the physician, chosen by Uncle Hobart himself, had been, to say the least, trying. "Do you really think he will recover, Doctor Shaw?" asked the oldest sister of the invalid, who had borne with his vagaries patiently for years.

"I know how you feel, with Thanksgiving coming on and all," said the doctor, peering at her from under his shaggy eyebrows, "but it's too soon to tell. He may get well, and then again, he may not; I can't encourage you yet—either way."

Information Wanted.—Mistress (to new maid)—"Above all things, Jane, you must be reticent."

Jane—"Yes, mum—but what is there to be reticent about?"—The Bystander.



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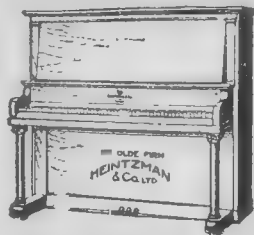
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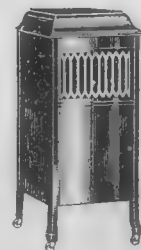
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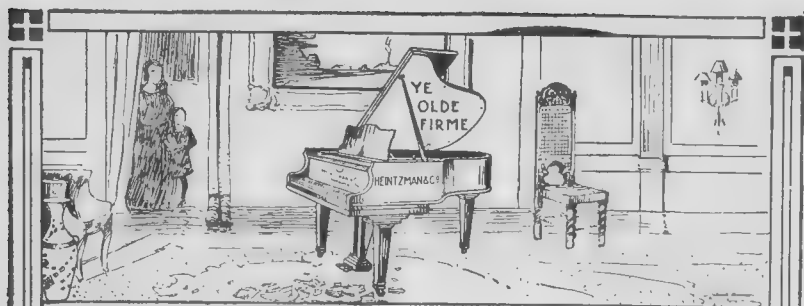
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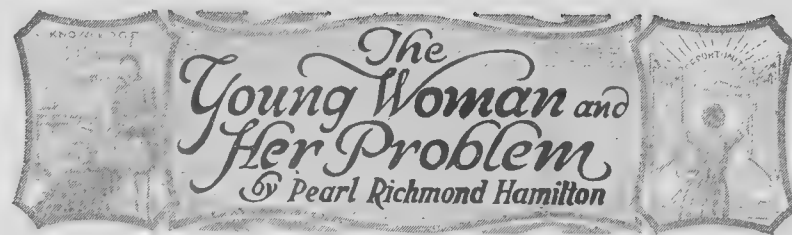
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CANADA'S WOMEN

We meet to-day so many women who are accomplishing things that we pause to marvel at the strength of them and most of these women are generous in their desire for personal acquaintance with other women in Canada which is helpful indeed, for who can come with-in personal touch of a woman of worth without becoming richer for the experience.

During the past month it has been inspiring to listen to such women as Magistrate Murphy of Edmonton, Dr. Helen MacMurchy of Ottawa, Judge Ethel MacLachlan of Regina and Mrs. Waller of the North. Nellie L. McClung and Magistrate Murphy are without doubt the best known women in Canada. Together these two study conditions of women and children and whenever they find injustice they immediately determine to demand justice. They travel over Canada from our cities to isolated places and their information is first hand. Both are working for women and children as well as improvement along other lines. At present Nellie L. McClung is in England—the first woman delegate ever appointed to the international Methodist Conference. She is telling the people over there about our Canada—best of all she is telling them the truth. Canada is so full of possibilities so rich in promising productive wealth that exaggeration is not necessary to impress the stranger.

Magistrate Murphy, I believe, not only capably administers justice in her office at Edmonton, but she is well-known as a writer, a public speaker and is on the executive of more women's clubs than any other woman in Canada.

Then there is Judge Ethel MacLachlan who gave one of the outstanding addresses at the conference on the care of neglected, dependent and delinquent children. She is a woman of rare charm, and possesses a personality that would be capable of straightening the tangles in the mistakes of childhood. As I listened to her, I thought, if I were a girl I could go to Judge MacLachlan and she would help me with a smile and constructive encouragement.

Dr. Helen MacMurchy head of the child welfare department at Ottawa, said "We are gaining new faith in the child, in its sweetness, honesty and goodness and we are building on that and not on its faults and failures. To the children the future belongs and if we would share in it we must ourselves become as little children". We shall anticipate much from Dr. MacMurchy in the interest of children.

These women in public offices with many others are leaving their impress in the annals of Canadian History. Then there is the woman who is filling another position of trust with equal honor of whom Mrs. Waller is a splendid example. Mrs. Waller is the wife of a soldier settler who is making good. No other position requires more courage, more sacrifice, more intelligence and more endurance. The pioneer woman who leaves a home of luxury in the city to go far up into the north to live among strangers while she helps her husband cultivate a new farm and does all the work in her home for a family of five children, teaching them music and their regular school work as well, is the type of woman who is the most important of all in the making of Canadian History. Such is Mrs. Waller. We who heard her enthuse over the satisfaction and possibilities of her work, her admiration of the people who live in that part of the country, the hope she has for her family in the wholesome, healthful environment, came home convinced of the value of woman power in the art of home making. "Do

you not get lonely in such an isolated place?" some one asked. "The more intelligent one is, the more one sees and appreciates" was her reply.

I believe our foremost women in Canada deserve their positions more than those of any other country because they are pioneers in a day of complex problems and difficulties. They have attained success because they have done common things in an uncommon way. They have grasped the bigness of common things. Perhaps our very wide horizon line broadens their vision. A visitor once told me that she was impressed with our long horizon line. Life's common things—how big they are. "The grandest song is made of common chords,

The fair white statue formed of common clay,

The noblest life is rounded out at last, By common deeds that make the common day."

Canadian Literature

The month of November has been set aside by Canadian journalists and authors as the month to bring the work of our own men and women before the readers of Canada. It is prophesied that the real Canadian literature shall come from Western Canada.

Journalists from other parts of the world have recognized that here is fertile source for interesting stories and have come for material. We are waking up to the fact that rare opportunity waits at our door. Daily papers are devoting special departments to Canadian Literature. We should be grateful that the educational love is emphasized in our newspapers and magazines and not the filthy sensational stuff that is flaunted in flaring headlines in many of the newspapers and magazines from across the line. Few of our own magazines are to be seen in our stores and when they are it is in an inconspicuous place.

Mr. Trimble the Irish publisher who is visiting Canada, deprecates the use of slang and the publishing of sensational crimes like that published across the line. The dignity of the British standard of journalism must be encouraged and supported if we wish to maintain the intellectual status our country needs. He or she who influences the thought of the times influences all times to follow. Our best authors and journalists have had to go or send their work across the line because they were not supported here. If we wish to keep our best at home, let us subscribe for magazines and newspapers and books that are Canadian. November is a good month to give this special attention as it is just before Xmas.

Happiness? Where is It?

The other day a young business woman asked me to write on How to be Happy. I have written on that many times. In the first place, my girl, you cannot buy happiness. The elements of happiness are inside forces, not outside. They come only from the soul. Whatever increases soul power—personality—makes for happiness. One girl chooses a chain of amusements. She comes home tired in mind and body. She has helped no one and has not found happiness because her efforts are centered in destructive elements. Another girl does her work whatever it is with the idea of service. She forgets self in her interest in work. Then when she seeks recreation, she finds every moment a joy. There is so much satisfaction in the feeling that you really have helped in the progress of your community.

Education is not merely knowledge, but the formation of character through knowledge. The most far reaching use of education is the ability to apply it intelligently to the common interests of life. Our greatest men and women (Continued on page 27)

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IT is natural and proper that you should want to look your best—to appear attractive in your own home, among friends, in social and in business life.

To do this you should have clothes distinctively becoming; clothes that appropriately frame your beauty; clothes that accentuate your charm; clothes that overcome any plainness or little defect of feature or figure—in short, clothes that express your own individuality and invariably convey the impression of having been designed, planned, and made just for you.

New fashions do not become all women, and fortunately few desire or have opportunity to accept them all, but there is a right expression of fashion for every woman if she but seeks it and holds to it once she finds it. This does not mean using the same silhouette each season, but it means a happy compromise of all extremes. Distinctive dress is always the very essence of simplicity, rarely extreme in any regard; in fact, simplicity is really the foundation upon which becoming dress must be built.

To find your style and keep it means just this: If you know that your walk, your build, and your size are not in harmony with short skirts, use a tunic skirt, thus acquiring the short-skirt effect by means of the tunic and using the foundation skirt to make the dress becoming to you. If your arms and shoulders are heavy, just forget that fashion's calendar carries kimono sleeves; they are not for you. Use instead as narrow a shoulder as the mode will permit. If your back is broad, use a form of panel that will be in accord with other lines in your dress and at the same time tend to lessen the appearance of width.

To study the evolution of fashion is to know that every season offers some form of set-in sleeve, some form of kimono or raglan sleeve, some form of panel, and some form of tunic or overskirt effect, for these have become factors in dress, just as blouses and skirts.

As you come to know yourself in a dress sense and to understand color, line, and fabric, a new world of ideas will take shape in your mind. You will begin to plan costumes in which every line and touch emphasize your own charm, dresses both correct and distinctively becoming.

Not only that, but by making your own clothes at home you can save half or two-thirds of what they now cost you.

Figure it out for yourself. You see a pretty dress on display in a store. It is priced at \$40. Yet you can go to the piece goods department of the same store and buy goods, trimmings, every item of material necessary to make the same dress, for from \$12 to \$15.

By the time a dress or any garment reaches you, the cost of the materials represents a rela-

tively small part of the retail price. Yet the cost of the materials is all you ever need pay for your clothes when you make them yourself. No matter what the garment, the same thing holds true. On a suit costing \$60 at retail, you can easily save \$35 by making it yourself; on a dress or skirt retailing at \$15 you can save \$8 or \$10; even on a blouse or simple house dress selling as low as \$4 you can save \$2 or more by buying the materials and making it yourself.

Do you not begin to see already, just from these few suggestions, how fascinating the study of dress can be when you consider it in its relation to your own individuality, or the individuality of others? What could be more delightful than to study the season's fashions, the new materials, the prevailing colors, always in their application to your particular type?

And then, too, wouldn't you like to save one-half or two-thirds of the money you now spend for clothes? Wouldn't you like to have two or three times as many dresses and other garments at no increased expense to you?

Then let me tell you about the Woman's Institute, this great school which is bringing the happiness of having dainty, becoming clothes and hats, and savings almost too good to be true, to women and girls all over the world.

Perhaps the best way is to relate the perfectly marvelous progress of women and girls who were once just like yourself—reading about the Woman's Institute, and wondering if they could really learn dressmaking at home.

"I have more pretty dresses than I ever had in my life," writes one young mother. "Just think, six new dresses and two new hats, and last winter I really shed tears for want of a decent dress."

A stenographer who enrolled for the dressmaking course as relaxation after the day's grind, writes that in

could understand every word of it. The textbooks seem to foresee and answer every possible question, and the teachers take just as personal an interest as if they were right beside you.

"Why, I made a beautiful little waist for mother after my third lesson and in just a little while I was making all our clothes without any difficulty whatever.

"What was most important to me, I also learned what colors and fabrics were most appropriate for me, how to develop style, and add those little touches that make clothes distinctively becoming. My course opened up a whole new world to me."



Novelty sleeves and handkerchief draperies vie with each other for honors in this model of deep mauve crepe satin with lace dyed to match.

Retail value, \$49.00
Cost to make, \$19.90

The guarantee of an unusual degree of smartness and of serviceability is apparent in every detail of this Krimmer-trimmed navy velvet coat frock.

Retail value, \$65.00
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Please send me one of your booklets and tell me how I can learn the subject marked below:

☐ Home Dressmaking ☐ Millinery
☐ Professional Dressmaking ☐ Cooking

Name.....
(Please specify whether Mrs. or Miss.)

Address.....

Salient features of the season's mode are combined in this squirrel-trimmed raglan sleeve model of black velvet with fuchsia-colored vest embroidered in black and silver.

Retail value, \$145.00
Cost to make, \$58.47

Fashion's edict of all black is charmingly carried out in this jet-trimmed costume of satin Canton combined with chiffon.

Retail value, \$55.00
Cost to make, \$21.50

three months, after business hours, she made a dozen garments at a saving of \$91.

One woman, after having partly completed her dressmaking course, opened a shop and made \$500 in four months.

Another student began sewing by the day almost as soon as she had mastered the first few lessons, continuing her studies at night. Today she teaches sewing in the grade schools.

A young woman of twenty-four took the millinery course and did a business of \$4000 in her home town last season.

A girl who clerked in a confectionery store at \$9 a week, after a few lessons decided that she could make more money by sewing at home. She did. She earned \$22 the first week.

"Anyone can learn by this easy, fascinating method," writes a woman who is earning \$50 a week as a dressmaker. "Nothing could be more practical and interesting, and complete. There are more than 2000 illustrations, making every step perfectly plain, and the language is so simple and direct that a child

A member in Nebraska says: "I made an afternoon dress out of my graduation frock of five years ago. I dyed the white crepe de chine a pretty dark blue, and made it up with frills and a panel made from the underdress, and lengthened the waist by taking out the tucks. The only things purchased were 30 inches of belting and 1½ yards of satin ribbon for a sash and a package of dye, costing altogether \$1.10, and the new frock is worth at least \$25. I also made an old blue serge coat into an evening wrap that would have cost me not less than \$20."

A member in Utah says: "I made my four girls each two nice gingham dresses and saved enough to buy voile for a nice white dress for each of them. For my little boy I made three nice wash suits and saved enough to buy navy blue serge for his winter suit. And all these little garments are finished so neatly and done so quickly they are a joy to my heart. What is more, I have stopped worrying about what would become of the children if we were left alone."

After all—there is nothing very complicated about dressmaking. The most fashionable dressmakers in the world aren't magicians or miracle workers. They are just ordinary women. The only difference is that you have never learned the right way, and they have. You can easily learn all their secrets through a home-study course with the Woman's Institute.

Take the fitting-in of a tailored sleeve, for instance. Many women have tried and tried to do it—sometimes wasting valuable material. It is the simplest thing in the world, when you know how.

You say you sew only a little, or that you have never sewed at all? No matter! The Institute's courses are practical, fascinating and complete. They begin with simple stitches and seams, taking nothing for granted, and proceed by logical steps until you can design, cut, fit and completely make all kinds of attractive and becoming lingerie, waists, dresses, suits, wraps, and hats.

A youthful model of corn-flower blue tulle and cream lace, with a flat corsage bouquet of vari-colored flowers encased in silver and green foliage.

Retail value, \$39.00
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CANADA'S MASTER PROBLEM

"A million new farms for Australia" is the slogan of a movement which is being organized by powerful Australian and British interests to promote settlement in the vast areas of unoccupied land in the Commonwealth. The announcement of this colonization movement is made by the former Premier of New South Wales. The statement that \$150,000,000 is to be invested in the undertaking (in which the Governments of Great Britain and of the Australian States are expected to co-operate) does not look very large to Canadian eyes. Canada has spent almost as much as that in the form of loans of fewer than 30,000 returned soldiers who desired to settle on the land. Distributed among a million farmers, \$150,000,000 would mean only \$150 apiece. If the idea is to lend money to intending settlers for the purchase of farms and of implements and stock, that sum will not go very far. It will be interesting to see what comes of this Australian project. Meanwhile there is room for two million new farms in this country, within reasonable distance of existing railways. While the centres of population in the Dominion are becoming overcrowded, many millions of idle, fertile Canadian land await settlement. Even in the districts first settled in Ontario there is much fertile land devoted to pasture which under tillage could produce foodstuffs in abundance. In the West opportunities everywhere await the industrious man who will devote himself to agriculture. How to bring the land under cultivation is Canada's master problem. It is a problem which must be solved without opening our country to the inflow of undesirable settlers.

COSTS OF GOVERNMENT IN CANADA

Of documents which come to The Philosopher's table none are more valuable than the bulletins issued (not more than half a dozen in the course of a year) by the Citizens' Research Institute of Canada, an organization which has no interest except in facts and no purpose except to serve the truth for the promotion of Canadian national welfare. Its membership is Dominion-wide; and its work is thoroughly and conscientiously done. The latest of its bulletins, issued a few weeks ago contains only ten pages printed in large type; but it is the result of an immense amount of painstaking work. It gives the cost of government in Canada, capital and current, Dominion, Provincial and municipal. If every member of the Dominion Parliament, every member of every Provincial Legislature, every member of a municipal council, and every other Canadian citizen were to give these figures careful study and thought, the result would be incalculably to the advantage of our country. The expenditures of the Dominion Government for the fiscal year ended March 31 last amounted to \$33.19 per inhabitant of Canada—man, woman and child. This was an increase of \$8.05 over the previous year. Every Province likewise had an increase in its expenditures, the smallest increase being in New Brunswick, and the largest in British Columbia. Larger proportionate increases were shown in the expenditures of the cities, with two or three exceptions. It seems no longer possible to startle people with figures of the public expenditures and the public debt. But the situation is one which sooner or later must compel serious thought. Direct taxes, such as the income tax, will more and more have the effect of making many Canadians realize that the costs of government, Dominion, Provincial and municipal, are matters of importance. No resident of Canada can escape paying some share of these costs, whether he pays income tax or not.

A FEW CRACKBRAINED FANATICS

One of the silliest things which has come under the observation of the Philosopher in a long time is the first number of a little publication calling itself The Communist. It announces that the Communists of Canada recently held a "constituent convention", and drew up a constitution, which it prints. That portentous document is nearly as long as the British North America Act. The Communist proclaims its party—which reminds one of the celebrated eleven tailors of Tooley Street—as having taken "the first step in the preparation of the proletariat of Canada for the realization of its dictatorship." That party, according to its own organ, "the most advanced and intelligent, the most self-sacrificing and self-conscious, and therefore the most revolutionary part of the Canadian people." From that lofty height of superiority to all the rest of us, these few crackbrained fanatics look down on everybody else. They despise capitalists and organized labor equally, they denounce the Socialist Labor party as "yellow" and "a bourgeois perversion". The Communist prints conspicuously Lenin's words of a year ago that "Communism is the inspiration and hope of the world". Thus these addle-headed enthusiasts parrot the words of the Russian dictator, who has thrown one after another of the doctrines of Communism to the winds in Russia. The Communists in Canada are about as important as the believers in the doctrine that the earth is flat.

The Philosopher

THE FREE ENGLISH-SPEAKING PEOPLES

There is inspiration in the message written by President Harding for publication in the London Times: "In the development of civilization, in the extension over ever-widening areas of the earth's surface of the idea of law as the bedrock of liberty, the two great English-speaking peoples have played a part of immeasurable importance. A common language and the common source from which we have taken our institutions have laid the foundation of accord. Upon this we may firmly build." These words of the head of the Government of the United States are well and truly said. The interests of civilization and the progress of humanity require that there shall be mutual understanding between "the two great English-speaking peoples" not only of national hopes and ideals, but of national problems and difficulties, and co-operation in maintaining respect for the rights and aspirations of all mankind. In the years to come it will be the greatest glory of the free English-speaking peoples to which Providence has given the widest influence and the greatest responsibilities to join in maintaining a world peace based on justice and freedom.

THE HOPE OF THE WORLD

If the future is to be one of understanding and co-operation among the peoples, instead of violence, it must be by the getting together of all the branches of the English-speaking family in the world. No one has pointed the way with more foresight and statesman-like wisdom than Premier Smuts of South Africa in his appeal to the thinking people of the British Empire and the thinking people of the United States—"those two groups," as he well says, "whose institutions have been forged under peace conditions and express certain common fundamental ideas of human government." And he says further: "It is most fortunate that they can speak to each other with complete candor, unreserve and sincerity. They understand each other and share the same great ideals." The world's greatest need in this most critical era in all human history is that there shall be firmly established the understanding and co-operation which Premier Smuts appeals for with such earnestness. We Canadians are in a position to do a great deal to help clear away any temporary and artificial hindrances to such understanding and co-operation. Along this way is progress to be made towards the establishment of a securely peaceful world. Canada can play a part of the first importance as an interpreter and a bridge of sympathy and friendly understanding between the rest of the Empire and the United States.

OUR CONTINENT-WIDE COUNTRY

An incident is related in a recent issue of Canadian Finance which throws a striking ray of light upon the fact that there are many thousands of people in the United States who have practically no definite knowledge of Western Canada. An international convention decided during the past month to hold its 1922 convention in Toronto. A lady from one of the southern States expressed her warm approval of the decision, and in discussing the matter further said: "I have planned already to take a day off during my visit to Toronto and visit Winnipeg and Banff." Such a remark sounds too grotesquely ridiculous to a resident of this country to have ever been seriously made. But such lack of knowledge of this country, its extent and its possibilities, exists. It is on a par with the disclosure of ignorance of Canadian geography disclosed by the late Mrs. Humphrey Ward, the distinguished English novelist, who in one of her books (written fifteen years ago, before she had visited Canada) represented one of her characters as paddling in his canoe from Montreal in the afternoon to visit friends in Toronto and Hamilton. Such lack of knowledge about Canada is rapidly disappearing from the world.

CANADA AND THE GERMAN REPARATIONS

Canada's share of the reparations to be made by Germany has been fixed by the Conference of Premiers at one-tenth of the total amount of the reparations due by Germany for the loss and damage in the war, so far as that loss and that damage can be estimated in money. The most terrible loss and damage are, of course irreparable and incalculable. The total sum of the reparations due is fixed at \$30,000,000,000, and Canada's share at \$300,000,000. How long it will be before any substantial part of Canada's three hundred millions of dollars will come to Canada is doubtful;

many financial authorities think that the collection of the sum total of reparations, namely, thirty billions may offer great difficulties and take a long time. In an effort to compel Germany to fulfil her obligation, the Allies established last April a customs zone around, the richest and most varied manufacturing districts of Western Germany, and both import and export duties for that territory must be paid to the Allies' Commissioners. The effect may be far-reaching, for if German competition in the world's markets proves severe, an export of export duties on the Rhine will lessen that competition, but at the expense of the reparations fund. It would not be wise to count upon any great additions to the revenues of the Dominion from Germany, until the actual cash comes in sight.

OX-CARTS AND OX-SHOES

There have been published recently in the newspapers several reproductions of photographs taken half a century ago, or more, showing trains of ox-drawn Red River carts, with which freighting across the prairies used to be done before the railway era began in the West. In several old English books describing travel in England a hundred years ago, The Philosopher has been interested in coming upon mention of "the old bullock roads" which were still in use in the remote districts of England a hundred years ago, before the railway era had begun anywhere in the world. A large amount of freighting of goods was done over those old bullock roads in England as late as the 30's of the last century. There were bullock carts carrying goods along those remote English roads when Queen Victoria came to the throne in 1837. It is recorded that there were special smithies for the shoeing of those bullocks. The use of oxen as draught animals is, of course, vastly old. Here in Western Canada they used to be shod, too. The first Red River cart, it is recorded, was made at Pembina in 1801, and had wheels of solid wood, three feet in diameter. There are still a few old remnants of Red River carts in existence. Are there any ox-shoes left, The Philosopher wonders?

THE DEADLY LEWISITE

In his statement made recently before the House committee on Naval Affairs at Washington, John Bradner, Chief of the Chemical Warfare Service of the United States, gave some particulars of a liquid named Lewisite which the scientific workers in that branch of the war organization had ready for use when the armistice ended the war. Three drops of Lewisite applied to a man's skin will cause death. Mr. Bradner stated that one airplane carrying two tons of the liquid could cover a stretch one hundred feet wide and seven miles long on one trip and kill every living thing in that area. Lewisite is as fatal to vegetable as to animal life. The publication of these facts has, of course, produced many reflections to the effect that the use of such things as Lewisite would make future wars so dreadful that hereafter no nation will dare to provoke war. The Philosopher remembers reading years ago about Hiram Maxim exhibiting his first machine gun to a group of leading men in Great Britain. "But this, Mr. Maxim," said one of them, "will make war dreadful!" "No," replied the famous inventor, "it will make war impossible." And in the world war there were machine guns by the thousand, vastly improved over that first machine gun in their deadly effectiveness! Never has humanity had so terrible a lesson in what war means. Surely the memory of that lesson must help mankind now in realizing as never before that, in the words of Lloyd George, "the destiny of the human race is in the making" in this time of world reconstruction and of laying the foundations of world peace.

THE DESTRUCTION OF RESOURCES

There have been reports of scarcity of food among the bands of the Caribou tribe of Indians in the far northern region of Alberta. The caribou have not been as plentiful as in former years. Once they were so plentiful that only the tongues of the animals slain were used as food, the carcasses being left where they fell. If the caribou are becoming so scarce as to be approaching actual disappearance, it is the inevitable result of years of indiscriminate slaughter. Such improvidence is, of course, all that is to be expected of primitive people. But it was not the aborigines but the white men who destroyed the buffalo, slaughtering them for their hides and using only the tongues and the humps for food. And what about the ruthless destruction of forests that has gone on, without tree planting to provide for future growth to take the place of the timber cut down, which has gone on in all parts of this continent? It was not the Indians who wrought that destruction, or the destruction of other natural resources on a large scale. It was the greed, selfishness, improvidence and reckless disregard of the needs of the future, on the part of energetic, self-aggrandizing members of the superior race before whom the Indians had to give way. Of recent decades the need of conservation of natural resources is being better understood. Conservation work must be more and more extended.

THE YOUNG WOMAN AND HER PROBLEM

(Continued from page 24)

are the simplest. They appreciate what the ignorant do not notice. A fine soul gives the face life that develops charm. A charming woman is a happy woman. Can you buy that in a drug store? A girl's reading often makes her morbid and unhappy. A girl's reading largely determines her character. Printed poison withers the mind and in turn destroys the body. Cultivation of history, biography, poetry and travel develop ability and mental moral and physical power. Sickness is the great law breaker. A sick mind many times caused by trashy printed stuff often leads to insanity and certainly weakens one's possibility of achievement.

It is my privilege to belong to a club of about twenty members, some are middle aged women the others are young women, but we would class all of the members as youthful, because they are happy in a busy, busy atmosphere. Every one is doing something worth while. They are tolerant, broadminded, sympathetic, enthusiastic and their faith and interest in their work make them good citizens. Do you know of a man or woman prominent in achievement who has not worked hard?

The rusting away of unused powers makes one dull and unhappy. The brightest gem in all the world is sincerity—it comes through faith in our ambition—our ideal. We must have an ideal for ideals are the moving forces in the world. They are mind pictures of what is desirable, of what may be attained. A girl would not cut a dress after an imperfect crooked pattern. Neither can she hope to achieve anything worth while—happiness from an imperfect crooked ideal.

At the end of the road she must see God. I believe it does not matter which road she chooses if she possesses the jewel of sincerity, she sees God at the end. Someone has said "All roads that lead to God are good." "What difference should it ever make which road to heaven you choose to take? The proof of all our varying creeds lies not in printed words, but deeds, and Catholic, Protestant and Jew shall all be judged by what they do."

Safe and Unsafe Marriages

What are the virtues that make for perfect harmony? The companion we choose will either mar or make us and the home, so it would be well to reflect on our choice. A smile, a moment's chat in a crowded room, the pleasure of an evening's admiration of a chance companion are not enough to insure safety in marriage.

There are so many tragedies caused from lack of acquaintance. It is well for a girl to investigate the character and life of the man she is to marry. If I were to tell the readers the number of marriages that girls have entered into that were sham, the number would be startling. Men who are comparative strangers in your circle of acquaintances may be married. Never decide to marry one of these unless you trace his record. As a rule he is the one that will impress you most sincere. I know lovely girls who have been horribly deceived by these smooth "gentlemen". Then there is the marriage that is socially ill-assorted—the cause of many divorces. Natural and comfortable equality in mental capabilities, attention to dress and manners, domesticity, moral qualities are necessary for the safe marriage. A young girl who marries below her own social status is more than likely to repent it. There are bound to be some sudden surprises of unknown traits of character. The safe marriage is the power and hope of Canada. This is the marriage that has developed from an association of honest companionship. Nothing has been misrepresented. Each helps the other to all that is highest and finest and richest in character and life. Remember, my girl reader, the very man who would rob your good name or refer to that which is questionable is the very man who would cast you aside and slander you. That is a test as sure as life is life. The moment a man suggests the questionable, that moment cease to trust him for he certainly does not respect you. The

(Continued on page 29)



WALTHAM THE SCIENTIFICALLY BUILT WATCH



"RIVERSIDE"

An ideal gift for the young man commencing his business career. Ask your jeweler.

The Lower Plate.



MECHANICALLY defined, a watch is a machine (containing not far from 150 parts) whose sole end is to "keep moving," and that watch is best as a timepiece the motion of which approaches most nearly to absolute uniformity.

If you open your watch and examine its mechanism, you will find it consists substantially of two supporting plates, between which is mounted a gearing of meshed wheels to take care of the movement recording time. These wheels are called the train.

take care of the

The lower supporting plate in a Waltham watch is the foundation upon which every unit revolves and is permanently fixed. This plate is bored with minute holes to take the pivots, screws and pinions of the reciprocal parts which form the movement proper.

During the 69 years of watch development at Waltham many illustrious names have been added to the history of horological achievement,—men whose genius for invention, whose supreme skill in making concrete their vision, have produced marvelous machinery that has revolutionized the art of watch-making.

One of these master minds was Duane H. Church, who, among other equally wonderful machines, invented one that drills, threads and finishes the lower plate of the Waltham watch.

This machine accomplishes many operations with such methodically exact, automatic continuity that one instinctively imagines a superhuman brain is hidden in the multifold action controlling its extraordinary work.

It makes every operation (and there are 141) with infinitesimal exactness, to the fraction of a human hair; flawless, beautiful in complete simplicity—every plate a replica of every other plate, an indisputable proof that Waltham standardization gives a uniform standard of highest quality to every owner or purchaser of a Waltham watch.

To test the truth of this we have only to compare the Waltham plate with that made by hand and subject to all the variations which this hand process entails

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WALTHAM

THE WORLD'S WATCH OVER TIME

When writing Advertisers, please mention The Western Home Monthly

By
H. J. RUSSELL, F.C.I.

The Young Man and His Problem

St. John's Technical High School
Winnipeg

WINTER OPPORTUNITIES

The short and well defined seasons in Western Canada give rise to a series of definite operations in accordance with climatic conditions. In the realm of sport particularly, the summer is the season of attractive opportunity for the young man. The schools and colleges are closed and everything points to the great outdoors. In winter, for those who are fortunate enough to have school and college opportunities, special emphasis is placed upon educational activities.

For many of our young men, however, the change of seasons is too often merely an excuse for a change of pleasures, and a whole round of winter sports is engaged in to the detriment of educational advancement. In many communities, however, the approach of winter, bringing as it does a cessation of agricultural and industrial activities, provides splendid possibilities for undertaking various branches of study. It is in the hope, therefore, that a number of our young men may see this opportunity, that the succeeding paragraphs are devoted to a discussion of some subjects that may prove of interest and value in their relation to the future.

A COURSE OF STUDY.

What are some of the subjects that those who are unable conveniently to attend school or college may undertake, with considerable profit, to study at home? To answer this question in detail would require the remainder of the space in this magazine, and in order that a paragraph may be allotted to each subject mentioned, the following short list is submitted:

1. English literature.
2. Practical Arithmetic.
3. Commercial Geography.
4. Shorthand.
5. Book-keeping.
6. Community Civics.
7. Business English.
8. Commercial Law.
9. Elementary Science.
10. Engineering Mathematics.

It is not expected that any of our readers should undertake the study of this entire set of subjects during one winter. For many, one subject only would be sufficient work in addition to other duties, and in any case, two subjects are probably all to which justice could be done under home study conditions.

ENGLISH LITERATURE.

As a cultural study, for the average man, English literature has probably no equal. "Within good books lie buried treasures" is a wise saying that is too often overlooked in the quest for things material. If you have neglected this wonderfully rich field of exploration, seek an introduction to the nearest public school principal or minister of your district, and ask him for a list of ten good books, or five, for winter reading, or write to the editor of this page. The response will be prompt and you will have no occasion to regret the spare time of a winter spent in the perusal of some of the world's great books.

"When I consider," says James Freeman Clarke, "what some books have done for the world, and what they are doing, how they keep up our hope, awaken new courage and faith, soothe pain, give an ideal life to those whose hours are cold and hard, bind together distant ages and foreign lands, create new worlds of beauty, bring down Truth from heaven; I give eternal blessings for this gift, and thank God for books."

PRACTICAL ARITHMETIC

If a young man has a good knowledge of his native tongue, and a practical knowledge of arithmetic, he will be able to interpret all the ordinary situations of life. There are no subjects of greater importance for the average man. There are numerous books published on the subject of practical arithmetic, and usually it is possible to secure a handbook containing solutions. If the student will select one of these books and work through the problems methodically, referring to the handbook to check results or in case of absolute failure to work the problem, he will find his knowledge of arithmetic greatly enriched at the end of a winter's study.

BOOKKEEPING

Bookkeeping is the art of recording business transactions and operations, and as it is practically impossible for the young man to go through life without engaging in business transactions and operations, it would seem that a working knowledge of bookkeeping is very desirable. A popular Canadian text-book on the subject is Bookkeeping by Single and Double Entry, by P. McIntosh, published by the Commercial Text-Book Company, Toronto. Another excellent book is Twentieth Century Bookkeeping, published by the South-Western Publishing Company, Cincinnati, Ohio. It has found considerable favor in Canada and has the merit of being particularly adapted to private study. Another publication of this Company, which we have already mentioned, is Bookkeeping and Accounting, Part 1, and this has recently been followed by Part 2, the author being James O. McKinsey, A.M., C. P. A.

For those who wish to work authoritatively beyond the ordinary limits of Bookkeeping, this is a very practical volume.

Throughout the text, the student is taught to look at the accounting records from the viewpoint of the manager, rather than from the viewpoint of the bookkeeper. This not only enables him to construct the records so that they may be most useful to the manager, but also gives him a training which will assist him to advance to a managerial position. There is much material in this text which is not ordinarily included in a text on bookkeeping and accounting. This material is introduced to give the student sufficient information with reference to the problems of business management to enable him to understand how accounting may be used in their solution. Among the hundreds of business matters treated in this book may be mentioned acceptances, standard form of balance sheet, capital stock, causes of depreciation, financial statements, good will, records of inventory, loss on bad debts, notes receivable, purchase reports, relation of accounting to business management, statement of profit and loss, and statistical reports.

THE FINEST OF Two CONTINENTS

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Dec. 6	Metagama	St. John	Dec. 9
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CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY
"THE WORLD'S GREATEST HIGHWAY"

When answering advertisements, mention The Western Home Monthly.

(Continued from page 27)

safe marriage means the founding of a home—the formation of that home must be true respect, true love and determined ambition.

Professions For The Stay-At-Home Girl on The Farm

A request has come to me to give a few suggestions on the above subject. Once upon a time the writer was a Stay-at-home girl on the farm and she too longed for a way to make "pin money." In those days there were few opportunities. It was then she sent for books and magazines and determined to prepare for teaching history and literature. The evenings were quiet and long, but the hours passed quickly through the winter. During the summer afternoons and evenings it was a pleasure to find a place under the trees for study, and nothing interrupted those periods. They were hours filled with joy. To-day there are many courses a girl may take up. It seems to me Western Canada offers rare opportunity in Nature Study. Our birds and animal life, our vegetarian wealth, mineral and geological treasures all becken. opportunity for professional study. One of our Canadian girls made a study of woods near her home and she became such an authority on the subject that a large university offered her a position in their Forestry department. These suggestions may not mean work for direct pin money, but preparation for future salary and position. So much help is being directed to stock raising for boys and girls that it seems to me any girl on the farm might earn pin money raising pigs or cows or sheep. I know a girl who raised enough ducks to buy a watch.

Why could a girl not specialize on a certain kind of canned food—pickles, or tomatoes—or jam? Perhaps the merchant where father trades would buy it. Or she may specialize on a kind of home baking and sell to neighbors. Needle work does not offer much opportunity for pin money. The woman's exchange at the Board of Trade Building in Winnipeg buy all kinds of fancy work and pay when the article is sold. A girl might earn pin money by making a specialty of children's garments. Busy mothers would find this a help. Or she might take care of children on stated days. I would advise the stay-at-home girl to write to the Agricultural College for advice as these colleges are directing much attention to the stay-at-home girl or boy.

A PRAYER FOR YOUNG WOMEN

Put this in the corner of your mirror girls and repeat it until it is printed on the mirror of your mind.
"Keep my mental home a sacred place, golden
with gratitude, redolent with love and white with purity. Let me send no thought
into the world that will not bless or cheer, or purify, or heal."

THE CANADIAN PINE

By Prof. W. T. Allison in the Amber Army

A keen, sweet fragrance lies along the air,
The odor of the tall Canadian pine;
How soft the sunbeams on his needles shine,
And where the snow has left the forest bare
He spreads his russet carpet everywhere.
High in his swaying top the crooning wind
Eases his stormy soul, time out of mind
He sought his ancient, steadfast solace there,
And so I find beneath the sturdy pine,
The spirit of the North, the blessed peace
That calms this easy, troubled soul of mine,
And gives to discontent a sure surcease.
In all the north, I love the pine the best,
Emblem of strength, simplicity and rest.

The National Crisis

'My appeal is to the whole people; to every man and woman who wants to do right by this country; to every one who breathes the spirit of our fathers who founded this British Dominion'

Arthur Meighen

THE Election to be held on December 6th will be the most momentous in Canadian history; for as men and women vote will depend the economic stability, the political stability and, indeed, the national stability of this country.

Today we find group striving against group, class against class, the industrial and financial structure of the country assailed by false and unsound doctrines and theories, while our great neighbour to the south has adopted a trade exclusion policy directed against Canada's vast agricultural interests.

The currencies of nearly every country in the world are depreciated. The Canadian dollar in the United States is subject to a heavy discount causing a loss of over one hundred million dollars in exchange annually.

Europe is overwhelmed with war debts—unemployment is acute—and the restoration to pre-war conditions is slow.

While Canada is in a much more favorable condition than many countries, yet there is evidence of stagnation, instability, unemployment and lack of confidence.

Taxes are heavy because of the country's efforts in the Great War, but have become burdensome on account of the misconceived policies and blunders of Governments that directed Canada's affairs prior to 1911.

These conditions are largely the direct aftermath of the war, but they must be dealt with fearlessly and constructively. This is no time to consider experimental changes, or the theories of visionaries.

This is no time for Crerar and his Free Trade Policy.

This is no time for King and his wobbling "charted" policies, varying with each provincial boundary.

It is the time to cling to orderly, stable Government in the interest of all the people; to be guided by the experience of the past proceeding upon lines that have been proven sound.

It is the time to place the destinies of Canada again in the hands of a Government led by a sane, courageous Canadian who has safely brought the country through the trying years of reconstruction, and upon whom we can rely to retain and initiate policies in the interest, not of a group or class but of all the people.

It is the time to support Arthur Meighen and his Candidates.

Meighen will lead us through

Low Wheat Prices.

There have not been many "quiet hours" for the women on the farms during the past month, I imagine, and day after day as I have watched the wheat prices dropping I have thought of how so many of the women of western Canada who have toiled long hours during the past spring and summer, doing their share and often more than their share, of the farm work, will be disappointed of many of the little comforts and I fear many of what are practically necessities, because the prices of wheat have dropped to a point, where coupled with excessive freight rates, there is no profit left for the producer.

It is hard, bitterly hard to work all year and have nothing at the end of it, and the apparent injustice of it is entering into the very life and soul of many of the women of the prairie and there is a keen desire to know "who is to blame?" and nobody really knows.

There is one advantage which the woman on the farm has over the woman in the city, who is out of work, or whose husband is out of work. It is not often, except in districts where extreme drouth has prevailed, that there is not enough food on the farm to sustain the family through the winter. It may be coarse and sometimes not too palatable but there is usually enough. For the woman who has always lived on a farm, where food is produced, it is difficult to realize what it means to be without food in a city, especially for people who do not want to become objects of charity. There is no cow from which to get milk, no pig, however lean, which can be converted into bacon, no wheat however badly rusted that can be gristed into flour at a local mill, no potato field from which to get supplies.

In general some such supplies as these are available on every farm. I have no remedy to offer for existing conditions, the many politicians now touring the country claim to have, but I am not a politician and have no universal panacea to offer for existing ills but just feel impelled to say to those of

my readers on which bad times are pressing heavily, that I am sorry for their baffled hopes.

Not Playing The Game

A banker, prominent in Winnipeg, has given out the statement that as rapidly as possible banks are returning to pre-war conditions and are turning out practically all the women that were employed during the war and replacing them with men. This, he is careful to explain, is not because of any inefficiency on the part of the women, in fact he admits that in some cases they are better and more efficient than the men who will replace them. He lays the whole blame of their dismissal on the women, claiming that the women have refused to be transferred as young men would be and that they are tying up promotions and hindering the work of the banks.

Now as a matter of fact that is only half the story and to a very considerable extent it is, like many half truths, rather worse than a lie. This banker fails to state that one very great reason for women refusing to be transferred is that while the banks always make some provision for men employees being transferred, very often amounting to comfortable quarters over the banks, with every modern convenience, they have, in the majority of cases, expected the women to be willing to be transferred and left to themselves to find accommodation in little country towns

and villages where it is almost impossible to obtain decent boarding accommodation, and moreover the banks have not been willing to make any monetary consideration to the women employees which would have stood them in place of the accommodation at the bank, furnished to young men.

There may be cases, and there doubtless are, where women who could have got accommodation, have not been willing to leave the city, but in the vast majority of cases I am sure it would be found on investigation that the banks have not played the game fairly and squarely with the women.

Of course where the banks have been willing to make the same provision for the women employees as for men, and women have refused to be transferred, those women have not played the game squarely either, because they have sacrificed the chances of other women to enter this profession rather than sacrifice their own personal convenience for a time, but I fancy these cases, if the matter were carefully investigated would be found rare, and the women refusing to be transferred, would I imagine, be found to have been taken into the bank in the first place rather on the ground of their social standing than on the ground of them being women who wished to enter a line of work in which they would have a chance to make good and get on.

In banks more than in possibly any other business or profession there was a tendency to recruit their ranks from among young society women rather than

from among real business and professional women.

Many of these young society women made good and did excellent work, but they would not look upon promotion to a branch in a small country town or village from the same angle as would the woman who went into banking with a view to remaining in it as a permanent occupation. It would be extremely interesting to get an account from a number of these women, as to just why they refused to be transferred, the difficulty is that as they are women out of work and anxious for jobs they will not feel that they can say for publication anything which will be likely to make them unpopular with their late employers.

In view of the scarcity of positions at the present time it is extremely unlikely that women who must work for a living are risking dismissal by refusing to go into country branches of banks. The bankers will have to make up a better story than that before it will be accepted by business women.

Women have shown a great aptitude for banking, very much more so than was expected of them, and more than once during the war bankers in different parts of Canada made the statement that they preferred them to men, no word then that they were not willing to accept transfers.

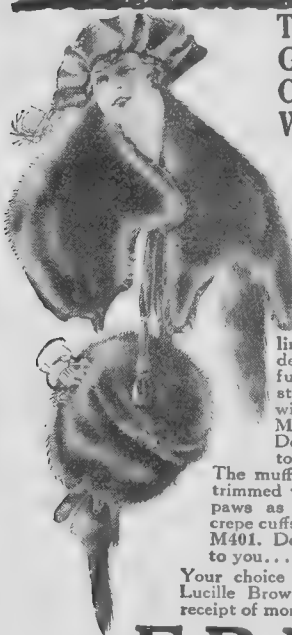
It is just one more instance that goes to prove that men will almost never give women the same opportunity or the same fair play which they accord to young men entering a business or profession.

It reminds us of a phrase in one of Richard Dehan's books, "Charley was always loyal and just to men and never so to women". "Charley" has many counterparts in the business world of to-day.

Just while we are on the subject, however, let me say a word to the young women entering a business where men have usually been employed, remember that you must do your work, fully half as well again as a young man before it will be conceded that you are equal for the sake of your own advancement, to him, and again you should be willing, as well as being in honor bound for the sake of the women who may come after you, to do your work on the same terms exactly as a young man would be expected to do it. Very often young women are not willing to do this. If they are stenographers they resent being asked to do a message in an emergency, that a young man would be ordered to do without question. Another fatal mistake, is to be willing to continue to accept help from men in the same office, who are after all competitors. Many a girl has lost a good job in that way. It is so easy to get Mr. So-and-so to add up a column of figures etc., and he seems to like to help you, probably he does like to because he knows very well he is helping you out of and not on to a job.

Every woman should lay this truth to heart, men may tolerate you in business but they do not want you in any business or profession where you come in competition with themselves and the sooner women in business master that truth and keep it ever before them the better for them.

I have been asked what I think of the Matrimonial Bureau which according to the dispatches from the old land Nellie L. McClung is credited with advocating. I have no hesitation in saying that I entirely agree with Mrs. Pankurst in this matter and that any such thing as a marriage bureau for the purpose of bringing out English women to marry Canadian men is an insult to both the English women and the Canadian men but as far as Mrs. McClung is concerned I want to hear her own personal statement before I raise up and condemn her for something which she may have said, and which may have been wrongly interpreted. It does not sound like Mrs. McClung as we know her, so I would strongly advocate suspending judgement until such time as she returns and tells us just what she did say.



This Beautiful Genuine Canadian Wolf Set

Is only one of the many hundred bargains illustrated in Hallam's Fur Fashion Book.

The large animal scarf measures about 32 ins. silky, lustrous and long in the fur, lined with shirred crepe-de-chene, finished with fur all around and streamers. Trimmed with head, tail and paws. M400.

Delivered to you \$24.50

The muff is large ball shape, trimmed with head, tail and paws as shown, velvet lined, crepe cuffs, wrist cord and ring. M401. Delivered to you \$24.50

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Address in full as above on post card.



**Earned \$1,000
By Auto Knitting**

Mrs. Kate Corbett, of Ontario, is one of the women who finishes successfully what she undertakes. As soon as she realized the possibilities of the Auto Knitter she started working regular business hours at it. She now has two machines and four members of her family can use them Mrs. Corbett writes:

"We bought our first knitter in February 1919 and in that time we have made \$1,000.00 and some cents in work for the company together with home customers. When we want a shopping trip to the city or a holiday there is the Auto Knitter check. The machine is a little wonder. It never fails to pull us through all difficulties."



**Has Earned \$226 at Home
With Her Auto Knitter**

When both the husband and son of Mrs. Peter Schroeder of Ontario were laid off from work the family would have been in want if it had not been for the Auto Knitter. Mrs. Schroeder writes:

"I'll tell you how we worked it. My 17 year old boy would sit and knit from morning till night. He was so interested in the work. We would fill the bobbins for him and close the toes and press the socks to send the company. We made \$18.00 a week and how welcome it was as that was all the earnings we had. From the time I booked it the money amounted to \$226.80 without outside knitting for private families of which we did a lot. The little machine kept us all winter."



**Spare Time Work
Bought Her \$100**

Mrs. M. J. Tobin, of Ontario, was left a widow but has found that she can support herself with the aid of her Auto Knitter. She says in part:

"I am only working part time, as I have my housework to do, and a garden to look after I have knit 717 pairs of socks since I got the machine—all accepted and paid for. I have made \$100. I am very glad that I can make the money as I need it. I use it for clothes fuel, rent and food. I feel glad to be able to sit in the house and make the money, without going out. It is the best work I ever took to do."



**Made \$125
Above Expenses**

Mrs. J. Brown an Ontario housewife, is one of the thousands of women who have found the answer to their extra money problems in Auto Knitting. She writes:

"So far all my work has been for friends, who have supplied the wool. I have earned some where in the neighborhood of \$125 over and above expenses in the short time I have been operating the Auto Knitter."

Make \$235 in 5 Months in Spare Hours

"I always did want to have a Knitting machine," writes Mrs. Margaret Webster, of British Columbia "but I never seriously considered buying one until my husband and I went to Western Canada on a farm." There expenses were heavy and Mrs. Webster desired some way to make extra money at home, so she ordered an Auto Knitter. Part of her letter follows:

"I never kept exact account of how many pairs I knitted, but I was always highly pleased when my check came from Toronto for socks sent in. I also built up quite a home trade besides knitting for the company. Orders came in thick and fast for knitted goods. Between the months of August and December, I had cleared \$235. Next year I did even better."



Cleared \$135 by Spare Time Knitting Only

Thousands of people who have a hard time making ends meet on small incomes long for some way to make extra money. Hosts of them are finding the way in Knitting socks at home on the Auto Knitter just as Mrs. N.J. Turner, of Ontario, did. She writes: "There certainly is a good profit in knitting and it is a clean, easy job. We figure that we can have made \$135. clear of all expenses since we began last winter. We have kept out of debt, which we could not have done without the Auto Knitter."



How These 6 Women Earned \$1820 —in Their Spare Time —At Home

**Thousands of Women, and Men Too, Are
Now Turning Spare Hours into Welcome
Dollars—Without "Going to Work"**

HUNDREDS and hundreds of letters—written by women all the way from Nova Scotia to British Columbia—all tell this same story in almost these same words:

"Before I found this way of making extra money right at home. I had to go without many of the things a woman wants. My husband's wages, while enough to meet our absolutely necessary expenses, were not enough to furnish the new clothes I really needed, or the new furnishings our home lacked. Besides we had none of the little extra pleasures that mean so much to a family. The cost of living had soared so high and our income hadn't increased with it."

"I kept wishing for some way to make extra money, without neglecting my home and children, and searched the magazines for advertisements of work that could be done at home."

"At last I read about your wonderful home-work plan, and learned that you would take and pay for all the wool socks I could turn out on your machine. I sent for the free literature and found it so convincing and reasonable that I at once decided to take up Auto Knitting and make the money I needed."

Then the letters go on and tell wonderfully interesting experiences of success in Auto Knitting—in making and selling socks and other articles knitted on the remarkable little home-money-making machine called the Auto Knitter.

A Paying Home Business

Most of these people use their machines to earn money in spare time only—but many have found Auto Knitting more profitable than work they were doing, and now give their entire time to this pleasant and profitable home occupation.

Read the extracts from some of these letters on this page—letters from women who had longed for some way to increase their family incomes but had never found it until they learned about the wonderful "guaranteed wage offer" that we make to everybody who decides to become an Auto Knitter worker.

And now this "guaranteed wage" these women receive is helping to furnish and pay for their homes, to buy their clothes, pay off their mortgages, educate their children, build up their bank accounts, and bring them many

of the little comforts and luxuries they never before thought they could afford.

We Send Free Yarn and Guarantee Your Market

The best part about the Auto Knitter home work plan is that you never have any trouble in disposing of the socks you make on your Auto Knitter. Our "Wage Contract" guarantees you a steady market for every pair made according to our directions—and it guarantees the price you get too. Besides since we pay the transportation charges on shipments of 10 dozen finished socks, you can always count on knowing just how much money you are going to get and you can also count on getting your pay check promptly.

With the machine you receive a supply of wool yarn, and you also receive prepaid the exact amount of yarn needed to replace that used in the socks you send to the company. Our workers go on for years—knitting and sending us shipments of socks, and receiving their pay checks and replacement yarn—without spending any of their profits for more material or shipping charges.

The Wage Contract we sign with you binds us to take all the standard quality socks you make and send us, but it leaves you entirely free. You can work for us as much or as little as you wish or not at all. You are, of course at liberty to dispose of the output of your Auto Knitter as you see fit, but for all the socks you do send us you get your pay check promptly. There are absolutely no strings tied to the Wage Agreement, it is straight out-and-out pay at a fixed wage on a piece-work basis—a good wage for your services.

This is the home work plan that begins to operate for your benefit the moment you decide to take up Auto Knitting. Now a word about the Auto Knitter itself.

It is a remarkably efficient little machine—weighing about 20 pounds—which can be clamped to any ordinary table. It makes the entire sock—top—body—heel and toe—without removal from the machine, and it does it in a surprisingly short time. Experience in Knitting and familiarity with machines are unnecessary. The Auto Knitter operates so quickly and easily, that it is really "better than a hundred hands".

Write To-day for Our Liberal Wage Offer

All over Canada the home occupation that the Auto Knitter makes possible is helping thousands of men and women to add substantial amounts to their incomes. In many cases Auto Knitter owners make their entire living with the machine.

When you have read even the few brief experiences given on this page, we are sure you will want to know all about the Auto Knitter and the home work plan that has meant so much to thousands of people. No matter where you live, you too can secure the benefits of our Wage Agreement—without leaving your home or neglecting your family. If you can use extra money you will surely want to find out how you can take up Auto Knitting. Send right away for our free literature and find out about the pleasant home occupation waiting for you. Find out how many dollars even a small number of your spare hours will earn for you.

Send your name and address now and learn all that the Auto Knitter plan has in store for you—in extra money, clothes, comforts, savings, and independence. The Auto Knitter Hosiery (Canada) Co., Ltd., Dept. 7311-K 1870 Davenport Road, West Toronto, Ontario.

Find Out At Once How You Can Make Money At Home

The Auto Knitter Hosiery (Canada) Co., Ltd., Dept. 7311-K 1870 Davenport Road, West Toronto, Ontario.

Send me full particulars about Making Money at Home with the Auto Knitter. I enclose three cents postage to cover cost of mailing, literature, etc. It is understood that this does not obligate me in any way.

Name

Address

City

Province

Western Home Monthly, 11-21

About The Farm

Conducted by Allan Campbell

PLANNING THE TREE CAMPAIGN

Now the end of the season has arrived and the period of long evenings is ahead of

us, there is an excellent opportunity to make plans for the arrangement of a tree plantation where such an undertaking has not already been accomplished.

Before the beautifying of the home grounds is started, a pencil plan embracing the following points should be made:

Correctly locate the position of hedges, shrubs, etc., as they cannot be moved with-

out a good deal of risk when they have become well established.

Keep the front of the house as neat and clear of obstructions as possible, having a tidy lawn instead of a potato patch or some such useful but not ornamental garden there. A lawn will give the home an air of peace and prosperity; while the vegetable garden will function just as faithfully in a less conspicuous location.

Do not let the barns and other buildings intrude overmuch into the perspective of your home picture but tone the view of them down by means of a screen of shrubs.

In arranging walks, see that they have steps to and from your work at the barns, as otherwise you will soon be walking superfluous miles in the course of a year. It is a good plan to take a tour of inspection to a number of farms that have been "treed" making due note of the good and bad points observed.

A few good shade trees near the house are a great boon to the family where a rest may be taken in the fresh air and at the same time one may be out of the direct heat of the sun's rays.

Shelter belts should be planted as a line of defence and on the prairies the most protection is needed from the north and west as the prevailing winds come from these directions. In planting such wind-breaks, do not crowd them too close to the buildings, as is often done, but give plenty of room as otherwise they will collect the snow into a bank which will encroach on the buildings and perhaps necessitate the shovelling of snow on several occasions during the winter. The best plan is to plant a row of willows at a distance of three or four rods from the main shelter belt thus

forming a snow trap, as the outer belt will arrest the snow as it is blown toward the building and it will bank up between the two rows of trees.

The following is a list of trees and shrubs suitable for the prairie provinces in the protection and beautification of the farmstead.

Caragana—This handsome shrub which is also known as the Siberian Pea Tree, was originally imported from Russia. It makes an ideal hedge and has beautiful foliage, bearing pretty pea-shaped flowers in the spring and produces an abundance of seed. It is perfectly hardy and its characteristics permit of it being trimmed into a very neat hedge.

Russian Olive—This is quite hardy if obtained from stock produced in this country. It may be grown from cuttings in the same way as currants are grown, from short pieces of wood of the previous year. The foliage is of a silvery white.

Ginnial Maple—The leaves are small and prettily cut or lobed. In the fall the leaves turn a bright red and produce a very artistic effect among the duller green and brown surroundings that prevail at that time of year. It is one of the hardiest and most beautiful shrubs and is easily raised from seed. It attains a height of about ten feet.

Honeysuckle—Most of the bush forms of honeysuckle are well adapted for cultivation in the North-west country especially the Tartarian honeysuckle which is of large growing, shrubby form and came originally from Siberia. It flowers profusely in the early spring, the flowers

Continued on page 33.



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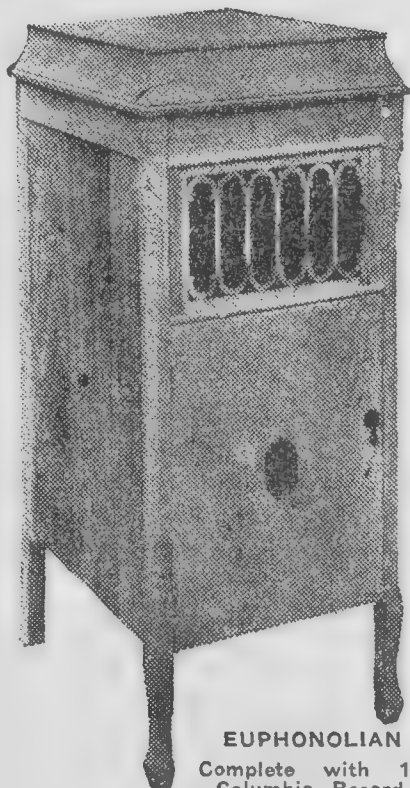
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having delicate shades of color varying from pale rose to red.

Poplar—This is a very useful tree to have on the western farm as they grow very rapidly. They are easily propagated from cuttings. These may be made from growth of the preceding year from ten to twelve inches in length, cut off near to a bud at each end and buried in the soil so that the upper bud just shows above the surface. These cuttings are capable of producing in one season, young trees of three feet and over in height.

The Cottonwood is one of the most vigorous and rapid growers of all the poplars and is hardy.

The American-Aspen is another variety of poplar, the leaves of which give a tremulous motion in response to the slightest breeze. The leaves are rounded, heart shaped, with a short sharp point. The tree is very hardy and grows from twenty to fifty feet high.

Canada Plum—This tree is found wild in Manitoba and has been found quite hardy all throughout the North-west country. In the spring this tree becomes covered with white blossoms.

Siberian Crab Apple—This variety is quite hardy and is a handsome ornamental tree in the spring when covered with its white blossoms; also in the autumn when thickly clustered with red or yellow fruit. This fruit makes excellent jelly; thus is added usefulness to the very ornamental service rendered by the tree.

American Mountain Ash—One of the most ornamental trees with graceful rose-like leaves and bearing berries which turn a vivid red in the fall. Its bushy growth makes it a very desirable individual tree for the ornamentation of a lawn. The berries make a very pleasing decoration for festivals, etc.

Willow—Among the willows one of the most desirable is the Laurel-leaved Willow, which has leaves of medium size and pointed, the upper side having a fine polished surface. It may be trained in tree form, in which it will develop a nice rounded head. It also makes a good hedge and is a rapid grower. All willows may be propagated from cuttings.

Lilac—A very popular shrub, being beautiful in flower and foliage. Its bloom varies from white to various shades of lilac, purple and red. It is quite hardy. A very good variety is that known as Charles 10th, which is a remarkably free bloomer, having large clusters of rich reddish-purple flowers. The flowers have a great fragrance. The Congo lilac is a very striking shrub, having bloom of a very deep shade of purplish blue. Madame Casimir Perier is a double white lilac, producing large clusters of handsome flowers.

Josika's lilac is a very distinct variety and a good acquisition to any home grounds. Its leaves are large and glossy, deep green above and paler below. It has the advantage of carrying the lilac season

on about two weeks beyond the blooming season of the ordinary kinds. The wax-like flowers are of a bluish-purple color. The clusters are smaller than those of the Common Lilac. This variety blooms very freely and is seldom injured by spring frosts on account of its lateness.

American Elm—This tree is a prime favorite as its beauty is hard to excel. Though it is not a quick grower it is durable and not subject to the diseases that assail many other trees. When planting these trees to form an avenue it is more satisfactory to plant the young Elms interspaced with quick growing trees such as the Laurel-leaved Willow, so that the latter may form the main body of the avenue until the

Continued on page 35.

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Est. 1879

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The time for Vapo-Cresolene is at the first indication of a cold or sore throat. It is simple to use, you just light the little lamp that vaporizes the Cresolene and place it near the bed. The soothing antiseptic vapor makes breathing easy, relieves the cough, eases the soreness and congestion, and protects in epidemics. Recommended for Whooping Cough, Spasmodic Croup, Influenza, Bronchitis, Coughs, Nasal Catarrh and Asthma. Cresolene has been used for the past 40 years. The benefit is unquestionable. Send for descriptive booklet.

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MISCELLANEOUS

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IF IT'S MADE OF RUBBER, we have it. Write us and mention your wants. Camera Supply Co., Box 2704, Montreal. 12-21

HEMSTITCHING and Picotting attachment, fits any sewing machine, price \$2.50. Personal check 10c. extra. Bridgman Sales Agency, Box 42, St. Catharines, Ont. 12-21

240 SILK PIECES \$1.00. On receipt of 10c we send 12 silk pieces. Also 300 Big Bargain Catalogue. Address Allen Novelities, St. Zacharie, Que. 12-21

"A RANCHER'S LIFE IN CANADA"—and Guide to Rural Industrial Fruit Growing, also in keeping pigs, goats, hares, capons, geese, ducks, turkeys, pigeons, bees, flowers, and in incubating, feeding and brooding chicks, plant growing, etc., 25 cents post paid. Chas. Provan, Langley Fort, B. C. 2-22

FREE BOOK—Elijah coming before Jesus. Convincing Bible evidence. W. Megiddo, Mission, Rochester, New York. 2-22

HOME WORK—We want reliable parties to knit for us at home, whole or spare time. We furnish machine, yarn, etc. Send your name and address at once for full particulars. Canadian Wholesale Distributing Co., Dept. 5, Orillia, Ont. 12-21

WOMEN WANTED—Become dress designers. \$35 week. Learn while earning. Sample lessons free. Franklin Institute, Dept. S 529, Rochester, N. Y. 11-21

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JAPANESE WATER FLOWERS—Mysterious little objects which when placed in water develop into birds, animals and brightly colored flowers. 10c package; 3 for 25c. S. M. Nickerson, Dawson St. A, Dartmouth, Nova Scotia. 11-21

FOR SALE—Pure bred Saanens. Mature bucks, and buck kids, \$25.00 up. A deposit will hold the kids till weaning time. Leslie J. Marshall, Saan Ranch, Edson, Alta. 1-22

FOR SALE—Choice silver black breeding foxes. Instructions furnished. Reid Bros., Bothwell, Ontario. 1-22

CHOICE SILVER BLACK BREEDING FOXES—Instructions furnished. Colin Reid, Bothwell, Ontario, Canada. 8-22

FRUIT AND FARM LANDS
GRAND FORKS VALLEY, B.C.—Do you want nice fruit, chicken or dairy farm? For reliable information and free booklet, write, Meggitt Farm Agency, Grand Forks, B. C. 12-21

WANT TO HEAR from owner having farm for sale; give particulars and lowest price. John J. Black, Chippewa Falls, Wisconsin. 12-21

WANTED—to hear from owner of good farm for sale. State cash price, full particulars. D. F. Bush, Minneapolis, Minn. 12-21

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WRITE THE WORDS FOR A SONG—We will compose music, secure copyright and print. Submit poems on any subject. Seton Music Company, 920 S. Michigan Ave., Room 192, Chicago, Illinois. 12-21

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HONEY, CHOICE No.1 clover; thick and delicious. Case of six, ten pound pails, or can containing sixty pounds, \$10.80. Buckwheat \$7.20. May be ordered, payable at Bank when honey arrives. George Branen, Route 7, Dunnville, Ont. 11-21

CLOVER HONEY—60-lb. can \$11.30; two, \$22.00; mixed, \$9.00. R. E. Adamson, Mt. Elgin, Ont. 1-22



Mr. Wm. Hawkins

Who has lately joined Regina College faculty as Director of Business Department and Bursar. Mr. Hawkins is a well known figure in Western educational work, having been connected with Business Colleges in Winnipeg for nineteen years, fifteen of which were spent as Principal of the Central Business College.

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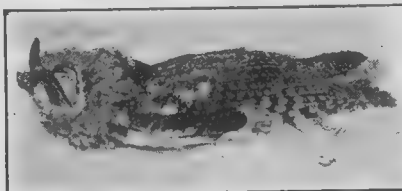
THE FARMER'S FEATHERED ALLIES

By A. G. Lawrence

(Chairman of the Ornithological Section, Natural History Society of Manitoba.)

"Birds hunting insects and worms in an orchard may not buzz so much as the proverbial bee, but just the same they are mighty busy." Such is the opening sentence of a recent report on the economic value of birds by a government biologist, and when we consider their ceaseless activity from dawn to dark, especially during the breeding season when the parents have to appease the insatiable appetites of the young, we cannot but come to the conclusion that the investigator is right.

Birds are kept busy searching for food because they require a much greater quantity in proportion to their size than other animals. Fuel, in the shape of insects, seeds etc., must constantly be consumed to maintain the high bodily



Long-eared Owl

Shot by a farmer near Winnipeg because he had been losing young chickens. On opening up the stomach the remains of five mice and shrews were found, showing that the farmer had shot one of his unpaid pest-destroyers instead of the chicken-killer, which was in all probability a rat.

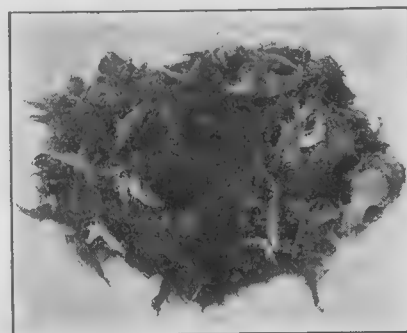
temperature, to sustain the powerful flight muscles, and to provide the energy necessary for their fifteen to twenty hours of daily activity. It is estimated from a large number of bird counts, that on the average two birds live on each acre during the breeding season and that in the aggregate millions of birds occupy our lands, so that what they eat has a decided bearing on our crops and produce.

Casual observation in the field as to what a bird fed upon was long ago proved untrustworthy, and the decision as to whether a species is harmful or beneficial to man's interests now mainly rests upon the results attending the examination of the stomach contents. Because of the tremendous importance of the status of birds to the agriculturist, the U. S. Government has spent large sums of money in determining what effect each kind of bird has upon crop pests, and the thoroughness with which this has been done may be gauged when it is said that over 80,000 bird stomachs have been analyzed, and exhaustive reports issued on all the commoner birds. The verdict is in most cases overwhelmingly in favor of the feathered tribe and great efforts are being made to spread this knowledge throughout the country

so as to curtail as much as possible the destruction of birds because of their usefulness in assisting to protect our crops from the ravages of insect and other pests.

Some of the results of the examination of the stomach contents are amazing. In 675 cast-up pellets of a barn owl were found the remains of 1,119 meadow mice, 452 house mice, 134 house rats, and about 300 other small mammals; hundreds of stomachs of "chicken hawks" contained the remains of only gophers and mice; a cuckoo had eaten 250 of the destructive tent caterpillars; one flicker had made a meal of 5,000 ants; 50 different kinds of insects, numbering several thousand individuals, were found in a nighthawk's stomach; a Brewer's blackbird ate 442 alfalfa weevils; and so on. In the aggregate billions upon billions of insects are eaten annually by birds, thus serving to keep in check the hordes of pests which are ever seeking to destroy our gardens, crops and trees. Authorities boldly state that if it were not for the birds, man could not long exist as his vegetable food would be completely destroyed by insects, whose power of reproduction is so enormous.

And we must not forget the services of the seed-eaters, those industrious, wage-less workers who assist in destroying weeds. Many of the native sparrows destroy enormous quantities of weed seeds, these often comprising 90% of some species' food. Many other birds share in this weed destruction, notably the mourning dove, one of which had eaten over 7,000 seeds, mainly those



Stomach contents showing the bones of mice and shrews wrapped inside the fur. These indigestible portions are ejected through the mouth. Bird remains are very rarely found in the stomachs of Long-eared Owls.

of obnoxious weeds. Thus is the story of the services of the birds to man laid bare; sentiment plays little, if any, part in these government reports. The results absolutely prove that more beneficial birds mean fewer insect pests, and consequently larger crops.

The difficulty is for the average person to know which are the beneficial, the neutral, and the harmful species of birds. Over 300 species of birds are

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found in the prairie provinces, each following a life best suited to its requirements and the perpetuation of its kind, some vastly successful, others holding their ground, and yet others gradually losing out in the struggle for existence. Truly here lies a fascinating field for study!

ABOUT THE FARM

Continued from page 33.

Elms have reached a good stage of growth; then the Willows may be cut down, leaving the Elms alone in their grandeur to form a majestic avenue. This tree prefers a low, moist and rich soil and is found in many of the river valleys of Manitoba.

Spruce—A very handsome evergreen tree. It is best to obtain young trees that have been grown locally, as there is danger of young trees raised from imported seed not surviving the Western winters. They are to be found growing in many parts of the West and the smallest of them may be transplanted successfully, if proper care is exercised. The safest way to transplant them is to dig them up in such a manner as to leave a ball of earth enclosing the roots and this will greatly help in keeping the root fibres from drying out.

Rocky Mountain Blue Spruce—One of the most attractive of evergreen trees. It has various shades of color varying from plain green to steely blue and a greyish shade of color. In some specimens this blue color almost disappears in the winter but on the arrival of the first few warm days of spring, a gradual blue tint begins to brighten the appearance of the tree. The shape of this tree is very orderly, showing very distinct layers of branches and the whole tree forming a neat pyramid.

In the planting of trees much success will attend the efforts of those who plan for future effect by being careful not to crowd their specimens, and arrange each individual tree and the hedges in such a manner that the home grounds will look extensive and harmonious and not as though the home had been built in the midst of a piece of scrubby land. It is not wise to cut up a lawn by dotting it over with small trees; but it is better to leave a lawn to give the impression of an extensive sward with trees around the edge. In individual trees a good effect is obtained by contrast; thus it is better to avoid grouping the individuals; rather let them appear interspaced by other varieties. As in the flower garden so it is with the trees, a rotation of beauty should be the aim thus effecting the plan that the earliest beauty of spring foliage and the latest beauty of autumn shall spread a grandeur over the home grounds that will have an effect of outstanding attractiveness.

Winter Quarters for Pigs

Pigs may be wintered quite successfully where straw is plentiful by means of a straw pile shelter. All that is necessary is to start a burrow in the pile for them by means of a V-shaped structure. If this is placed on the ground and the straw piled on top of it the pigs will soon clear an entrance for themselves and enjoy the task of burrowing into the small stack.

The ordinary hog cabins which are used when hogs are pastured may be used for winter shelter. They should be placed on well drained ground and are better without floors as a floor will often cause a draft to circulate under the pigs. If the bare ground forms the floor the pigs will work it into a fine dust which will prove much better for them than a raised floor and damp bedding. It must be understood that the dirt floor as described must be on raised ground that is dry and in a dry climate. Where it is found necessary to have wooden floors on account of the location being muddy due to climatic conditions, the cabin should be well banked with earth so as to prevent the currents of cold air that would otherwise pass under the floor. A rather comfortable colony of such cabins may be made by placing them side by side and filling in the V-shaped intervals with straw. When this latter plan is carried out, the pigs will endeavor to carry the straw away, so that it is necessary to have slats or woven wire fence stretched across the intervals at the ends of the cabins and the straw may remain all winter.

When wintering pigs inside a piggery, the chief consideration is dryness, as pigs are more subject than most animals to troubles arising through being exposed to dampness. Cement floors are both sanitary and durable but pigs should not be allowed to lie upon them. Where cement floors are used, sleeping platforms should be provided and placed an inch or two

above the cement, with clean bedding always in evidence. While cement floors are to be recommended, cement walls are to be avoided as they will make the building damp. Wooden walls, well insulated with a dead air space are best. The ceiling should not be too high, as that will mean more space to keep warm, while ventilation should be provided by means of a straw filled loft with the ceiling slatted so that the foul air is taken off by passing through the straw. Where this straw loft is provided, it will be found that dampness in the piggery will be reduced to a minimum.

The oft given advice in regard to poultry housing, which emphasizes the importance of sunlight applies as well to the housing of pigs, therefore windows should be provided to allow the cleansing rays of the sun to search out the interior of the piggery, but the area of glass should not be too great or the temperature of the piggery will be harder to maintain at normal.

Making the Market Egg Attractive

All those who specialize in salesmanship will agree that no matter what the value of the article may be, its saleable qualities are made or marred by its appearance and the manner in which it is packed for market. This is especially so in regard to eggs. The ordinary egg may be looked upon as having its wrappings carefully provided by nature in the form of a shell

but when one considers that the shell is very porous, leaving the contents very susceptible to changes of temperature, humidity, and surrounding odors, it becomes apparent that this line of produce requires careful storage and packing.

A good deal of harm is done to the reputation of the dealer who fails to discriminate between the various classes in which eggs may be placed. A case of eggs offered for sale that contains clean, dirty, large, small, fresh eggs and otherwise is not a good advertisement. Far better to sell the fresh eggs as such and dispose of the other classes for what they are really worth. In these days there is a keen demand for eggs from sources where their excellence has been found to be consistent, and while the inferior eggs may have been sold at more or less of a sacrifice the real first class article will be certain of a good price.

A supply of cardboard cartons is a good investment on the part of those who would wish to attract custom, as eggs put up in such a manner are very convenient to carry, and the fact that the dealer has placed them in such a receptacle indicates that he has a keener regard for his wares than the dealer who just hands the eggs out in pell mell style. One of the best egg cartons is the kind that holds a dozen made up of two rows of six. The dealer may have the name of his place printed on the lid of the carton, which will serve as a sort of a reminder to "call again". Nice

looking eggs and good cartons will be unfavorably offset if the eggs are not taken care of before being sold. The eggs should have a cool place to themselves and not stored alongside of vegetables that are likely to throw off a disagreeable odor which will have a detrimental effect on the eggs. Likewise, eggs that are exposed in a store window through which the sun shines will soon fall off in value. Once the above rules become established in regard to cleanliness and general attractiveness, together with due consideration for proper classification, one may trust the buying public to do the rest.

Below Expectations.—"Lenine says he is disappointed in the Russian people" Probably thought they could live without eating.—Toledo Blade.

Undeserved.—Jimmy (tearfully) "Father, the d-donkey kicked me!" Father—"Have you been annoying it?"

Jimmy—"No. I was only t-trying to c-carve my name on it!"—The Passing Show, London.

Surprising Intelligence.—Those keen Eastern business men learn something every day. A candy store operator who has been making a 300 per cent profit says he can cut prices in half and still make a profit.—Seattle Times.

An Added Room = Subtracted Rent

A HAPPY solution to the excessive cost of maintaining a home is found in the possession of a

Kroehler DAVEN-O

By day it is a comfortable full sized bed with sagless folding metal bed frame and springs and with ample room when folded for thick mattress and bedding. It will add an extra room to your house without extra cost.



HOME owners who because of high rentals are taking smaller quarters are maintaining all their former comfort at no additional expense by means of a KROEHLER DAVEN-O. It is a beautifully designed, handsomely upholstered piece of living room furniture, and can be procured in a variety of designs to harmonize with every decorative scheme.

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Kroehler DAVEN-O The Invisible Bed Room



Maternity

THE period preceding the birth of her child finds the prospective mother half joyful, half afraid. She anticipates the happiness to come, yet doubts her courage and strength as the time draws near. These doubts and fears are Nature's warning that the great gift she is to bestow must be prepared for.

Scientific authorities have long realized the grave consequences to both mother and infant of constipation during pregnancy.

Poisons are always present in the intestinal tract. If not eliminated promptly and thoroughly they increase in quantity and potency and are absorbed into the system. They endanger the health, even threaten the life, of the mother and the child she is to bring into the world.

Nujol prevents this intestinal poisoning by cutting down from several days to a few hours the length of time that food waste remains in the intestines.

Moreover, physicians treating thousands of cases have discovered that Nujol has the unique property of dissolving readily and carrying out of the body many of these intestinal poisons.

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Prepared Wheat Flour.

A canister or a covered earthenware jar is filled with flour, placed in a slow oven and thoroughly baked (for 24 hours if necessary). From time to time the contents must be well stirred to prevent the formation of lumps. When finished it is in the form of a soft greyish-coloured powder. For each meal rub a teaspoonful of the flour into a paste with a tablespoonful of cold milk. Now add a second tablespoonful of cold milk and work into a smooth cream. Pour a quarter of a pint of hot milk upon the mixture, stirring well all the time. A saltspoonful of Virol and a little sugar and the food is ready for use. Use:—May be given at 8 or 9 months when weaning, to replace the breast at the mid-day meal. Weaning should be gradual and extend over three or four weeks. In bottle-fed babies this prepared food can be introduced at the same age.

He Knew!

The teacher was giving the geography class a lesson on the cattle ranches. She spoke of their beef all coming from the West, and wishing to test the children's observation, she asked:

"And what else comes to us from these ranches?"

That was a poser. She looked at her shoes, but no one took the hint. She tried again:

"What do we get from the cattle besides beef?"

One boy eagerly raised his hand. "I know what it is. It's tripe!" he announced, triumphantly.

Where Women Rule

According to a recent despatch from Tokyo, a little village has long existed on the Cape of Shima in Japan, the name of which means the "Settlement of Nymphs." In this village woman is the predominant partner. The chief industry is pearl-fishing, and the women are the fishers. The men stay at home and do the housework.

Some of the men became discontented recently, and began to practise diving, with the idea of becoming pearl-fishers themselves. The women, dreading their competition, ordered them to discontinue their diving, and when they refused, declare a boycott against them. They were chased from their homes, and had to take up their abode in a camp outside the village.

The men have petitioned parliament for their rights, and in the meantime the local police are doing their best to bring peace between the contending sexes.

Inexplicable.—Jud Tunkins says what makes him admire a mother's love and marvel at it is a photograph of himself taken at the age of eleven or twelve. —Washington Star.

"There's a Reason."—They laugh at the Music Box show when Florence Moore complains—"All the salesmen are so haughty this year. They're taking orders from no one."—New York World.

Unforeseen Sequel.—Willie had been instructed by his father to clean up the yard, and he promised to do so to the best of his ability.

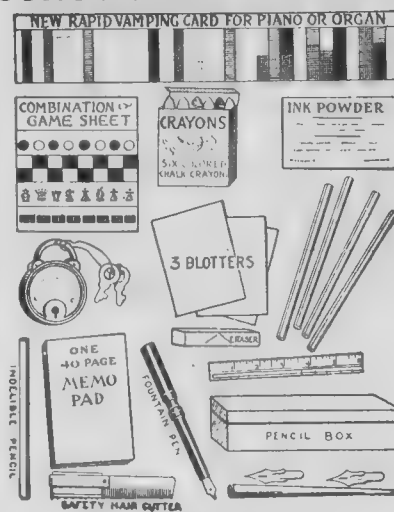
That evening, however, when his father returned from the office and took a look at the yard, he became very angry.

"Willie," he called, "I thought I told you to clean up that yard!"

"Well, dad, I did," said Willie, virtuously. "I fired everything over the fence as soon as I could; but the kid next door threw everything back when I went downtown for mother." —Harper's Magazine.

Too Much for them.—"That's what I call killing two birds with one stone," said the jeweler as the couple dropped dead on hearing the price of the diamond ring.—Sun Dial.

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| 1 Combination Game Sheet | 1 Eraser |
| 1 Box Crayons | 1 Indelible Pencil |
| 1 Package Ink Powder | 1 Memo Pad |
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| 2 Keys | 1 Fountain Pen |
| | 1 Safety Hair Cutter |
| | 1 Pencil Box |
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| | 2 Pen Nibs |

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All you have to do to enter this contest is to rearrange the figures in the above square in such a manner that they will count 15 every way, and send us the answer, together with your name and address, and if it is correct we will at once forward you an "Inkless Pen" for your trouble, and full particulars of our simple condition that you must fulfill, together with an Illustrated Prize List (from which you can choose your own prize). This condition is very easy and need not cost you one cent of your own money. Remember, the "Inkless Pen" will be sent FREE by RETURN MAIL, and you also have a chance to get the Prize you choose, and a CASH PRIZE as well. This splendid offer will only be good for a short time, so send your name, right away—NOW—to

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Dress Designers Frequently Earn \$45 to \$100 a Week

Many start parlors in their own homes

Every mother—every woman, who now does home sewing, should get these free lessons.

Send coupon immediately for FREE SAMPLE LESSONS

Coupon
Mail to Franklin Institute, Department S. 657 Rochester, N.Y.

Kindly send me absolutely free, sample lessons in Dress Designing as taught in 10 weeks, spare time.

Name.....
Address.....

Sunday Reading.

FOR THE SON'S SAKE

Judge A— was one day sitting at his study table, deeply intent in studying his notes on a pending suit. It was in the days of the civil war in America. The study door opened softly, and a stranger in poor soiled soldier clothes walked in. The stranger had borne his share of the suffering that was in the land. He had been wounded in battle; and, weak and emaciated, he was on his way back to his native state and town. But the busy judge scarcely raised his eyes to look at him. The poor soldier had taken off his cap, and stood feeling confusedly in his pockets. "I have—I did have a— a letter for you, sir." The judge took no notice of the timid, hesitating words. He was very busy, and he was conscious only of a feeling of annoyance that a stranger should break in upon his time. The confused, nervous search in the pockets continued, and the judge grew still more annoyed. He was a humane man; but he had responded to so many soldiers' applications already—and he was very busy just now. The stranger came nearer and reached out a thin hand. A letter, grimy and pocket-worn, lay on the desk, addressed to the judge. "I have no time to attend to such—." But the impatient sentence was checked on the good man's lips. The handwriting on the letter was the handwriting of his son. He opened the letter and read: "Dear Father: The bearer of this is a soldier discharged from the hospital. He is going home to die. Assist him in any way you can for Charlie's sake." And then Judge A— forgot how very busy he was. His heart went out toward the poor sick soldier, and "for Charlie's sake," his own soldier-boy far away, he loaded him with gifts, and acts of kindness, and lodged him till he could send him on his way rejoicing. God's hands are full of work. His mind is busy with the cares of the universe. But no request can fail to win His attention that is made "for Christ's sake," His own beloved Son.

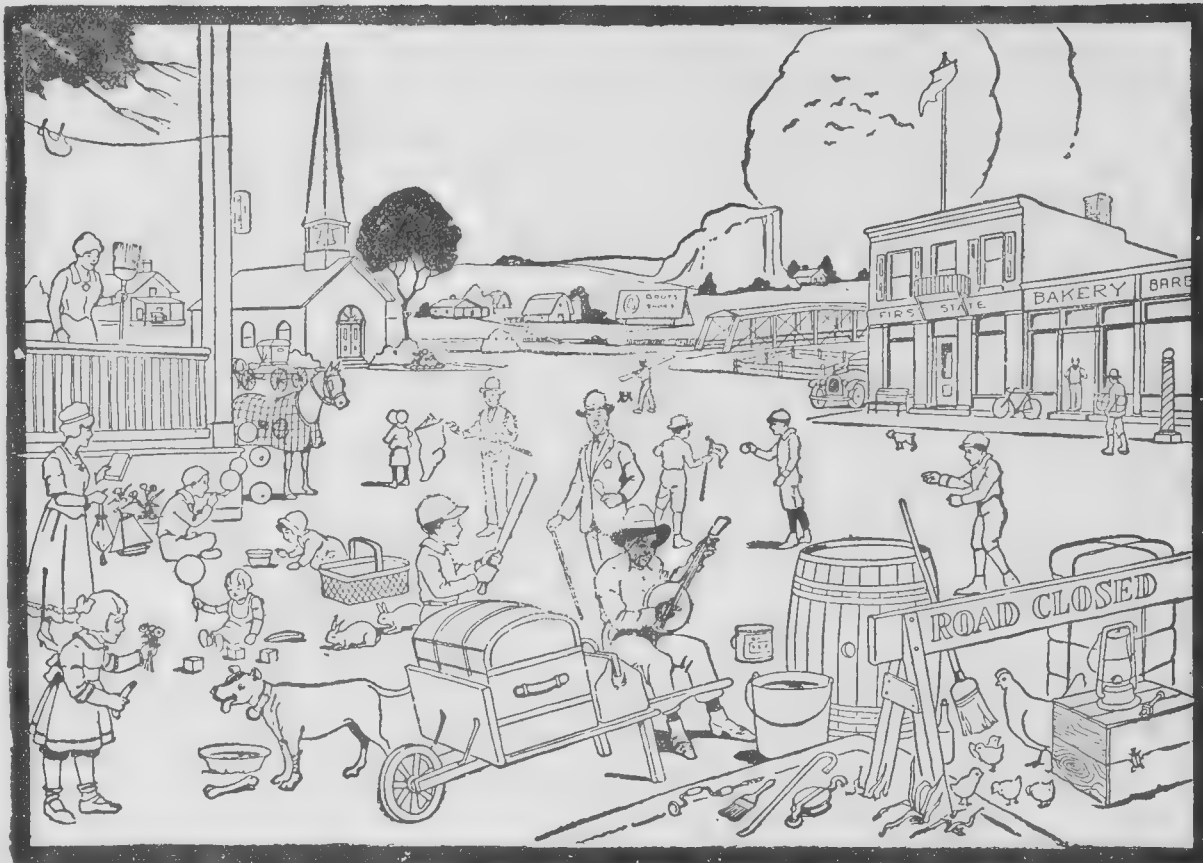
PEACE BE STILL

By Irene Armstrong.

I stand beside fair Galilee -
A sudden tempest sweeps the sea.
I see a vessel's straitened sail,
I see a crew, whose efforts fail
To bring her safely thro' the gale.
And One, I see who seems to sleep,
Unconscious of the rolling deep.
Oh! can it be Thou hast forgot?
And for thy loved ones carest not?
"Master". I hear the anquished cry,
"Unless Thou savest we must die."
And then, I see Him as he stands,
His loving face, His out-spread hands.
I hear His whispered, "Peace be still"
And waiting, with my heart athrill,
See wind and waves obey His will.

The centuries have rolled away -
I stand beside the sea today.
The winds of strife blow wild and strong,
While waves of trouble roll along.
And thro' the blackness of the night
The storm increases in it's might.
Our wisest men, in vain have tried
To stem the rising of this tide.
And one, I see who seems to sleep,
Unconscious of the raging deep.
Oh! can it be Thou hast forgot?
And for thy children carest not?
Ah no! He waits to hear the cry,
"Unless Thou savest we must die."
Then, He who heeds the sparrow's fall,
Will answer when His children call.
Thro' faith again I see Him stand
I listen to His blest command.
Enraptured now, I know the thrill,
For lo! I hear His, "Peace be still".
Thro' faith, I see a newborn world,
I see, His flag of peace unfurled,
And men in homage own His sway,
He, whom the winds and waves obey.

ANSWER THIS PUZZLE
WIN \$1,000



How Many Objects Beginning With "B" Can You Find in This Picture?

Open to
All
Everybody
Join In

The picture above contains a number of objects beginning with the letter "B." See how many you can find. There are all sorts of things in the picture that begin with "B"—such as boy, broom, basket, etc. Nothing is hidden; you don't have to turn the picture upside-down or sideways; all objects are in plain view. You'll be surprised to find how large a list of words you can get after a few minutes study. Sit down NOW and try it—then, send in your list and try for the big prizes offered by the Mayer Company, for the best answers to this Picture Puzzle. Fifteen cash prizes will be given for the fifteen best lists of words submitted, in answer to this puzzle. The answer having the largest and nearest correct list of words will be awarded 1st prize; the second best, 2nd prize, etc.

It
Costs
Nothing
to Try

A Game for All—Fun for Old or Young



This Prize Winning Offer is another one of our Publicity Campaigns for the purpose of popularizing Mayer's Famous LAYMORE. All can participate in this great Fun-Game, from the tiniest children to Pa and Ma, and even Grandpa and Grandma. It is not a trick puzzle and all objects are clearly shown. You can't help enjoying this Picture Puzzle Game—much more fun than the old-fashioned spelling bee. Your ability to find "B-words" determines the prize you win. It is a test of skill. Skill in ferreting out "B-words." It costs nothing to take part, and you do not have to send in a single order for Laymore to win a prize. If your answer is awarded first prize by the judges, you will win \$20, but if you would like to win more than \$20, we are making some dandy cash prize offers during this Big Advertising and Booster Campaign, whereby you can win bigger cash prizes by sending in an order for our famous Laymore.

Laymore
MAKES THE LAZY NEN LAY

This scientific discovery tones up your hens and makes them lay. Thousands of poultry raisers are making more money today than they ever thought possible. The reason is Laymore. We want every one who has chickens to know the benefits to be derived from this wonderful compound. Mayer's Famous Laymore is offered at half price during this big advertising campaign.

5 PACKAGES, \$3.00; 15 PACKAGES, \$6.00

OBSERVE THESE RULES

1. Any man, woman, girl or boy living in Canada but residing outside of Weston, Ontario, who is not an employee or relative of an employee of the Mayer Company may submit an answer. It costs nothing to try.
2. All answers must be mailed by December 10, 1921.
3. Answers should be written on one side of the paper only and words numbered consecutively, 1, 2, 3, etc. Write your full name and address on each page in the upper right hand corner. If you desire to write anything else, use a separate sheet.
4. Only words found in the English dictionary will be counted. Do not use compound, hyphenated, or obsolete words. Use either the singular or plural, but where the plural is used the singular can not be counted, and vice versa.
5. Words of the same spelling can be used only once, even though used to designate different objects. The same object can be named only once; however, any part of the object may also be named.
6. The answer having the largest and nearest, correct list of names of visible objects shown in the picture that begin with the letter "B" will be awarded first prize, etc. Neatness, style or handwriting have no bearing upon deciding the winners.

7. Candidates may co-operate in answering the puzzle, but only one prize will be awarded to any one household; nor will prizes be awarded to more than one of any group outside of the family where two or more have been working together.
8. There will be three independent judges, having no connection with the Mayer Company, who will judge the answers submitted and award the prizes at the end of the contest, and participants agree to accept the decision of the judges as final and conclusive. The following well-known people have agreed to act as judges of this unique competition:

Mr. H. V. Tyrrell, General Manager
MacLean Publishing Company, Ltd.
Mr. J. V. McKenzie, Editor
MacLean's Magazine
Mr. J. C. Neale, Associate Editor
Farmers' Magazine

9. All of the above are residents of Toronto.
10. All answers will receive the same consideration regardless of whether or not an order for Mayer's Laymore is sent in.
11. The announcement of the prize winners and the correct list of words will be printed at the close of the contest and a copy mailed to each person sending in an order for Laymore.

(Extra copies of Puzzle Picture free on request)

THE PRIZES

Winning answers will receive prizes as follows:

	If No LAYMORE is Ordered	If \$3 Worth of LAYMORE is Ordered	If \$6 Worth of LAYMORE is Ordered
1st Prize.....	\$20.00	\$300.00	\$1,000.00
2nd Prize.....	10.00	150.00	500.00
3rd Prize.....	5.00	75.00	250.00
4th Prize.....	5.00	50.00	125.00
5th Prize.....	5.00	30.00	75.00
6th Prize.....	3.00	20.00	50.00
7th Prize.....	3.00	15.00	40.00
8th Prize.....	3.00	10.00	30.00
9th Prize.....	2.00	10.00	20.00
10th to 15th....	2.00	10.00	20.00

(in the event of ties, duplicate prizes will be given)

YOU CAN WIN \$1,000

HERE'S HOW: If your answer is awarded first prize by the judges, and you have ordered \$3 worth of Laymore, you will receive \$300 as your prize, instead of \$20; second prize, \$150 third prize, \$75, etc. (See 2nd column in prize list).

Or, if your answer is awarded first prize by the judges, and you have ordered \$6 worth of Laymore, you will receive \$1,000 as your prize, instead of \$20; second prize, \$500, third prize, \$250, etc. (See 3rd column in prize list).

Although it is not necessary to order Laymore to win a prize, a trial order will convince you that it is the biggest prize after all in the increased egg production it will bring you.

It takes only a \$6 order of Laymore for you to qualify your answer for the BIG \$1,000 REWARD. Absolutely \$6 worth is all. Of course, you can order two or three times this amount at one time, if you care to, but \$6 worth is the maximum necessary to qualify your answer for the BIG \$1,000 CASH PRIZE.

MAYER COMPANY
WESTON, ONTARIO, CANADA
(Suburb of Toronto)

Good gracious!
this letter can't be
for me?



WHAT DID BETTY BUY?

COPY OF BETTY'S LETTER

Dear Mr. Simpson

You know Clara Green, don't you? WELL SHE WANTED TO BE A NURSE.

What do you think of that? OF COURSE SHE WAS SIMPLY TRYING TO APE A SISTER OF MINE. However she left

for Toronto taking her maid Topsy to carry her luggage. When they got to the station the train was pulling out. THEY RAN SO FAST TOSPY RUPTURED A BLOOD VESSEL IN HER LEG. However Clara got on the train alright. Then what do you think happened? SHE TUMBLED AND FELL PEL-MEL ON HER BAGGAGE. Isn't that funny? I BET SHE WANTED TO BAN A NASTY ENGINEER FOR JERKING THE TRAIN SO.

She soon got herself in order and reached her seat safely. SHE TOOK OUT A BOOK BY CHARLES LAMB READ A PAGE AND FELL ASLEEP. On arriving in Toronto she woke with a start, and hurried off. Her baggage was heavy and

looked a burden. A NICE CHAP PLEADED TO HELP HER. She refused to let him as he was a stranger. But after walking two blocks she was tired out THEN SHE THOUGHT HERSELF A SIMPLE MONSTER FOR REFUSING HIS HELP. She finally reached the Training School and registered. But she didn't like it a bit. She felt very blue. IN FACT AT HER DINNER SHE ATE A VERY LITTLE. She fought with her room mate. IN A FIT OF JEALOUSY OR ANGER SHE LEFT. However before going home she bought a new dress at Smith's store. When she tried it on it didn't fit. SO SHE TOOK IT TO SMITH'S ALTERATION ROOM FOR CHANGES. Even then it didn't fit, and she wouldn't keep it. SO APPLYING FOR REFUND SHE GOT HER MONEY BACK. Then she took the next train for home. Isn't that an interesting story?

Betty Beatty.

PUZZLE FIND ABOVE THE NAMES OF 12 ARTICLES SOLD IN A GROCERY STORE

John Simpson was amazed when he read the above letter, which Betty Beatty had handed him. "Our order is in that letter," said Betty. "I've hidden the name of each article I've come to buy in each of the underlined sentences. Puzzle it out and I'll tell you the quantities." "Well," said Mr. Simpson, "I can't find the name of a single article in my store, that is mentioned in your note." "Of course you can't," said Betty. But here's the clue. In each underlined sentence I've hidden one name. It is only the name of a grocery, fruit or vegetable and there is just one thing in each sentence. The letters aren't jumbled and all you have to do is to find the right letter to start on. For instance, if you start on the letter "B" in the fifth word of the first under-

lined sentence you will quickly see B-E-A-N. That's the name of one of the things I want. There are twelve items altogether, and the name of each one is hidden in one of the underlined sentences. So now what do I want? Find the names and you get the order."

John Simpson puzzled the letter out and got the order. Can you do as well? If you can mail your answers at once. Over \$2500.00 in prizes and rewards is being given. Remember there are no trade mark names or products of any particular manufacturer. In many cases, as in the first underlined sentence, the single name as "Bean" and not the plural "Beans" is used. Be very careful, therefore, if you find the names to sell them exactly as they appear in the sentence.

WIN! \$2500.00 in Prizes

THE PRIZES

- | | |
|--|----------------------|
| 1st. Prize- Ford, Sedan, Value \$990.00 | 14th. Prize - \$5.00 |
| 2nd. Prize- Ford Touring, Value \$665.00 | 15th. Prize - \$4.00 |
| 3rd. Prize - \$200.00 | 16th. Prize - \$4.00 |
| 4th. Prize - \$100.00 | 17th. Prize - \$4.00 |
| 5th. Prize - \$50.00 | 18th. Prize - \$3.00 |
| 6th. Prize - \$25.00 | 19th. Prize - \$3.00 |
| 7th. Prize - \$15.00 | 20th. Prize - \$2.00 |
| 8th. Prize - \$10.00 | 21st. Prize - \$2.00 |
| 9th. Prize - \$8.00 | 22nd. Prize - \$2.00 |
| 10th. Prize - \$7.00 | 23rd. Prize - \$2.00 |
| 11th. Prize - \$5.00 | 24th. Prize - \$2.00 |
| 12th. Prize - \$5.00 | 25th. Prize \$2.00 |
| 13th. Prize - \$5.00 | |

And 50 extra cash prizes of \$1.00 each

2nd. Prize Ford Touring Car



Value \$665.00

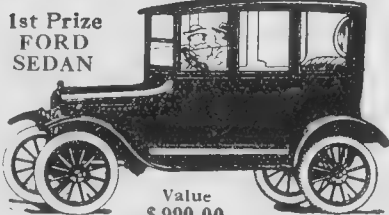
THIS GREAT CONTEST IS ABSOLUTELY FREE OF EXPENSE

There is nothing to pay—nothing to buy!

This wonderful Contest is nothing more nor less than a great advertising and introduction campaign. It is absolutely free of expense. You may enter and win the best of the prizes without spending a single cent of your money. You do not have to buy anything, or subscribe to anything, in order to compete.

The Contest is conducted by the Continental Publishing Co. Limited, one of the strongest and

1st Prize FORD SEDAN



Value \$990.00

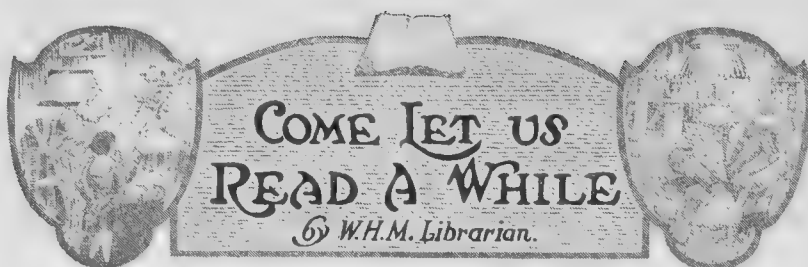
best known publishing houses in Canada. That is your guarantee that the prizes will be awarded with absolute fairness and squareness.

Three independent judges, having no connection of any kind with this firm, will judge the answers at the close of the Contest, and award the prizes. Contestants must agree to abide by their decisions.

In sending your solution use one side of the paper only, and put your name and address (stating whether Miss, Mrs., Mr. or Master) in the upper left hand corner. If you wish to write anything but your answers use a separate sheet of paper.

The answers gaining 240 points will win first prize. You get 110 points if you find all the words correctly (10 points for each correct answer, excepting 1 which is given) and 20 points will be given for general neatness, punctuation and spelling, 10 points for handwriting and 100 points for fulfilling a simple condition of the Contest. This condition is only that you assist in this big advertising campaign by showing a copy of Everywoman's World, Canada's greatest Magazine (which we will send you post paid) to just four friends or neighbors, who will appreciate this really worth while Canadian publication and want it to come to them every month. You will easily fulfill this simple condition in a few minutes of your spare time. The Contest will close at 6 p.m. June 30th, 1922, immediately after which the judges will start to judge the answers and award the prizes.

DON'T DELAY Send your answer today. This announcement may not appear in this paper again. Address the Contest Manager, Department Continental Publishing Co. Limited, 23, Toronto Ont.



At 10 o'clock precisely, I typed the head-line to this page. It has just struck eleven—one whole hour and not a word written! I have been star gazing! Yes, star-gazing in the middle of the day with the sun high in the heavens and very robust. I will explain. No sooner had I straightened the paper in my typewriter, tapped out the half-a-dozen words that lead off my monthly chat with you, than the postman came to the door and left a book. Of course the parcel had to be opened at once. Off came the string, the brown paper and then the inner protection of several folds of newspaper, revealing a little book with a most attractive blue cover and a still more alluring title. "The Star People" by Gaylord Johnson, as this little volume is called, has just been published by the Macmillans in Canada for the delight of all little folks who gaze in wonder and with joy at the starry firmament. I remarked a couple of months ago upon the beautiful "get up" of the MacMillan publications. The one just to hand is no exception. Thick glazed paper, bold print and above all, splendid illustrations, make this a volume that any mother could delight in giving to her children. And what more inspiring subject matter could an author choose than the stars. This charming little book tells simply and clearly the story of the heavens and by the time an intelligent child has read it through following carefully the maps and pictures, he will have no difficulty in recognizing the most important stars as, in their seasons, they make the mantle of the night so bright and fair. Children, lucky enough to get hold of Mr. Johnson's "Star People" will not in later life echo Carlyle's complaint "Why did not some body teach me the constellations, and make me at home in the starry heavens which are always overhead and which I don't half know to this day?" Now I have explained why from ten till eleven my typewriter was quite silent!

MYSTERY!

I know a very clever lawyer who finds his greatest relaxation within the pages of a mystery story—a story in which the hero is a superhuman detective, almost, but never quite, outwitted by the cunningest crook.

"Malcolm Sage, Detective" by Herbert Jenkins would delight this friend of mine. John Dene of Toronto was missing. Malcolm Sage found him. Sir John Dene then organised the Malcolm Sage Detective Bureau and Malcolm's chance came when there occurred a mysterious series of cattle maimings in Surrey. For two years Scotland Yard was baffled by these mysteries but Malcolm Sage solved them. This thrilling, amusing clever novel narrates the life of the great investigator and describes some of his most startling cases. For a background we have the staff of the Malcolm Sage Bureau with Miss Norman as secretary, Thompson the assistant and Johnson the office junior.

MR. VACHELL AGAIN.

In August, I told you of "The Fourth Dimension", a very clever novel by Horace Annesley Vachell. Already there is another novel by this brilliant writer. It is called "Blinkers" and I like it even more than "The Fourth Dimension". It is always a little difficult to explain just why one book appeals more than another particularly when both were enjoyed. I think I like "Blinkers" best because it is more original, and because there is a philosophic theme running through it, which introduces into the fiction pattern, a more durable substance than most novels possess. Speaking of it superficially, one would say that "Blinkers" is the love story of a very courageous, charming girl who sees no shame in becoming a parlour-maid when her dear old father can no longer support her. But to say this and no more, would be a grave injustice to the author who obviously had a purpose in writing this

book. In "Blinkers" Mr. Vachell has created a character that will live long in the memory. I refer to Adam Issel, the paper hanger, the artist, the sage. This quaint, lovable man is always preaching against the Preconceived Idea which he says, is the curse of civilisation. What does he mean by that? I think he means that we must never take for granted just what we hear another say. We must try to judge justly for ourselves. We must not wear blinkers that shut out from our vision the left and right of the case. Captain Somervell wore blinkers. He loved Adam Issel's daughter but when she became a parlour maid, he could see only the preconceived idea, the idea he inherited from his father, that a Somervell did not marry a parlour maid. This will give you a slight inkling of the trend of this very delightful novel which I heartily recommend to all who delight in worth-while fiction.

A CONSTANT READER OF "THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY" BECOMES AN AUTHOR.

"The Valley of Gold"! The title alone has magic in it. This irresistible romance, set in the beautiful Qu'Appelle Valley, will appeal to every Westerner, man, woman, youth, and maid. For this story mirrors the life of the farmer in the heart of the west, and mirrors it with vision, with understanding, and with love.

When the story opens we are in the mid-rush of the threshing season and in a few minutes we can see for ourselves that there is a very ugly feeling existing between big young Ned Pullar and fierce Rob McClure. The quarrel is not of Ned Pullar's seeking. How could he wish to quarrel with Rob McClure, the father of Mary, the girl he loves devotedly?

Despite the fact that Ned does everything in his power to conciliate McClure, there is a feud between the two gangs of threshermen, kept alive and fanned into action by the breath of bitter hatred that wells up from the heart of McClure. Incident follows incident in this exciting story and one moment we fear that our hero is to be worsted, the next we see him triumph. No matter how black the sky, the love of Mary and Ned glows like a beacon and after much trouble and danger, we see love, beneath a bewitching Harvest Moon, reap its rich reward.

And now a few words about David Howarth, the author of this realistic western romance. For many years Mr. Howarth has been a keen reader of the "Western Home Monthly" and perhaps this partly accounts for the fact that he has written a novel that will appeal so strongly to all other readers of this magazine. He has caught the spirit of the west and has set it in its proper setting—one of the most beautiful spots in western Canada. Then again, David Howarth knows the people of the west—he ought to—after thirty years companionship. His work as Methodist Superintendent has kept him in close touch with conditions of life in the west, and the spirit of his calling has given him an insight into the hearts and souls of the people he describes in "The Valley of Gold". Moreover, glancing through a record of David Howarth's athletic achievements when a student and later, one can see quite well what has put the good red blood into this story of western men and women! When Mr. Howarth describes the fight between Ned and the hostile gang, it is quite clear that he knows whereof he writes!

When the readers of the "Western Home Monthly" are drawing up a list of books for winter reading they can jot down the title, "The Valley of Gold", with full assurance that they will enjoy it from first to last.

When answering advertisers please mention
The Western Home Monthly

ROSALEEN AMONG THE ARTISTS

This is a very charming and unusual story by Elizabeth S. Holding. It is moreover a novel that makes one think.

When Rosaleen is about eleven years old, she is adopted by a spinster who has a very kindly feeling toward the scraggy, ill-fed, ill-clothed little girl. Rosaleen is taken from a home where poverty is in the ascendant, where nasty gossip takes the place of conversation, and where unpleasant experiences of life substitute for education. She is taken to a home where there is a sufficiency of food and clothing, a clean bed, a well-aired room and where folks discuss art and music, books and religion. Of course you would be inclined to say at once that Rosaleen was a lucky girl. But was she? Her new home lacked the one thing that made her poor home so dear to her—spontaneous affection, sincere emotions, a warm "humanness" that took the place of education, culture, interest in the 'nicer' things of life. Rosaleen could thrive amid squalor, watered and sunned by love. But she pined away amid the cold, loveless respectability of Miss Julie's home.

At Miss Julie's death, Rosaleen's life became more and more bitter. Miss Julie's sister Amy tolerates the girl's presence in the home, but it is a toleration more cruel than actual hostility. One day, however, Miss Amy gives vent to anger she has been nursing ever since the waif Rosaleen came to live with her sister. She says things to the girl that can never be forgotten nor forgiven. Rosaleen leaves her adopted home and goes among the artists whom she has met at the home of Miss Waters, her drawing teacher.

Not yet has Rosaleen found happiness because she is really not gifted enough to be an artist. I think what the author of this book wants to emphasize most of all is the fact that adoption is not necessarily a lucky thing even though it be adoption into a home that boasts of much greater material comfort. When Rosaleen was removed from her rightful home, it was as if a flower had been uprooted and replanted in a soil lacking in the elements required for its growth. We cannot all be artists; many of us have no wish to be. Rosaleen would have made an excellent wife for a man who had much love and little money. It is true she had a more hygienic home, better food, some education but it all came to naught because poor little Rosaleen's heart—her only strong asset—was starved, trampled upon and broken.

THE BELOVED WOMAN

A new novel by a much-beloved author Kathleen Norris. You all know how Kathleen Norris delights in writing about home-life and the various problems that arise out of the relationship of one member of a family to another. This new novel of hers is another family story.

Doubtless many of my readers remember "Sisters" in which Kathleen Norris tackled the problem of two sisters loving the same man. Then there was "Harriet and the Piper" in which a girl pays for one false step taken when she is slip of a thing.

In "The Beloved Woman" we find a very different home-life problem. Alice Liggett is a magnificent type of woman who met with an accident, making her a cripple for life. She has to spend her days on a sofa. She reads the best of books and periodicals in order to keep her mind companionable to her husband, even though her body can never again keep pace with his activities. She gathers around her, people of gifts so that she can learn through them what is happening in the world she cannot enter. She sees to it that her rooms are as artistic and restful as possible, so that her husband will not find it irksome to sit talking to her. She takes great care of her physical appearance so that her husband's fastidiousness shall never be offended. All this and more Alice Liggett does to keep her husband's love and compensate him for the loss of a normal wife.

But is this enough. Can one blame Chris Liggett for failing to remain wholeheartedly loyal to his wife. He loves Alice, he is filled with pity for her he provides her with everything that money can buy, he spends a great deal of his time with her. Does this make him less a man, a virile, normal man in the prime of life, longing for the type of companionship that has been denied him? Is it to

be wondered at that he feels the gay, passionate little Norma tugging at his heart-strings. Norma is every thing that poor Alice can never be. And Norma worships Chris. At least she thinks she does, until a little womanliness creeps into her butterfly heart and she discovers that the wholesome love of young Wolf is more precious than a hectic intrigue with Chris who has lost his first fresh youthfulness and in its place has a tired cynicism that could never again play host to Love!

SPRING FEVER

By Peanuckle, Jr.

When the red-breasted robins come back to the trees, when we hear the first buzz of the truculent bees, when the winter rheumatics warm out of our knees, when we cough our last cough and sneeze our last sneeze, when we lay by our woollens and

don B.V.D.'s—then we get the spring fever, that pesky disease.

When the blasts from Alaska have blown their last wheeze, when we've folded our overcoats nice as you please, when our troubles have ended with coal dealer's fees, when little Jack Frost has turned over the keys, and we're thinking of planting our turnips and peas—then the spring fever gets us, that pesky disease.

When we get our first taste of mosquitoes and fleas, when the fish start to bite in the rivers and seas, when the iceman is roused from his season of ease, when our wife has gone down to see Auntie Louise, and left us alone to do as we please—then we get the spring fever, that pesky disease.

No Name for a Poet

"Cincinnatus Heine" was the name that the parents of Joaquin Miller bestowed on him at his christening. How the poet came to adopt the name "Joaquin," under which he is univer-

sally known, is told by Mr. Charles Phillips, editor of the San Francisco "Monitor." Miss Ina Coolbrith, of whom he speaks, is the California poetess who has been called the "Sappho of the West."

In 1870, when he came down from Oregon, and published his first little book of poems, entitled "Joaquin et al.," he told Miss Coolbrith of his determination to go to London and win fame.

"How in the world," she asked him, "do you expect to climb Parnassus with such a name as you have? Miller is bad enough, but Cincinnatus Heine is impossible!"

"But what can I do?" Miller asked. "It's my name, isn't it?"

"Why don't you take some name that will identify you with California?" Miss Coolbrith rejoined. "Take the name of your first book; call yourself Joaquin."

"By George, I'll do it!" said Miller. And from that day he signed himself "Joaquin Miller."

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HOW TO SHOP FOR CHRISTMAS

First: make sure you have **EATON'S** Fall and Winter and Grocery Catalogues, as illustrated, in your house.

Then: employ the long evenings of the next few weeks looking through them. Consult the index of each book—you will be directed to

THE BEST VALUES IN THE WEST

A practically unlimited range of clothing, jewelry, toys, groceries and Christmas fruits and everything suitable for decorative and useful gifts, is here shown. Make your selections and

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while stocks are complete.

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WINNIPEG CANADA

tract what is known as an obstinacy complex. Jimmy has developed a negative. He is literally never hungry because he is always being urged to eat. This very serious psychic condition accounts for a vast proportion of the malnutrition among the children of the well-to-do. The business of being urged to eat becomes a fascinating game. The doll is given a bite, and then Jimmy is given a bite. The dog is brought to the table. They try to interest Jimmy in competing with the dog.

"These solicitous parents are afraid to let a meal go by, lest Jimmy starve to death. Jimmy will never starve himself to death—MacSwiney to the contrary. Instead, Jimmy simply becomes a victim of malnutrition—always tired—never hungry—his eyes astigmatic—perhaps choreic.

"Practically always I treat these cases by the same general method. At the child's first spoiled pushing of the spoon away, the mother is instructed to take up the tray without a word and carry its contents to the garbage pail. Utter silence surrounds the operation—which silence in itself produces a psychic effect on the child brought up in the sound of voices. The world he has lived in since birth is a place of voices. Therefore he can be controlled by the uncanny thunders of silence.

"No food is given to Jimmy until the next meal. Then again at the first sign of playing with his porridge, in total silence the tray disappears. Take one little boy that I have in mind. At the second meal he followed the tray. He witnessed the mysterious disappearance in the garbage pail. I might add that in the interval it was all I could do to convince his solicitous mother that the child wasn't going to starve himself.

"At the third meal the child took his place in his chair and grabbed the tray with his two little hands. The obstinacy complex had been destroyed in this case by the yet stronger instinct of hunger. Also the entire excitement of the game of obstinacy had been destroyed by the utter silence. This little boy began to put on weight immediately and developed a normal child's appetite. But, needless to say, you can't always control the too solicitous mother, mostly out of our sight, with plenty of time on her hands and no second child to keep her normal."

Many such cases of malnutrition, he explains, begin at the time of weaning—not because the artificial foods do not agree with the child, but simply because he is overurged. Again the force of utter silence, the prompt and mysterious disappearance of the rejected bottle, and not another opportunity until the next feeding would have bridged over this. "So unless something nationwide is done about the education of the well-to-do girl, we'll be in a fine shape by the next war, when we begin looking for that officer material. The mental equipment of our girls must in some way be made to take the place of their improper physical equipment for motherhood. Intelligence for milk."

Out of my window the little boy in glasses who belongs to the twenty-thousand-a-year walk of life has sat down wearily by the pot of geraniums. A little boy washed in from the east side tramps noisily by, sucking a red lollipop on a stick. His big brother's trousers are rolled up to be short enough for sturdy brown knees. The barefoot country boy of mid-Victorian American poetry is in a fair way to be reincarnated in our east side. In spite of the explanations of the doctors, it is no more explainable, in the final analyses, than when a group of scientists tried an experiment with guinea pigs in one of the Paris laboratories.

One batch of guinea pigs was brought up under sterilized conditions. All the water they drank—all the food they ate—the pen that they were kept in from birth—were kept in absolutely sterile condition. A companion batch was allowed to live according to nature. The food and the pen they encountered were no more sterilized than a subway. The first batch died and the second batch lived to a healthy old age—for guinea pigs.

This is the greatest year in fruit growing history. These boxes are disappearing like snow at mid-summer.

ORDER ALL YOU CAN STORE and ORDER AT ONCE to save disappointment.

**BIG
B. C.**



Apple Crop

the finest crop of perfectly luscious fruit ever grown in B. C. is now harvested and in transit to market.

These apples have grown and come to maturity under ideal conditions for keeping over the winter season. Get every boxful into your cellar you can accommodate. You never made a more economic purchase for the household.

**But You Must See
Your Dealer At Once**

This series of advertisements issued by the Producers and Distributors of B. C. Fruits.

Barber - Ellis FRENCH ORGANDIE

*Is used by all who
appreciate high
class stationery*

*In note paper
and tablets with
envelopes to match*



When writing Advertisers please mention the Western Home Monthly

Guaranteed!

NOT only did the proprietors of Rubber-set Company originate and perfect the process of gripping brush bristles everlastingly in hard vulcanized rubber, but they originated the policy of guaranteeing brushes against bristle shedding, to the end that the manufacturer and not the individual brush buyer must bear the cost of any shortcomings in their goods.

That trade and public might identify the brushes so made and so guaranteed, the manufacturers adopted, many years ago, the trade name "RUBBERSET" and affixed it prominently and permanently upon every brush they made.

"RUBBERSET must make good—or WE WILL!" is not an advertising slogan. It is a straightforward statement of the principle which made and maintains RUBBERSET brushes as the world's standard article of their kind.

Imitations of the process, the trademark, or the principle, can be viewed only as an attempt on the part of those practising such imitations to profit by the standing and esteem accruing rightfully to the originators of all three.

Identify the brushes made by this company by the presence of the trade name RUBBERSET as shown below.

RUBBERSET COMPANY LTD.
 FACTORIES
 TORONTO AND GRAVENHURST, CANADA
"Makers of the STANDARD brush for every use to which a bristle brush is put"

Be guided
by our
trade mark



Be guarded
by our
guarantee

RUBBERSET

Brushes bearing
this trade mark

Are made in
CANADA

every bristle gripped EVERLASTINGLY in hard rubber!

Genuine



ASPIRIN

Never say "Aspirin" without saying "Bayer."

WARNING! Unless you see name "Bayer" on tablets, you are not getting Aspirin at all. Why take chances?

Accept only an "unbroken package" of "Bayer Tablets of Aspirin," which contains directions and dose worked out by physicians during 21 years and proved safe by millions for

Colds	Headache	Rheumatism
Toothache	Neuralgia	Neuritis
Earache	Lumbago	Pain, Pain

Handy tin boxes of 12 tablets—Bottles of 24 and 100—All Druggists.

Aspirin is the trade mark (registered in Canada) of Bayer Manufacture of Mono-aceticacidester of Salicylicacid. While it is well known that Aspirin means Bayer manufacture, to assist the public against imitations, the Tablets of Bayer Company will be stamped with their general trade mark, the "Bayer Cross."

Home Doctor.

EXERCISES FOR MOUTH BREATHERS.

A previous article discussed mouth breathing, its causes and its consequences, and stated that even after the causes were removed the habit often persisted, and could be overcome only by having the child practice exercises to change the method of breathing and to make nose breathing easy and natural. Sometimes, if the child is taken in hand soon enough, the breathing exercises will not only restore the habit of normal respiration through the nose but will even lead the adenoid swelling to subside without an operation. In any case, a course of setting-up exercises in the open air, to improve the carriage, expand the chest and restore the tone of the muscles of the body, should be combined with the following breathing exercises, which may be amplified or bettered by the physician or parent:

Stand erect with the palms of the hands resting on the lower part of the chest and—keeping the mouth firmly closed—take a slow, deep breath, at the same time raising the shoulders and expanding the chest. This should take seven seconds. Hold the breath three seconds and expire slowly but forcibly for five seconds, emptying the lungs as completely as possible. Do this five times, then rest, breathing quietly through the nose five times. Repeat the deep breathing five times, but now with the diaphragm rather than the chest walls, expanding the abdomen.

For another exercise, close one nostril by pressing it and breathe in through the other; change the pressure to the other nostril and breathe out; then breathe in through the nostril that was first closed and out through the other.

To restore the flexibility and expression of the face, exercise the mouth muscles by alternately pouting and smiling ten or twenty times in succession, by opening the mouth wide and then closing the lips firmly while keeping the jaws apart, and by whistling. Also massage the cheeks and lips and the sides of the nose. Humming on a high note with the mouth firmly closed is a useful throat exercise.

Other exercises will suggest themselves if you remember that the object is to restore nose breathing and the habit of keeping the mouth closed. At first it may be necessary to keep the mouth closed at night by two crossed strips of adhesive plaster; but this should be attempted only with the cooperation of the child; otherwise, the harmful effects of the loss of sleep would outweigh the good gained by nose breathing during the night.

Aneurysm

Sometimes the wall of a weakened artery stretches and yields until a sac is formed that contains either liquid or coagulated blood. Such a sac is called an aneurysm. When an aneurysm affects the vessels of the abdomen or the chest, it can be helped only by general treatment; but sometimes it appears on an artery in the neck or in one of the limbs, and then it can be treated by surgical means.

Our arteries are constructed to withstand enormous pressure from the blood that courses through them, and they naturally possess very great elasticity. However much the blood pressure is increased by rapid heart action, a perfectly healthy artery does not give way, but stretches as the blood is forced through, and then regains its proper size. As old age approaches, the arteries begin to lose elasticity and grow more rigid. That condition does not come to everyone at the same age, and that is what physicians mean when they say that "a man is as old as his arteries." After this arterial hardening has taken place, or when it is in process of taking place, physical exertion that would have been safe and easy in youth may result in sudden death from a ruptured blood vessel or may cause an aneurysm to form at the point where an artery is most weak. The reason that aneurysms are not more common is because most elderly men and women have too little

strength or too much wisdom to exert themselves as the young often do. There are certain diseases—of which gout is one—that often cause hardening of the arteries to occur prematurely. They produce a change in the fibrous structure of the inner walls of the arteries that is called atheroma, and wherever that occurs the elasticity of the blood vessels is lessened.

If an aneurysm is on an artery near the surface of the body, it causes a swelling or tumor; it may be very small or as large as a small orange, and with every beat of the heart you can see it expand and contract. An internal aneurysm may grow very large before it causes any trouble, although it sometimes causes pain by pressing on a nerve. It is very desirable to have the blood within an aneurysm coagulate, for that greatly reduces the chance of rupture. Most of the medical treatment aims to bring about that result.

Disinfection of the House

After every case of infectious disease, it is well to disinfect the sick room thoroughly. It is not absolutely necessary to do so, for the infective agent of most infectious or contagious diseases does not live long outside of the body. If you air the room thoroughly, boil the patient's clothing, bedclothes, towels and so forth, and expose such things as cannot be boiled to the bright sunlight for two or three days in succession, you will generally guard sufficiently against further infection. Nevertheless, it is better to disinfect the room, especially if the case has been one of chronic disease, such as consumption.

There are many ways of disinfecting a room; the simplest, the cheapest and the most effectual is as follows:

First, sprinkle all the things that can be washed—bedclothing, bodyclothing, handkerchiefs, towels and so forth—with a ten per cent. solution of carbolic acid then carry them to the laundry and boil them for an hour. After you have dried them thoroughly in the sun, you can be sure that they contain no infection.

Next, lay books or rugs or curtains or pictures on tables and chairs (the books with the leaves spread open as much as possible, and the rugs and curtains without fold or crease), and then shut all the windows and doors. Put an ordinary tea kettle on a table in the hall, just outside the door of the room, boil in it a quantity of formalin (a forty per cent. solution of formaldehyde), and admit the vapor into the room by means of a tube attached to the nose of the kettle and passed through the keyhole. The proper amount of formalin to use is ten ounces for every thousand cubic feet of air-space in the room. After the formalin has boiled away, leave the room undisturbed for twenty-four hours. Then open wide the windows and air the room for twenty-four hours more.

If any formalin fumes remain after the room is opened, you can dissipate them by spraying with spirits of ammonia. If you were careful to open wide every closet door and every drawer in bureau or dressing-table or wash-stand, and if the rugs and curtains have been exposed without folds to the formalin fumes, you can be sure that the room is absolutely disinfected.

The Thymus Gland

This is a peculiar organ, the use of which physicians do not yet fully understand. It is normally active only in childhood; in adult life it degenerates and becomes functionless. There are really two glands, or two equal halves joined together, and forming a mass about three and one half inches long, two inches wide and two-fifths of an inch thick, lying just behind the upper part of the breast bone. In infancy it consists of flesh-like glandular tissue, similar in substance to the tonsils; at the age of two or three years it begins to harden by an increase in the thickness of the fibrous partitions, and this process goes on until the original thymus substance almost or entirely disappears; then the fibrous tissue begins to degenerate in turn, and finally only a mass of fat remains to mark what was once an organ of considerable importance.

Some physicians think that the thymus gland is a blood-forming organ, and also that it is necessary for the normal progress of the nutritive processes. One of the

OIL LIGHT BEATS ELECTRIC OR GAS BURNS 94% AIR

A new oil lamp that gives an amazingly brilliant, soft, white light, even better than gas or electricity, has been tested by the U.S. Government and 35 leading universities and found to be superior to 10 ordinary oil lamps. It burns without odor, smoke or noise—no pumping up, is simple, clean, safe. Burns 94% air and 6% common kerosene (coal-oil).

The inventor, T. B. Johnson, 595 McDermot Ave., Winnipeg, is offering to send a lamp on 10 day's FREE trial, or even to give one FREE to the first user in each locality who will help him introduce it. Write him to-day for full particulars. Also ask him to explain how you can get the agency, and without experience or money make \$250 to \$500 per month.

COLOR YOUR BUTTER

"Dandelion Butter Color" Gives That Golden June Shade and Costs Really Nothing. Read!

Before churning add one-half teaspoonful to each gallon of winter cream and out of your churn comes butter of Golden June shade to bring you top prices. "Dandelion Butter Color" costs nothing because each ounce used adds ounce of weight to butter. Large bottles cost only 35 cents at drug or grocery stores. Purely vegetable, harmless, meets all food laws. Used for 50 years by all large creameries. Doesn't color buttermilk. Absolutely tasteless.

Wells & Richardson Co., Montreal Que.

Catalogue Notice

Send 20 cents in silver or stamps for our UP-TO-DATE FALL AND WINTER 1921-1922 CATALOGUE, containing over 500 designs of Ladies', Misses' and Children's Patterns, a CONCISE AND COMPREHENSIVE ARTICLE ON DRESSMAKING. ALSO SOME POINTS FOR THE NEEDLE (Illustrating 30 various, simple stitches) all valuable to the home dressmaker.

Maps

Excellent pocket maps of Manitoba or Saskatchewan, or Alberta, showing all towns, post offices, railways, range and township numbers, etc. Price only 25c. for each province, post paid.

Other maps for all purposes. Write for price list or further information. Stovel Company Ltd. A Complete Bannatyne Avenue WINNIPEG Printing Service

RHEUMATISM

Apply Minard's Liniment to the aching spot and get quick relief. The remedy your grandmother used. Nothing to equal it.

11



facts that have led them to form this conclusion is that in small children with rickets—a disease of defective assimilation and nutrition—the thymus has sometimes been found to be atrophied; on the other hand, in some cases of rickets there is an increase in the size of the thymus. Retardation of growth or excessive emaciation is even more commonly associated with imperfect developments of the gland.

More serious, however, than the too early atrophy of the thymus is its too late persistence. That gives rise to a peculiar constitutional condition known variously as the lymphatic diathesis, lymphatism, status lymphaticus or status thymicus. This affection is marked by a general overgrowth of adenoid tissue, such as that of which the tonsils and the thymus are composed, and a small heart and contracted arteries. There are attacks of suffocation or convulsions; the vital forces are lowered so that the subjects catch every disease to which they are exposed, and often succumb by reason of their slight powers of resistance. One striking characteristic of the lymphatic diathesis is the liability of its subjects to sudden death. Many cases of sudden death in children and young adults, from what seem to be trivial causes, are to be traced to this condition. The removal of the tonsils and adenoids behind the nose has produced good results, but there is risk attached to it, as to all surgical operations in cases of lymphatic diathesis. Perhaps a safer method is to reduce the tissue by means of the X ray.

THE MAGIC OF MEDICINE

The yearly, almost daily, advance in medical science is so rapid that no layman can follow it, and even the most progressive physicians are breathless in the effort to keep up. New schools arise and before they have time to become old are crowded out by newer. New methods contradict those that were of the best repute yesterday and to-morrow themselves become a discredited tradition. Sometimes the patients wish that progress were a little less furious, and it is understood the wish is shared by many doctors who are not quite so young as they once were.

Yet in new schools as in old the most important element remains the personality of the physician, and we may almost say that it matters less what method is applied than who applies it. The cheerfulness, the sympathy, the appreciation, the comprehension, the insight, the tact of the doctor help much more than his medicine. We all know what those things mean in a sick room. We have all known in our own personal experience, at any rate we have all seen in the experience of others, how a patient gains at the touch of a certain doctor's hand, at the look on his face, at a word from his lips; just a word of plain comfort, without a hint in it of medical science. Even diseases that cannot be cured are often made tolerable for the sufferer, and much more for his friends, by a doctor who has a real genius for his profession.

This personal quality counts for so much that reputations are made by it. There are great and most useful physicians to-day who have only a moderate basis of science and technical skill, but who succeed by their instinctive knowledge of the human heart and their love of it. There are others withering in obscure corners, who have profound medical learning and practical ability, but who can do nothing because they cannot win love and confidence.

One of the evils of modern specialization in medicine is that the specialist cannot so well apply those great human qualities, even if he has them. When a man sees fifty patients a day and two thousand a year, the patients cease to be men and women and become mere subjects. He can sometimes help their organs; he can never help them.

The magician in medicine is born, not made. But it seems as if the medical schools, in their zeal for methods and experiments, had altogether overlooked the element of magic, when they might do more to foster and direct it.

Not So Simple.—"Jack, what causes those marks on your nose?"

"Glasses."

"Glasses of what?"—London Mail.



"Listen, Mother"

"HERE is a letter from Bessie, and she says she is feeling fine again after using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

"I knew it was just what she needed to build up her system after baby's coming.

"She says she is sorry she did not take your advice long ago instead of worrying along as a semi-invalid for so many weeks."

"What else does she say?"

"I will read you the rest. She says: 'My nerves got so upset that I could not sleep scarcely at all. Digestion was bad and I had palpitation of the heart. Baby got cross and irritable, and at

times I got terribly discouraged.

"When I got mother's letter urging me to try Dr. Chase's Nerve Food I was about ready to give up, and decided to give the Nerve Food a trial on the strength of what it had done for her.

"I cannot begin to tell you how thankful I am for that advice, for I am now well and happy, baby is doing fine and I know that the credit is entirely due to the use of the Nerve Food."

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50c a box, all dealers or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Ltd., Toronto. The portrait and signature of A. W. Chase, M.D., are on every box of the genuine.

The Wonder Book of Crochet Patterns

Just published—a crochet pattern book of unusual value for beginners or experts. Contains full instructions for making corners and edges for luncheon sets, hot roll covers, plate, tumbler and tray doilies, breakfast sets, chair tidy, library table cover and beautiful designs in cross stitch.

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The tea with the flavor
that suggests a second cup.
Gold Standard Tea
Try the Blue Label.
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23

"I Make My Own Rugs"



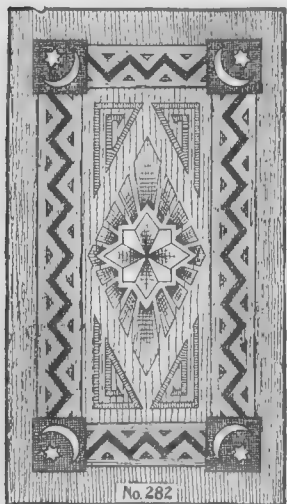
And I save that household money for other pretty things. The work is simply fascinating—you fall in love with it! You'd be amazed at how easily it's done and how very little it costs you. Every woman ought to know about it—every woman tells her neighbour when she does. Thousands of them have found it out and are now proudly displaying Beautiful Hooked Rugs on their floors, made out of old rags, with their own hands.

Any woman can learn to hook rugs in a very few minutes—it's so simple any "girl" from 7 to 70 can master it in a twinkling. It does not take any experience or skill. All you need is a simple little rug hook, your old rags and a few of Garrett's Burlap Patterns, which are inexpensive and very artistic.

AN INTERESTING DESIGN SHEET showing a big variety of pretty designs will be sent you without cost or obligation, if you will simply send your name and address. Making Hooked Rugs is a fascinating and profitable pastime for the woman who loves her home.

Ask your dealer for Garrett's Burlap Rug Patterns.

Special Offer



This beautiful Turkish Rug Pattern, stamped in colours on strong burlap, ready for working, size 1 1/2 yd. by 30 in.

Also our special steel rug hook, with simple, easy directions for beginners, and big design sheet, all for 85c. We pay postage.

The sooner you begin the sooner your floors will be as homelike, inviting and tasteful as you ever wished for. Don't wait. Send for THIS SPECIAL OFFER the next thing you do. Just address—

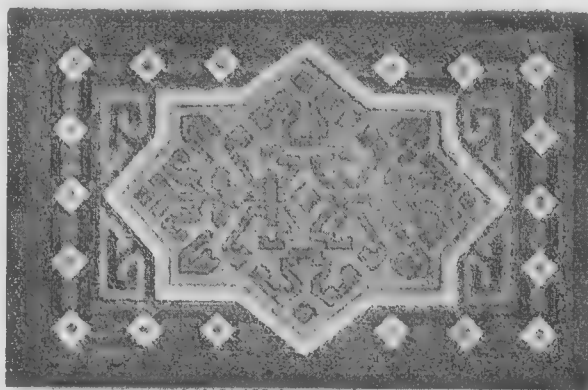
John E. Garrett,

64 Kempt St., New Glasgow,
Nova Scotia.

How to Make the Old-Time but Popular Drawn-In Rug

An Oriental effect
in a Rag Rug
Striking in Pattern
Rich in Color

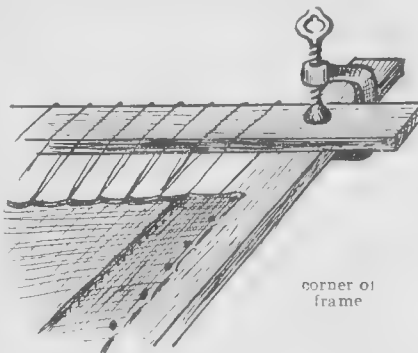
The Art of Making
Rag Rugs offers a
pleasant and
profitable means of
spending the long
Winter evenings



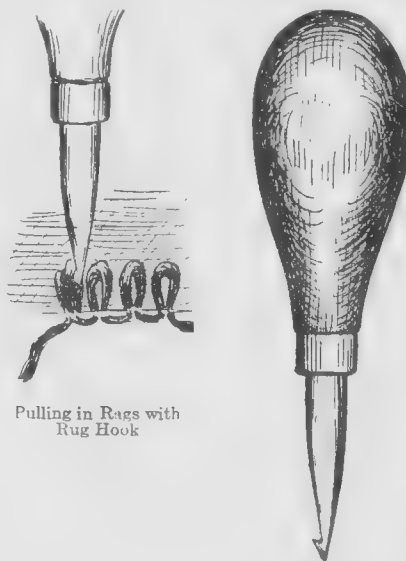
WHEN or where was the first hooked, or drawn-in rug made? Our Grand mothers used to take great pride in making them; and if possible these old-time rugs are more popular to day than they were fifty years ago. There are so many things to recommend them. They seem to dress up the home with such an air of comfort and good taste. Their beauty captivates you immediately. They wear almost indefinitely. It is nothing unusual to see hooked rugs twenty years old in splendid condition. They are made of discarded materials, of cotton or wool, which are to be found in every home, such as dress goods, men's wear, underwear, blankets, hosiery, etc., and last, but by no means least, a hooked

different sizes of rugs, and for rolling finished parts of rug round the side pieces, so you can reach in to work at the centre of your rug. Next, you tack a strip of strong cotton, or burlap along the two side pieces of frame. This can be tacked either on top or along the outer edge. This strip should be wide enough to extend over the inner edge of frame about half an inch.

Now having previously hemmed or bound your burlap pattern, you stitch



corner of
frame



Pulling in Rags with
Rug Hook

rug is so easy to make. If you are in need of a new rug for your living room, hall, or bedroom, you will find nothing more delightful.

Your equipment is a burlap pattern, stamped in colors, which forms the base, or foundation, of the rug, and can be bought at department stores, or direct from the manufacturer by mail; a frame, (which any handy man can make), to stretch your pattern in, and a rug hook, which costs about 25 cents.

Your frame is just four straight strips, or bars, of soft wood, about 2 1/2 inches wide, and 3/4 inch thick. These may be long enough to cross at the corners, and take in the largest rug you are likely to make, and yet leave a space all round of an inch or so between your pattern and the frame for stretching.

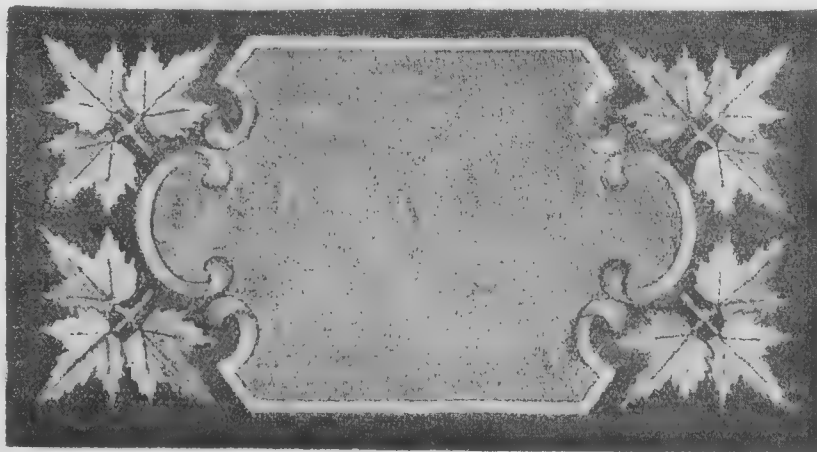
The best fastening for the corners is a clamp, such as a quilting or curtain frame clamp, which may be bought at any hardware or department store; or you can bore holes at equal distances from the ends of your frame, and fasten with pegs. These holes are for adjusting your frame to suit

the sides securely to the strips on side pieces of frame. Now put your frame together, adjusting it so your pattern is perfectly taut, but leaving the end pieces of frame about an inch or more away from end of pattern. Now you draw the ends of pattern tight by taking a darning needle and soft twine, and stitching the twine through the hem of pattern and round the end pieces of frame, as shown in illustration, having the stitches an inch or so apart.

Your material for working, if it is thin and soft, should be cut in strips about one-half inch wide, or if thick and heavy, about one-quarter inch.

Now having arranged your materials to suit the color scheme of the rug, you take a strip of material and hold it under the pattern where you wish to use it, push the hook down and pull up the end of rag. Push it down again, leaving say two or

Continued on page 47.



PREVENT Skin Troubles by Daily Use of Cuticura

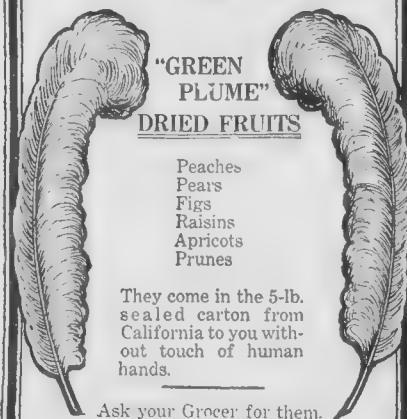


Make Cuticura Soap and Ointment your every-day toilet preparations. Bathe with the Soap and hot water on rising and retiring, using plenty of Soap, best applied with the hands. Smear any signs of pimples, redness or roughness with the

Ointment and let it remain five minutes before bathing. Finally dust on a few grains of the exquisitely perfumed Cuticura Talcum, it takes the place of other perfumes for the skin.

Soap 25c. Ointment 25 and 50c. Talcum 25c. Sold throughout the Dominion. Canadian Depot: Lyman, Limited, 344 St. Paul St., W., Montreal. Cuticura Soap shaves without mug.

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PLUME"
DRIED FRUITS

Peaches
Pears
Figs
Raisins
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Prunes

They come in the 5-lb. sealed carton from California to you without touch of human hands.

Ask your Grocer for them.



THIS LOVELY DOLL FREE TO GIRLS

This lovely Doll has real curly hair and eyes that open and shut. She wears a lovely dress, hat, shoes and stockings, and has jointed legs and arms. Just send us your name and address and we will send you Three Dollars worth of lovely embossed Xmas Post Cards, Seals and Tags to sell at ten cents a package. When they are sold, send us our money and we will send you the lovely Doll with all charges prepaid. Send us your name and address today so you can get your Doll quickly.



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All doctors know what a wonderful protector to the skin there is in the healing, soothing oils and disinfectant properties of

LIFEBUOY HEALTH SOAP

and how effective Lifebuoy is for washing blankets, bedding and all garments that touch the skin.

The carbolic odour in Lifebuoy is a sign of its protective qualities—vanishing quickly after use.



Comb Away the Gray



A clear colourless liquid and a little comb will restore your hair to its original colour in from 4 to 8 days. Free trial bottle proves it—mail coupon today.

Test as directed on single lock—note it is clean and shiny, how soft and fluffy it makes your hair. No streaking or discoloration, nothing to wash off or rub off—just your lovely, natural, youthful hair restored.

Fill out coupon carefully—enclose a lock in your letter if possible. The trial bottle and application comb come by return mail. Full sized bottle at your drugist or direct from us. Refuse cheap substitutes—which will spoil the future beauty of your hair.

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Mary T. Goldman, 948 Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

Please send me your free trial bottle of Mary T. Goldman's Hair Colour Restorer with special comb. I am not obligated in any way by accepting this free offer. Natural colour of my hair is black... jet black... dark brown... medium brown... light brown....

Name
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Baby's Own Soap



Best
for Baby
Best
for You

face
hands
& body
lather them
freely with Baby's Own Soap

WHAT ARE VITAMINES AND WHY

The word Vitamine was coined by Casimir Funk, a Pole. The first part of the word indicates its relation to the life process: the second to its chemical nature. Scientists have not as yet been able to isolate vitamins, nor have they the least idea of what they look like, but by a process of elimination they have proven that certain foods contain them and others do not. The vitamins are nitrogenous substances the exact chemical natures of which are unknown, but from the varying results obtained by different investigators they would seem to be nitrogenous closed ring structures easily undergoing changes of isomeric or tautomeric types.

Until such time as it is possible to isolate and define the true chemical structure of these bodies however, we must content ourselves with a rapidly growing knowledge of the physiological properties of these little understood vitamins and the part they play in the nourishment, protection and health of the human organism. Therefore, it is highly essential that diets should be so regulated that an ample supply of these food accessories should be present as well as a normal supply of the old established body builders—fats, carbohydrates, proteins and mineral constituents.

Vitamins are usually referred to as Fat Soluble A and Water Soluble B. Results from scientific experiments on birds and animals indicate an additional something which they designate as Water Soluble C. It has been shown that a diet that is deficient in Fat Soluble A will cause certain definite organic disturbances, and further, that a diet deficient in Water Soluble B will cause organic disturbances different from those caused from a deficiency of Fat Soluble A. While a combination of the two will in most cases cause a restoration to normality there are certain conditions that require the inclusion of Water Soluble C. After various and exhaustive experiments, scientists seem to stand firmly on the theory that one of the chief causes of the lack of vitamins in certain foods such as rice, wheat and corn, are the refining processes in use at the present time. In other words, the "purer" our foods, the more "refining" processes they are put through before they reach our tables, the less of the life-conserving vitamins they contain. Such diseases as Beriberi, Rickets, Scurvy, Pellagra have been classed as deficiency diseases brought about by a diet deficient in vitamins, as it has been shown that when the diet has been supplemented by foods containing vitamins, the trouble disappeared. Much time and thought has been expended to ascertain just what constitutes a properly balanced diet, one containing sufficient carbohydrates, fat and proteins of the required caloric content.

As a health builder, yeast is gaining in popularity every day. Yeast is a food—it is not a medicine. It supplies the water soluble vitamin which the diet may lack. Yeast is highly beneficial in cases where the system seems to be run down due to an impoverished condition of the blood and a consequent lowering of the body's resistive power, outwardly manifested by pimples, boils, roughness of the skin and general physical depression. Yeast is the richest known source of vitamins and when taken into the system acts as a corrective agent. Royal Yeast Cakes are recommended for their purity and wholesomeness, and are obtainable in practically every grocery store in Canada. Each cake is wrapped separately in wax paper, and will keep for months. It is therefore possible to have a supply always on hand. It is the purest, the most convenient and economical yeast on the market.

HOW ROYAL YEAST CAKES ARE TAKEN.

In general use one to four Royal Yeast Cakes a day for adults and half that quantity for children. Royal Yeast Cakes may be taken before, after, or between meals or with them, as preferred.

A really pleasant and convenient method is to use one cup lukewarm water and one teaspoon sugar to each Royal Yeast Cake. Allow to stand over night in moderately warm room. In the morning stir well and pour off the liquid, or it may be strained through muslin. In this way a full day's supply can be made at one operation. Place in refrigerator

(Continued on page 47)

Pal

-the pencil



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Renews point by a turn of the fingers, carries extra supply of leads and renewable eraser. PAL'S mechanism is simple and always holds leads firmly. Does not clog or break leads. PAL'S pocket clip or end ring is for safety. He's all that his name implies—for every writing requirement.

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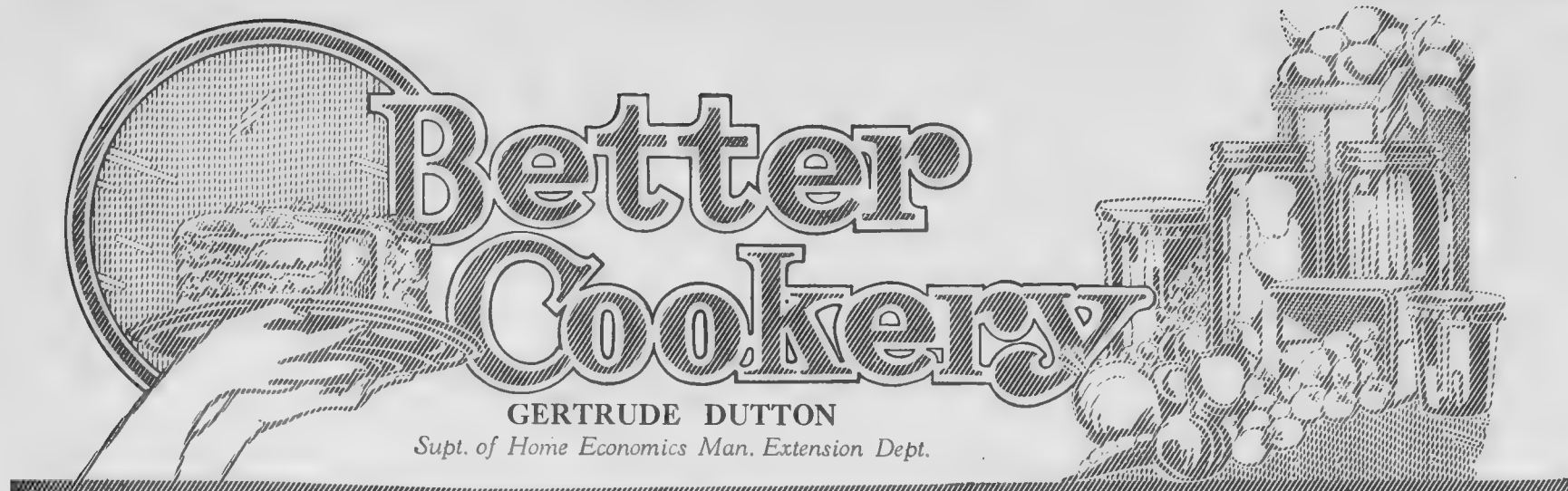


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Some Dinners You Will Like

Julienne Soup
Celery - Olives
Baked Ham
Candied Sweet Potatoes
Onions in Cream
Grape and Pineapple Salad
Pumpkin Pie with Cheese Sauce
Coffee - Fruits - Nuts

Fruit Cup
Cauliflower Soup
Roast Duck with Raisin Stuffing
Baked Squash - Buttered Onions
Cranberry Frappe
Mince Pie - Pumpkin Pie
Fruits - Nuts - Coffee

Celery - Olives
Roast Turkey - Stuffing - Gravy
Mashed Potatoes - Squash on the Shell
Stuffed Onions - Jellyed Cranberries
Individual Pumpkin Pies with Whipped Cream
Nuts - Raisins - Coffee

Thanksgiving Supper
Mint Cocktail
Oyster Patties - Olives
Chicken Salad
Brown Bread and Butter
Caramel Ice Cream
Nuts - Fruits - Tea

Game birds or barnyard fowl depend for flavor to a large extent on the stuffing used.

Swedish Turkey Stuffing

Stale Breadcrumbs, 2 cups
Melted Butter, $\frac{3}{8}$ cup
Raisins, cut in pieces $\frac{1}{2}$ cup
Walnut meats, broken $\frac{1}{2}$ cup
Salt, pepper, sage, to taste
Mix in the order given.

Oyster Stuffing

Stale Breadcrumbs, 3 cups
Melted Butter, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup
Salt, 1 teaspoonful
Pepper, $\frac{1}{8}$ teaspoonful
A little onion juice
Oysters, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint
Mix all the ingredients, adding the oysters, cleaned and drained, last.

For Turkey or Chicken

Raisin Stuffing

Raisins, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup
Walnut Meats, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup
Stale Breadcrumbs, 2 cups
Salt, 1 teaspoonful
Pepper, $\frac{1}{8}$ teaspoonful
Ground Sage, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoonful
Melted Butter, 4 tablespoons
Hot Milk, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup
Mix the crumbs, raisins cut in pieces, and broken nut meats, and seasonings. Melt the butter in the hot milk and mix with the other ingredients.

Sausage Stuffing

Butter, $\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoon
Onions, chopped, 2 tablespoons
Sausage Meat, 1 cup
Hot Water, 1 cup
Breadcrumbs, 2 cups
Salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon
Pepper, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon
Sage, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon
Cook the sausage meat and onion in the butter until the meat is browned, stirring frequently. Cool, add the water, crumbs and seasonings.

For Duck or Goose

Apple Stuffing

Chopped Apples, 1 cup
Soft Breadcrumbs, 2 cups
Minced Onion, 1 teaspoon
Salt, 1 teaspoon
Pepper, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon

Mixed Poultry Seasoning, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon
Raisins, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup
Butter, 2 tablespoons
Hot Water, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup
Mix all but the butter and hot water adding the raisins last. Melt the butter in the water, then mix with the other ingredients.

Fruit Cup

Make a syrup by mixing
Powdered Sugar, 1 cup
Orange Juice, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup
Grapefruit Juice, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup
Water, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup
Juice of 1 can of Pineapple
Put cubes of Pineapple and pitted cherries in glass cups, pour over them the syrup, and chill.

Mint Cocktail

In cocktail glasses put cubes of orange and grapefruit pulp, scattering over the top a little chopped mint. Arrange whole leaves of mint around the edges of the glasses.

Cauliflower Soup

Cauliflower, 1
Butter, 3 tablespoons
Flour, 3 tablespoons
Salt, 1 teaspoon
Pepper, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon
Soup Stock, 2 cups
Milk, 2 cups
Celery, 2 stalks
Grated Cheese, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup
Cook the cauliflower in boiling salted water, then drain. Press through a coarse sieve. Make a white sauce of the butter, flour, milk and soup stock (in which the celery has been cooked). Bring to the boiling point. Remove the celery. Add the cauliflower, and sprinkle the grated cheese over each serving.

Candied Sweet Potatoes

Wash the sweet potatoes and boil till not quite done. Peel, and slice lengthwise. Put a layer in a buttered baking dish, sprinkle with brown sugar, and dot with butter. Repeat the layers till the dish is full. Over all squeeze the juice

of one lemon. Bake in a slow oven till the top is browned. Baste with melted butter once or twice if necessary.

Squash Baked on the Shell

Cut winter squash in two-inch squares. Remove the seeds and stringy portion. Place the squares in a large pan and sprinkle with salt and pepper. On each square place half a teaspoon of molasses and a small lump of butter. Bake in a moderate oven till soft. Cover during the first half-hour of baking. Serve in the shell.

Stuffed Onions

1 Large Onion for each serving
Chopped Peanuts, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup
Soft Crumbs, 1 cup
Salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon
Pepper, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon
Butter, 3 tablespoons
Peel the onions, and boil for one-half hour. Drain, and cool. Carefully remove the centres. Place the onion cups in a greased baking dish. Chop the onion pulp which was removed. Mix with it half of the crumbs and the nuts and salt and pepper. Moisten with one-half of the butter which has been melted. Fill the onion shells with the mixture. Sprinkle the remaining crumbs over the tops and dot with the rest of the butter. Pour a little hot water in the baking dish. Bake till the onions are tender and the crumbs browned.

Cheese Sauce for Pumpkin Pies

Heat half a cup of rich milk. Add to it half a pound of chopped cheese. Beat over hot water till thoroughly blended and hot. Pour over the pumpkin pie and serve at once.

Pumpkin Pie

Steamed and Sifted Pumpkin, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups
Brown Sugar $\frac{3}{8}$ cup
Cinnamon 1 teaspoon
Ginger, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon
Salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon
Eggs, 2

Milk, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups

Cream, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup

Mix the ingredients and pour into a deep pie pan lined with paste. Bake till a silver knife comes out clean.

Pumpkin Pie No. 2

Steamed and sifted pumpkin, 1 Cup
Butter, 1 tablespoon
Flour, 1 teaspoonful
Ground ginger, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon
Salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon
Brown Sugar, 4 tablespoons
Beaten yolks of two eggs,
Hot milk, 1 cup
Stir well, then fold in the beaten whites of the eggs. Pour into a pie plate lined with crust and bake in a moderate oven.

APPLE RECIPES

Afterthought.

One pint of nice apple sauce, sweetened to taste, stir in the yolks of two eggs, well beaten. Bake for 15 minutes. Cover with a meringue made of 2 well beaten whites and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of powdered sugar. Return to the oven and brown.

Brown Betty.

One cup of bread crumbs, 8 sliced apples, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of molasses, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of cold water; butter a baking dish, put a layer of crumbs, then a layer of apples, sprinkle with cinnamon and sugar and dot with bits of butter; repeat until the dish is full, insert a knife in several places and pour in the water and molasses. Set in a pan of hot water and bake for 45 minutes. Serve hot with cream or hard sauce.

Apple Catchup

Quarter, pare and core 12 sour apples, put in a saucepan, cover with water and let simmer, until soft; nearly all the water should be evaporated; rub through a sieve and add the following to each quart of pulp: 1 cup of sugar, 1 teaspoon of cloves, 1 teaspoon of mustard, 2 teaspoons of cinnamon and add 1 tablespoon of salt, 2 cups of vinegar and 2 grated onions. Bring the catchup to a boil and let simmer gently for 1 hour. Bottle cork and seal.

Apple and Cabbage Salad

Shave cabbage fine and soak for 1 hour in celery water, made by adding 1 teaspoon of celery salt to each quart of water. Drain and dry on a soft towel. Add an equal amount of apples cut into match-like pieces, mix with boiled dressing.

Apple and Banana Salad

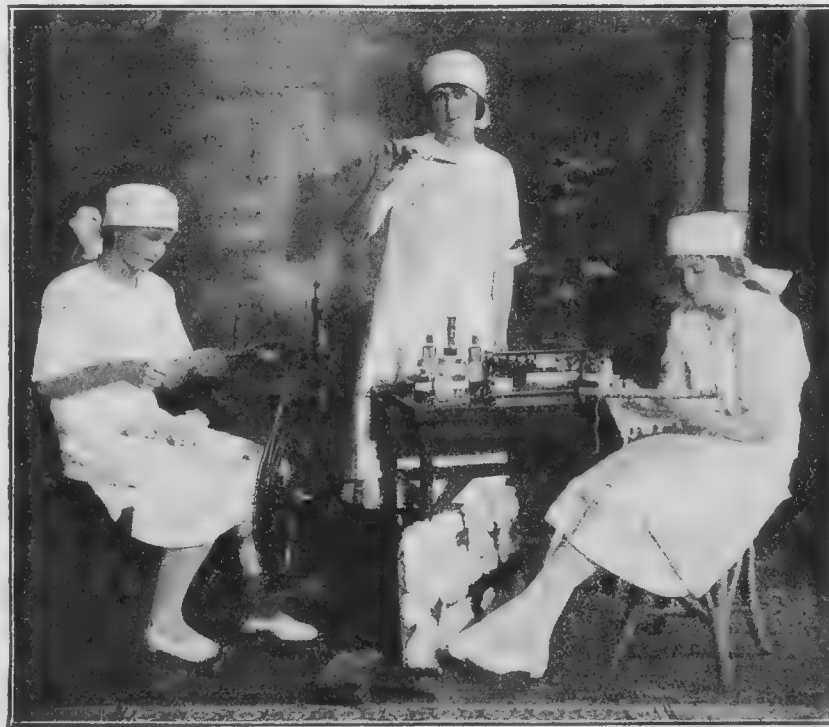
Slice bananas and roll in lemon juice and sugar, mix with an equal amount of sliced apples, serve with boiled dressing or with mayonnaise dressing.

Apples with Fried Onions.

Peel onions and slice. Fry in fat until a rich brown, drain on soft brown paper. Fry unpared quarters of apples in the fat left from the onions. Arrange apples in a border on a platter, fill centre with the fried onions and serve hot.

Apple Fritters

Mix and sift $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups of flour, 2 teaspoons of baking powder and $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon of salt. Add gradually while stirring constantly, $\frac{3}{4}$ cup of milk and 1 egg well beaten. Wipe, core, pare and cut 2 medium sized sour apples into eights, then slice the eights and stir into the batter. Drop by the spoonful into hot, deep fat and fry until delicately browned; drain on brown paper and sprinkle with powdered sugar.



MANITOBA BOYS & GIRLS CLUBS, GOLD MEDAL TEAM, ELVA, MAN.
Left Florence Cupples, Centre Chrissy Greaves, Right Winnie Greaves.

Mrs. Knox's Corner

HOUSEHOLD DISCOVERIES WITH GELATINE

HOUSEKEEPERS everywhere are constantly sending me new and unusual uses for gelatine. These hints are so interesting that I am giving as many as possible here, together with one of my own gelatine specialties. If you, too, have discovered some new use for Knox Gelatine, send it to me that I may publish it in this corner.

A DELICIOUS THANKSGIVING DESSERT

- | | |
|------------------------------------|------------------------------|
| 1 envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine | 1 cup maple syrup |
| 1/2 cup cold water | 2 cups cream |
| White of 1 egg | 1/2 teaspoon salt |
| 1 teaspoon vanilla | 1/4 pound nut meats, chopped |

Soften the gelatine in the cold water ten minutes and dissolve over hot water. Heat the maple syrup and pour on the beaten white of the egg, beating until very light. Beat in the gelatine and when cool, fold in the cream, beating well, and add vanilla, salt and nut meats. Line mold with lady fingers or slices of stale sponge cake. Turn in the cream and chill.

For after-dinner candies, try Knox Gelatine mints

Fruit juices, from canned or "put up" fruits, need not be served with the fruit but poured off, saved and made into Knox Gelatine desserts and salads. The juice from canned strawberries, loganberries, or blackberries make a most delicious jelly when combined with Knox Gelatine, or with nuts, cheese and lettuce, a delightful fruit salad.

Canned apricot juice, jellied with spices and grated orange rind, makes an appetizing relish for meat or fish.

Canned pineapple juice, molded with sliced tomatoes or cucumbers, makes a most unusual jellied salad.

In these fruit juice desserts and salads, use one level tablespoon Knox Gelatine for every 2 cups of juice, or 2 level teaspoons to a cup of liquid. First soften gelatine in cold water and add fruit juice heated sufficiently to dissolve gelatine. Pour into wet molds and chill.

Bread crumbs, rice and nuts combined with Knox Gelatine, make a nutritious "Vegetarian Nut Loaf." This may be used in place of meat and is appropriate for a simple home luncheon or dinner. See detailed recipe page 5 of the Knox booklet "Food Economy."

Many Gelatine Discoveries in Knox Booklets

There are many additional uses for gelatine in my recipe booklets "Dainty Desserts" and "Food Economy" which contain recipes for salads, desserts, meat and fish molds, relishes, candies, and invalid dishes. They will be sent free for 4c in stamps and your grocer's name.

MRS. CHARLES B. KNOX
KNOX GELATINE
Dept. "K" 180 St. Paul St. W., Montreal



"Wherever a recipe calls for Gelatine—think of KNOX"

Continued from page 45
or other cool place, and drink at intervals as desired throughout the day.

This method may be varied to suit the individual taste, or any of the following methods of preparation may be used. Pulverize a Royal Yeast Cake and mix with oatmeal or other cereal, either cooked or dry and eat in the usual manner with cream or milk. Pulverize a Royal Yeast Cake and mix with maple syrup, preserved fruit or marmalade.

Moisten the Royal Yeast Cake with fruit juice, milk or water, and when soft eat with a spoon; or add sufficient liquid, stir well and drink. Some people prefer to nibble it from the cake. As Royal Yeast is a dry hop yeast it can easily be carried in a convenient pocket. Royal Yeast Cakes keep for a long time. It is therefore possible to have at all times a supply on hand ready for use.

Yeast has been used successfully in the treatment of boils, carbuncles, pimples and other skin disorders. Physicians prescribe it in cases of rheumatism, ulcer of the stomach, intestinal or auto-intoxication, and in many cases where the food is not readily assimilated. It has proved successful in the treatment of swollen glands and internal ulcers. Its use can do no harm. The cures it has effected are remarkable.

HOW TO MAKE THE OLD-TIME BUT POPULAR DRAWN-IN RUG.

Continued from page 44.

three threads of burlap between first hole and second, and pull up a loop about three-eighths of an inch, as shown in illustration and so on till your strip is used up, following the design on the burlap. All ends of material are pulled through to the top, and clipped off even with the work. When your rug is finished, there will be no burlap visible, it having been all worked over.

Some very handsome rugs are made by working the flowers or scrolls with yarn, pulling the loops up somewhat higher than the ground work, and clipping the tops of loops off. This gives the rug a very rich appearance. In fact, some rug workers clip or shear off all the loops on the rug, but to do this they must be pulled higher and of course this takes more material.

It would be best not to combine cotton and wool materials in the same rug, but to make your rug of either one or the other. If you do not have sufficient material of one color, the dye-pot can be called upon for help.

Your rug need be nothing less than beautiful, even if it is made of rags. You should arrange your colors of course, so as to have them harmonize as nearly as possible, but the actual work of making the rug is very simple. The more evenly you make the loops, the better your rug will look, but this comes with very little practice.

A MOTHER'S ADVICE.

There is a vein of true philosophy in the Russian even of the peasant class—though it is a philosophy that too easily degenerates into fatalism. In Ivan Speaks, by Mme. Fedorchenko, we read of a soldier who told what were the parting words of his mother when he was called to leave his home:

"Our mother sent for us all. I came from the factory, and these were her words:

"Live, my son, long; but live so that your life may not seem long to anyone else."

Could a better sermon be preached in fewer words?

A THRIFTY LOVER.

For two long years, says the Tatler, Jock had been courting Maggie. One evening, after a silence of nearly an hour, Maggie said shyly:

"I'll gie ye a penny for yer thochts, Jock."

"Weel," replied Jock with sudden boldness, "I was just thinkin' hoo fine it wud be if ye were to gie me a bit kissie."

She complied demurely, and again there was a long silence until Maggie timidly ventured, "What are ye thinkin' aboot noo, Jock? Anither?"

"Na, na, lassie," was the reply. "I was just thinkin' that it was aboot time ye were payin' me that penny for ma thochts."



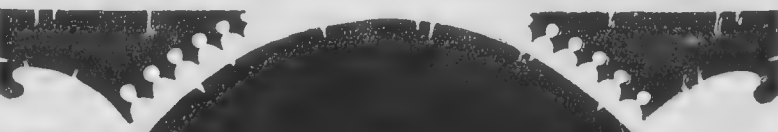
"Spreads like butter"

Ingersoll Cream Cheese

THE soft, creamy consistency and economy in use makes it an ideal basis for sandwiches and for fancy dishes.

"Can be used in a hundred different ways"

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One of Canada's best food products for over 62 years.

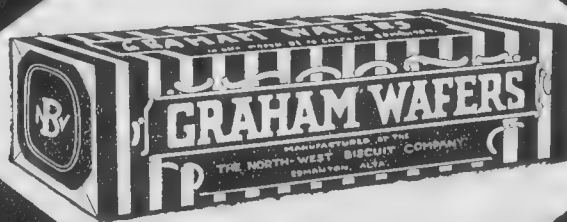
Made in a bright sunshine factory lighted by over 40,000 feet of glass.

MCCORMICK'S JERSEY CREAM SODA BISCUITS

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IN THE STRIPED PACKAGE



TRY THEM TODAY

THE NORTH-WEST BISCUIT COMPANY LTD. EDMONTON, ALTA.



27 Years the Same Good Tea--and Always in the Sealed Package

97

Beautiful Carmel Myers Selected to Try Popular Beauty Method



Los Angeles, Cal.:—When the favorite actress and well known beauty, Carmel Myers, was selected to try out and report on a beauty combination, which has created a furore among discriminating girls and women the choice was an admirable one. Here is her report: "I have given the beautifier, Derwillo, and Liska cold cream a thorough trial and beg to say that I have found both delightful. I gladly recommend them to those who wish to beautify and preserve the skin and complexion. I have also had many favorable reports from in and out of the profession who have used this combination, and they are just as enthusiastic over it as I am. I advise every girl and woman to add Derwillo and Liska cold cream to their morning and evening toilet.

Over one million girls and women use and recommend Derwillo in place of face powder. It truly is a wonderful beautifier. There is nothing like DERWILLO and Liska cold cream for dark, sallowness, sunburn, windburn, freckles, tan, wrinkles, roughness and poor complexions. There is nothing better to beautify the hands and arms. Use flesh

Derwillo, on the face and white on the neck, chest, hands and arms. Since Derwillo has made such a phenomenal success it has many imitators, but don't be fooled by such well known promises of "just as good," "better" or "just like it." You know that counterfeits are never as good as the genuine article. Some even go so far as to give twice the quantity as we do in Derwillo. So could we, if we used cheap substitutes. Only the purest and harmless ingredients enter into it. Insist on Derwillo and Liska cold cream—then you won't be disappointed.

NOTE.—Remember you get a free trial of Derwillo and Liska cold cream because if you are not pleased with them you can get your money back at any toilet counter of department stores or druggist from whom you made the purchase. This is certainly fair, so it's your fault if you go through life with a poor complexion. They are especially sold in this city under the above guarantee by

THE WHITE OWL DRUG STORE, LTD.,
Winnipeg, Manitoba, who will fill all orders by mail.

A Dinner Set

Every thrifty housewife, realizing the high cost of chinaware, will be interested in our offer of a

Combination Dinner and Tea Set

in return for 20 subscriptions to The Western Home Monthly

This set is made of the finest English semi-porcelain and the design is quite pretty.

Write for further particulars to

The Western Home Monthly,
Winnipeg.

Work for Busy Fingers

By MARGIE MOORE



The Christmas season is almost with us again and now is the time to get busy on these home-made presents. There is something about the home-made gift that makes it especially appreciated by the recipient and fortunate indeed is the woman who can use her hook and needle as pretty and inexpensive articles can be made for every member of the family.

HAND-BAGS of small wooden beads strung or woven together with the needle are among the season's smart dress accessories.

In making a bag of wooden beads we use No. 30 or 35 linen thread, a strong sewing needle with large eye, which does not cut the thread, and wooden beads No. 5. These bags are made in four parts. Each part is started with two centre rows.

Take a thread about three yards long, string beads according to directions for first row; shove beads to middle of thread before starting to work back.

tween. One bead forms point; pass needle through second bead of string when beginning.

In joining the parts together, insert at the pointed end one bead in each row.

To finish off, make a tassel of beads in the colors of the bag, and top this tassel with a large round or oval bead. Use a strong soft satin for lining, $1\frac{1}{4}$ inches longer and wider than bag; sew the lining together with French seam and draw the bottom part tightly together. Put lining into bead bag; turn the top in toward the beads and sew the lining on twice (in the first and third bead rows) with back stitches. To prevent the lining from turning back, sew through each bead in top row and through lining. Cover eight brass rings with buttonhole twist, and sew the rings between the first and second row of stitching on lining. Two pieces of silk cord, each one yard long, are used for draw-strings.

ROSE, BLACK AND GRAY BAG

Beads required: 1500 rose; 1100 black; 520 gray.

String 1 black (b), 1 gray (g), 1 rose (r), 1 b, (1 b, 1 g, 1 r, 1 g) 10 times, 3 b; 3 r, turn. First rose bead forms point. Put the needle through the second rose bead, add 1 r, 1 b, 20 g, 1 b, 1 g.

1st row from the centre—1 b, 1 r, (1 b, 1 g) 10 times 1 b, 1 r.

2d row—1 r, 21 b, 1 g.

3d row—1 b, 1 r; 20 b, 1 r.

4th row—1 r, 20 b, 1 g.

5th row—1 b, 1 r, 1 b, 1 g, 1 b, 1 g, 1 b, 15 r.

6th row—14 r, 1 b, 4 g, 1 b, 1 g.

7th row (1 b, 1 r) 3 times, 1 b, 14 r.

8th row—13 r, 1 b, 4 g, 1 b, 1 g.

9th row—1 b, 1 r, 1 b, 1 g, 1 b, 1 g, 1 b, 13 r.

10th row—12 r, 6 b, 1 g.

11th row—1 b, 1 r, 5 b, 12 r.

12th row—11 r, 6 b, 1 g.

13th row—1 b, 1 r, 1 b, 1 g, 1 b, 1 g, 1 b, 11 r.

14th—10 r, 1 b, 4 g, 1 b, 1 g.

15th row—(1 b, 1 r) 3 times, 1 b, 10 r.

16th row—9 r, 1 b, 4 g, 1 b, 1 g.

17th row—(1 b, 1 r) 3 times, 1 b, 9 r.

This finishes one side; repeat from 1st row for opposite side. Make two parts alike; on the other two parts stop with row 16.

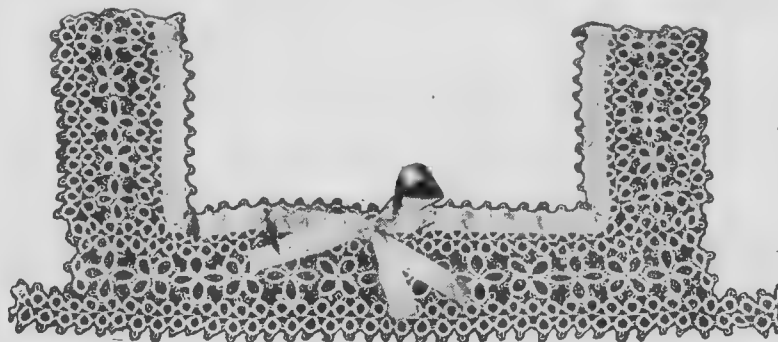
AN EFFECTIVE COLLAR SET IN GROS FILET CROCHET

MATERIALS.—Five balls No. 100 crochet cotton. Made with No. 14 hook (10 small spaces to the inch) the collar will measure about twenty-five inches long.

The edge, consisting of large sp with a solid row of d and picots worked into it, is made after the rest of the collar is finished.

Rose, Black and Gray Bag

Take care to pull the thread evenly, neither too loose nor too tight. The work must be pliable, but no spaces must show between the beads. The principle of the work is to pass needle through every other bead on string, picking up a new bead be-



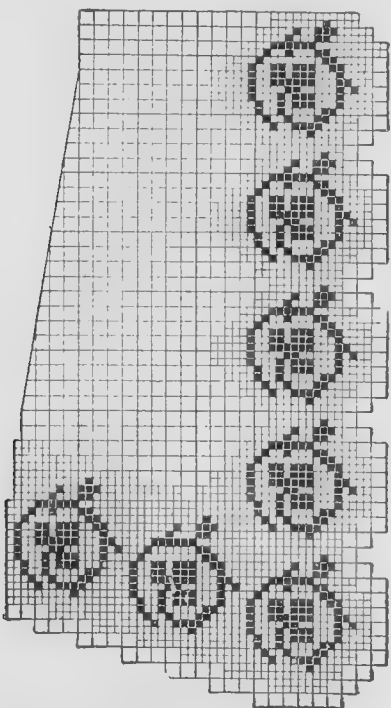
Directions for tatted yoke on following page

Begin work at lower left corner of small sp on pattern. 1st row—8sp. 2d row—8sp. 3rd row—ch 24, make 6 sp on this ch, 8 sp on sp and add 2 sp at end (ch 2, lt in same st with last t, ch 2, lt in middle of last lt, taking up 2 threads). Be careful to make the lt firm, so that added sp will be even.



Collar and cuffs in gros filet

Follow pattern, adding sp as indicated until completion of 26th row at neck edge. Follow 27th row to within 1 sp of first lsp, ch 5, sl st in top of next t, sl st across 2 sp and into next t (7 sl st), ch 5 for next sp and work to edge. 28th row—Work back to lsp, making t of last sp in middle of next 5 ch, ch 5 for lsp, t in middle of next 5 ch, finish row. 29th row—Work to within 6 sp of lsp, ch 5, turn, work back to neck. 31st row—11 sp, ch 5, sl st in next t, sl st across 6 sp as in 27th row, (19 sl st), 4 lsp, ch 8, skip 2 sp, t in t, finish row to outer edge. Work back to lsp, joining 2 ch of last sp to 3rd st of 8 ch. Turn, sl st across 2 sp and in next t, ch 5 for sp, finish row. Turn and work back, making t of last sp before lsp in middle of 5 ch, 8 lsp, ch 5, t in middle of 5-ch sp, finish



Working pattern for Collar set

row. 33rd row—5 sp, turn. 34th row—5 sp. Slip st back over 5 sp, 12 lsp, ch 8 for next, finish as in row, having 5 lsp. Work back to end of small sp, joining last 2 ch to 3rd of 8 ch, turn, sl st over 2 sp, narrowing by 1 small space. 35th row—ch 5 for sp, finish row. 36th row—Work back to neck edge. 37th row—ch 11 for first lsp and work across in same manner as in row of 13 lsp. Turn and work next row of sp, joining last 2 ch to 8 ch as before, sl across lsp and in lt at end, ch 5, turn, finish row. Work back, finishing row at neck edge.

Every 6th row decrease 1 lsp at neck edge by working lt into middle of 11 ch instead of usual 1 sp, until four decreases have been made. Then continue straight to centre back.

Reverse pattern for other half, adding a sloping lsp at points to correspond with decreases made by making chains of 8 instead of 11.

EDGE

Starting at neck (left side), ch 9 for first lsp, miss 2 sp, lt in next t, ch 5, miss 2, lt in next, lt in point, ch 9, lt in same st with last. Continue around. Across diagonal corner make 2 lt with 9 ch between at each point.

To make a firm neck edge, work 5 d in each lsp over a medium heavy thread. Then in each lsp around collar make 5 d 1 d in each lt and a 5-ch picot over every lt (except the two between scallops) and one at centre of 9 d at corner sp. The cuff is readily followed from the collar pattern.

TATTED YOKE IN FLOWER DESIGN

These directions will make about a thirty-two size yoke; if a larger one is to

be made the bottom row must be made the length required, being sure there are an even number of rings on each side. No. 30 mercerized crochet cotton was used, but if you wish to work with finer thread it will make a more lacy yoke.

Bottom Row: Ring 5 ds, p, 5 ds, p, 5 ds, p, 5 ds, close, turn, leave $\frac{1}{8}$ -inch thread, repeat, making another ring the same as the first one, turn, leave $\frac{1}{8}$ -inch thread, ring, 5 ds, join to the last p of first ring, 5 ds, p, 5 ds, p, 5 ds, close, turn, leave $\frac{1}{8}$ -inch thread and make another ring joining as the last one was joined. Repeat until you have 82 rings on each side of the insertion. Join, fasten the thread securely and break. Make two more pieces of insertion, having 36 rings on each side of one piece and 32 rings on each side of the other piece.

First Flower: Ring 5 ds, p, 5 ds, p, 5 ds, p, 5 ds, p, 5 ds, p, 5 ds, close, ring 5 ds,

join to last p, 5 ds, p, 5 ds, join to p which joins the second and third rings of the top front piece, 5 ds, p, 5 ds, p, 5 ds, close, ring 5 ds, join to last t p of last ring, 5 ds, p, 5 ds, p, 5 ds, p, 5 ds, close, ring 5 ds, join 5 ds, p, 5 ds, join to p which joins two rings on lower or bottom insertion, 5 ds, p, 5 ds, p, 5 ds, close, join, fasten thread and break.

Second Flower: Ring 5 ds, join to middle p of third ring on first flower, 5 ds, p, 5 ds, join to middle p of fourth ring on insertion, 5 ds, p, 5 ds, p, 5 ds, close, ring 5 ds, join, 5 ds, p, 5 ds, skip one ring on insertion, join to the sixth ring, 5 ds, p, 5 ds, p, 5 ds, close, ring 5 ds, join, 5 ds, p, 5 ds, join to fifth ring on lower insertion, 5 ds, p, 5 ds, p, 5 ds, close, ring 5 ds, join, 5 ds, p, 5 ds, join to second ring from where first joining was done, 5 ds, p, 5 ds, join where the first p of this flower was

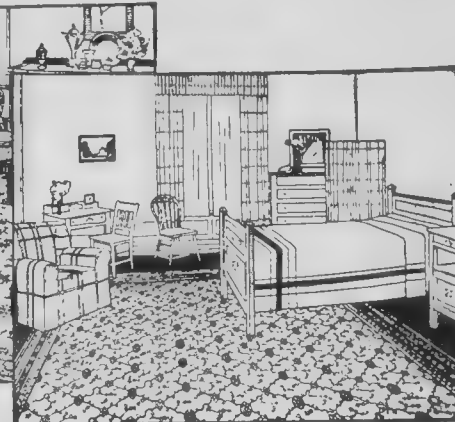
Continued on page 53.



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OUR HOME MONTHLY FASHIONS—PATTERNS

While the world of Fashion is discussing the length and breadth of the skirt, it is interesting to note that many of the new models show the skirts eight to ten inches from the ground, and in comfortable width for street wear, with straight lines and no over fulness. For evening wear one may have outstanding effects, hip fulness, plaits, bouffant draperies, tunics and panels.

The suit and street skirt will always be shorter than that for more formal costumes. If suit coats flare, as they do this season, then skirts must be narrow and if narrow they cannot be long and be comfortable and graceful.

Loose panels are good with straight line dresses, accentuating the straight lines and affording a style change.

Suit coats show loose box styles, also blouse effects with ripple peplums, cape features, fitted and semi fitted styles. In lengths one may have knee, finger tip, $\frac{1}{8}$ or wrist length.

Separate coats show loose ample lines, and are in full length.

Loose cape lines prevail on wraps, with large sleeves in square and raglan style and diagonal closings.

Sleeves may be long, loose and wide at the wrist for day dresses and coats, or they may be short or in $\frac{3}{4}$ length. Some new sleeves are long and close fitting and set in at normal armhole. Some have wide bell cuffs, others are wing shaped.

Long waisted day dresses with straight or circular skirts are youthful and stylish.

Both chemise and moyenage styles are worn.

Low waistlines, and semi fitted basques styles and the straight line chemise styles are very popular.

As a Fall costume the sleeveless or "jumper" dress has many possibilities. In the heavy materials it is real smart. It will be shown in jersey, serges and tricotines, also in velvet and satins.

Brown, taupe, grey, green and beige will be the colours for day dresses with black as ever popular. For evening, white and black, crush strawberry and coral are shown.

Broadcloth, serge, and crepe and all crepe weaves, velvet and velvet combined with cloth and satin are to be used for day dresses.

For evening crepe de chine is most simple and popular; brocades, metal run moires, beaded and jetted nets, wool chenille, light coloured duvetyne, and changeable taffeta will be most popular.

A sport coat of tan polo cloth made with single breasted closing, and raglan sleeves is nice with a narrow belt, large patch pockets, and a collar of beaver fur.

A long coat of black velvet may be trimmed with krimmer fur

A coat in box style, finished with a choker collar has raglan sleeves and is of gray homespun.

A straight line coat of gray duvetyne has cape like sections over the back.

Variations of the peasant sleeves are shown and are of course best on frocks of the peasant type.

Street dresses for early autumn wear will be principally in straight line effects, with irregular or even hem finish. Combinations of satin and tricotine, Canton crepe, and satin, or one material in two contrasting colours will be employed for these dresses.

Full length sleeves usually accompany semi tailored dresses.

In a frock of Canton crepe, black and gray were attractively combined.

Black satin and beige crepe, go well together.

A dress of gray crepe will look well with bands of fluted grosgrain ribbon.

Black chiffon velvet is very effective for a day or afternoon dress. One stylish model has short cap sleeves lengthened by plaited sleeves of red Georgette and streamers of red silk braid finished with red fringe.

On a dress of hunters green crepe,—backed satin, the only ornamentation is a wide sash of pistache green grosgrain ribbon with embroidered ends.

A dress of dark brown charmeuse or serge may be trimmed with novelty braid.

A street dress of plaid woolen is trimmed with rows of worsted fringe and a belt of dull yellow velour. Jet beads are a splendid trimming for velvet, satin and Canton crepe.

Dark blue Poirer twill was used for a smart calling gown. Motifs of narrow black soutache braid form an attractive decoration.

On a two piece tailored suit of black broadcloth a vest, wide collar and pipings of French blue duvetyne add new style interest.

Braid, ribbon, gallow banding, self bands and fur, also beads and stitching are popular trimmings for dresses and blouses.

Cire effects in all width of ribbon will be used, for bindings as well as for narrow bands.

Just as organdy was used during the summer, so ribbon is folded in pointed edges and applied as trimming on dresses of serge and silk.

Wooden beads are used for lines, borders, motifs and buckles.

Separate skirts and blouses will be part of the "up to date" woman's wardrobe. The practical needs, the two piece serge and tricotine skirts are good. Striped materials such as prunella and serge weaves come in plaited skirts. Silk skirts will show increased width.

Plain tweed skirts are made with lapped side seams and a bit of colour in the belt, or as piping.

Blouses for practical wear are crepe de chine, georgette and supple silks also of wash cottons and linens.

Fagotting is used for decoration on crepe de chine

Ribbon decorations are seen on dressy blouses.



Hollins
DAY & NIGHT WEAR

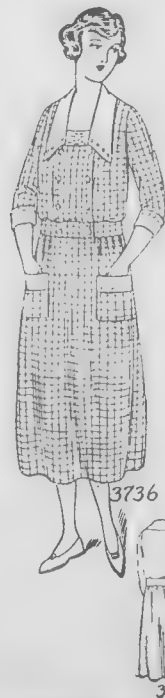
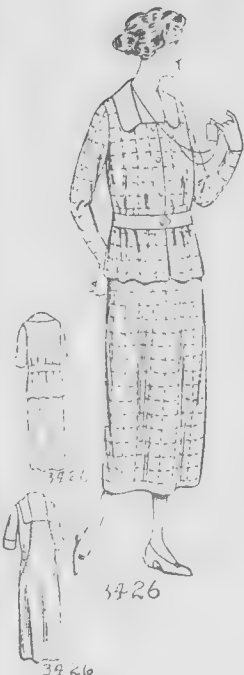
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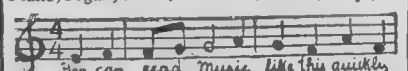
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A Popular and Pleasing Model in "Jumper" Style—Pattern 3781 was used to make this attractive dress. It is cut in 4 sizes: 8, 10, 12, and 14 years. A 12 year size will require $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 40 inch material. Serge, prunella, tricotine, mohair, taffeta and crepe also linen and gingham are good for this style. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A Practical Set of "Short Clothes"—Pattern 3441 is here portrayed. It is cut in 5 sizes: 6 mos. 1, 2, 3, and 4 years. A 2 year size will require $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 27 inch material for the Dress, $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard for the Slip, and 1 yard for the Drawers. Muslin, cambric or nainsook, would be good for slip and drawers. The dress may be of silk, voile, lawn, batiste, dimity, chambray or gingham. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A Smart Coat Model for the Growing Girl—Pattern 3373 is here depicted. It is cut in 3 sizes: 12, 14, and 16 years. A 14 year size will require $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 42 inch material. Serge, chevot, polo cloth, evora cloth, velour, tricotine and also pile fabrics, velvet, corduroy and caracul are attractive for this model. The collar may be worn closed high at the neck or rolled in reverses styles as illustrated. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A Popular Apron Style—3765—Simple aprons like this may be easily fashioned from sateen, calico, percale, chintz, cretonne, cambric or lawn. In this model the skirt portion will cover the entire dress beneath it and so afford ample protection. Rick rack braid, binding or stitching will be attractive for a decoration. The Pattern is cut in 4 sizes: Small, Medium, Large and Extra Large. A Medium size requires $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 36 inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A Charming and Popular Style—Pattern 3527 is here illustrated. It is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. A 38 inch size requires $6\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 44 inch material. This is good, for combinations of material, for serge, tricotine, velveteen, foulard, linen, crepe, satin and taffeta. The guimpe could be of crepe or crepe de chine and the dress of serge or satin. The width of the skirt with plaits extended is about $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A Pretty Afternoon Gown—3758—3762—The lines of this model are unusually graceful. It is developed from Waist Pattern 3758 and Skirt Pattern 3762. Crepe de chine and embroidery are here combined. The style is also good for Canton crepe, crepe back satins, duvetyn, faille, taffeta and gabardine, and combinations of materials. The Waist is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, and 44 inches bust measure. The Skirt in 7 sizes: 24, 26, 28, 30, 32, 34 and 36 inches waist measure. To make the dress for a medium size will require $7\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 40 inch material. The width of the skirt at the foot is about 2 yards. This illustration calls for TWO separate patterns, which will be mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents FOR EACH pattern in silver or stamps.

A Popular Style for Service or Porch Wear—Pattern 3736 was used for this attractive style. It is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. A 38 inch size will require $5\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 38 inch material. The width of the skirt is 2 yards at the foot. Gingham, seersucker, percale, lawn, repp, linen, voile and gabardine may be used for this model. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A Practical, Attractive Blouse Suit—Pattern 3370 is here illustrated. It is cut in 4 sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. A 12 year size will require $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 38 inch material. Gingham with facings of linen would be nice for this design. Or, taffeta trimmed with satin or foulard. Serge, gabardine, poplin, and velveteen, are also attractive. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A Splendid Harlequin Suit—3778—Here is an ever popular masquerade design. One that is sure to please and to be very comfortable. It can readily be developed and is suitable for many kinds of material. Calico, cretonne, chintz, muslin, cambric, satin, and crepe are good for this model. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 6-8, and 10-12 years for children, 14-16 years for Misses, and 38-40, inches bust measure for adults. A 10-12 year size requires $5\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 27 inch material for the suit, and $\frac{1}{4}$ yard for the cap. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

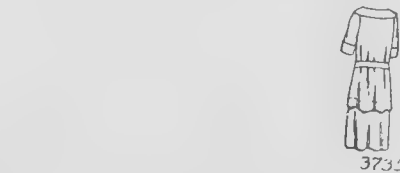
A Practical Work or Morning Dress—Pattern 3426 is here illustrated. It is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. A 38 inch size will require $5\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 36 inch material. This design has good features. The blouse may be slipped under the skirt and the bib portion arranged over its front in apron style. When not required the bib portion is slipped under the blouse, which worn over the skirt turns the dress into a model which may be worn out of doors for shopping, marketing etc. The width of the skirt at the foot is about $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A New and Attractive Under Garment—Pattern 3777 is here illustrated. It is a style correctly simple and very comfortable. The Pattern is cut in 4 sizes: small, 24-26 medium, 28-30 large, 32-34 extra large, 36-38 inches waist measure. A Medium size requires $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 36 inch material. Cambric, batiste, voile, lawn, crepe, china silk, satin, and crepe de chine may be used for this model. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A Smart Dress in one Piece Style for the "Little Tot"—Pattern 3769 is here portrayed. It is cut in 4 sizes: 1, 2, 4, and 5 years. A 4 year size requires $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 40 inch material. This style has pocket section under the "apron" front. The sleeve may be finished in wrist or elbow length. Gingham, chambray, calico, linen, chintz, cretonne. Lawn and gingham, linen and pongee may be combined. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A Simple "Easy to Make" Apron—Pattern 3751 is here illustrated. It is cut in one size: medium and requires $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 27 inch material. Gingham, seersucker, drill, linen, lawn, sateen, chintz and cretonne may be used for this style. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A Pretty Gown for Slender Figures—Pattern 3735 is here portrayed. It is cut in 3 sizes 16, 18 and 20 years. An 18 year size requires $5\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 44 inch material. Combinations of material are suitable for this style. It is also good for serge, taffeta, duvetyn, tricotine, twill, satin, linen, and gingham. The width of the skirt at the foot is 2 yards. To make the dress as illustrated requires 3 yards of plain and 4 yards of figured material 32 inches wide for a 16 year size. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.



THE ART THAT CONCEALS EFFORT



Obvious striving for effect defeats its own purpose.

This is true of life in general, but particularly is it true as regards dress. The artificial devotee of fashion is not comparable with the woman who has learned that beauty often disguises itself in naturalness and simplicity.

This sense of fitness, of the feeling for right proportions and the harmony between details, is one of the truest guides to the successful selection of a corset. The woman of modest endowments who chooses her corset for its self-effacing artistry that creates the impression of natural charm, is more attractive than her most favored sister who distorts her natural beauty with an unbecomingly obtrusive corset style.

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Correspondence

Dad's Boys

Dear Editor and Readers,—Since I last read the interesting letters to your page, I notice many new members have joined our circle. You see I have been away visiting the twin cities down in the states, so for several months I did not get the chance to read the good magazine, but my sister saved all the copies while I was gone. When I came home I did a lot of reading and of course turned to the Correspondence Page first.

I enjoyed my visit very much as it was a change and I had a very good time, but it was nice to get back home here to the old friends. Lots of friends I met in the city were interested in the West and would have liked to come out for a few months but were tied down to their work and could not get away. They may have lots of conveniences we have not got, but we have one thing city folks do not have and that is fresh air and space to breathe.

Threshing seems to be in full swing now and all the farmers in this district seem to feel happy enough as all had good crops. My sister and I did the stooking this fall again. The bundles seemed heavy, but we got through in good time. You see we girls have to be dad's boys. Our brothers are married and live quite a distance from here.

I have not seen a letter on this page from "Fly-by-night" for a long time or from "Smiles". I remember a letter that was very interesting from A Scotch Lassie, but I forget her pen name. I think it is nice to hear there are members in this club from across the sea. I believe those who feel lonely should just write to this page and they would feel better as this good old magazine gives us a comforted and contented feeling on a cold wintry evening when you see your letter in print. I like letters from the R.N.W.M.P. I am still hoping we will see the editor's picture in the W.H.M. With best wishes,

Light of the Morning.

At the kindly concluding request, the editor blushes and demurs for the time being.

A Lad of Twenty

Dear Editor and Readers,—As my last letter was printed I thought I would again take advantage of the hospitality of this friendly corner, as one cannot possibly stay away very long once he has gained admittance. Like "Burns' Nancy" I enjoy reading the W.H.M. from cover to cover.

From the way my last letter read one would hardly know if I were a boy or a girl, so I will enlighten you. I am a lad of twenty and like most of the readers who write to this page, I live on a farm. I do enjoy farm life as it is such a healthy occupation and one is in constant contact with nature. I like very much indeed to take a ramble through the woods in early autumn or spring, especially through the roughest parts, following streams in their mad rush to quieter flowing. I have several snaps of my favorite haunts.

Crops are very light in the Eastern provinces this year on account of the excessive dry summer. Farmers are selling their stock at very low prices as there is much on the market. I live in Nova Scotia and think it is a beautiful province. Many lovely views can be obtained from the wellknown Bay of Fundy. I think Bonnycastle Dale will agree with me here.

I think Canada is a good country to live in, especially the west as the people seem to be sociable. I would like to spend a season on the baldheaded prairie with "Sod Buster". My brother leaves for Saskatchewan in a few days, I wish I were going too.

I would like to hear from readers residing in my native province, especially the fair sex. I would be pleased to hear from Flap-jack Farmer if he would kindly write. I like almost every sport except dancing. As my letter is getting lengthy, I will close. I am, ever a well wisher and booster, of the W.H.M.

Blue Jay.

Lonely at Times

Dear Editor and Readers,—I hope you will permit another bachelor to enter into the great door of the W.H.M.

which I believe is always open to welcome one and all to find a cosy chair in the large correspondence circle of this splendid magazine.

I suppose many feel as I do at times. Sometimes I feel a thousand miles from nowhere. I am one of those who did their bit and am striving to build up a comfortable home away up northward in quite a new settlement in Manitoba, over eleven miles from the nearest town or post office. One has little time to feel lonely at this time of year with harvest coming on.

Like many others I am a great lover of nature and think there is no place more pleasant than to be amongst nature, passing every day through beautiful fields of growing grain, now donning its last jacket of golden hew and swaying in the breezes as ocean waves. I love swimming in the cooling and refreshing waters of the sparkling river here which seems always in a hurry and at this time of the year rambling here and there filling pails of wild berries. A little later on the great harvest will be in full swing. This is when one is able to enjoy the country. Is it any wonder why so many folks from the city enjoy a holiday on a farm. What a change they can have and at very little expense, with nature's freedom, fresh air and health offered on every side.

I could write much more, but I do not wish to take up too much room on my first visit.—Just 21.

Will "Just 21" kindly send his name to the Editor of this page.

Wants Real Pals

Dear Editor and Friends,—I am writing to your page in the hopes that it may be medium of my securing some real good pals (preferably fellows around the age of 26 and 27 - Scotch, or of Scotch descent), who would care to correspond with this "City sparrow". I am a very great lover of nature, and through located in Toronto have been lucky enough to see a bit of the country in the vicinity. I have been just one year in Canada but find it a bit lonesome, hence my appeal.

This is first shot at this page, and I am hoping that I may be so lucky as to wriggle in.

Trusting to receive many replies, all of which I promise to answer—

Gold Dust.

Too Much of a Good Thing

Dear Editor and Readers,—Having just finished reading the Western Home Monthly, July issue, and after seeing so many cheerful letters in print, I at once decided to hurry another epistle off to the head-quarters of our cheerful circle and therefore help to swell the throng that drift towards our Editors' busy nook.

I read with much interest the letter from Joe 13, and can picture him going his daily rounds which comprise a bachelor's routine on a western farm. Some years ago, I too had the privilege of of baching on a homestead and although there was a lack of modern cooking implements, I did fairly well. My main assortment consisted of a frying pan for flap-jacks and cackle berries, also a coffee pot and dish pan, a few pieces of china? with nicks galore. The meals came at all hours and the dishes were washed at different periods. On occasional Sundays the neighboring bachelors would drift over and relieve me of a fairly good supply of chuck and baccy.

The Summers were indeed cheerful, but when Winter came, I often found the days lonely and the hours seemed to go so slowly, especially when there was a howling blizzard blowing and the old shack refused to keep out the weather. However, those days have gone never to return and in my spare moments I muse over those olden times. One occasion to be long remembered by me was one winter while baching on a farm in Southern Saskatchewan. I was looking after a farm for a friend of mine who had decided to visit his folks in the East. It was near Christmas time and one of my pals dropped in to pay me a visit, and we made plans for a Christmas feast, some of the neighboring bachelors to be the partakers. My pal, I will call him "Pat" suggested that he take the 22 rifle and get a couple of hens for our feast. Pat started towards the hen house. Soon

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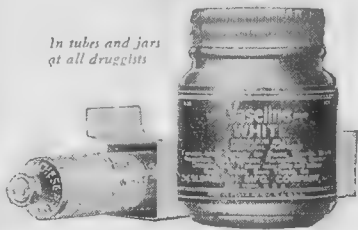


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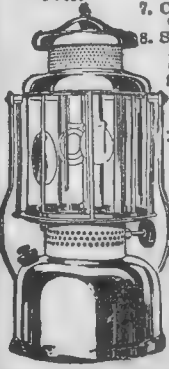
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without using high-class advertising mediums. *The Western Home Monthly* will suit your requirements.

came the report of the rifle and judging from the number of shots being fired, I figured that Pat was killing off all the poultry, but he soon came in with one old hen that looked as if she had been scrapping with a machine gun. Next came the plucking and manufacturing of the dressing. This in some way was accomplished and as I had never used sage before, and knew very little about its proper uses, I put a handful in the dressing. After our prospective dinner was completed the noble bird was laid away until the final day arrived. Christmas morning was bright and frosty and I did not eat any breakfast as I wanted to enjoy the dinner to the full. The fowl was placed in the oven and another handful of sage sprinkled over it. My, how heavy the air was with sage in an hour or so. A neighbour whose wife was a good cook sent over their Christmas greetings in the shape of a pie, cakes and other delicacies and soon came the expected pilgrims who remarked how good the dinner looked. The fowl was brought forth reeking with sage and the dinner was commenced. We consumed part of the fowl and enjoyed the other treats. Towards evening the pilgrims left for their own homesteads and all looked rather pale. I too felt rather sick and the remainder of the fowl was given to the wolf hounds. For days afterwards, these dogs would look at me with tears in their eyes, wondering if I too had felt the effects of too much sage. No doubt many of the prairie bachelors could tell many tales similar to this one, but I hope the most of them are better cooks than I used to be. So long,
Sod Buster.

Who Can Help This Reader?

Dear Editor and Readers,—I am an interested reader of your magazine and am writing to try and secure the words of two songs, I am desirous of obtaining. I do not remember the title of either, but one runs as follows:—

There's a neat little clock in the turret,
it stands
And points forth the hours with its two
pretty hands,
One tells the minutes the other tells the
hours,
As often you see in the old church towers.
The other is,
My kitty has gone from her basket,
My kitty has gone
Another verse is,

The dog that lives down by the river,
That dog with an awful sharp bark
Has frightened my kitty most dreadful,
Up there she is crying bring back, bring
back, oh bring back my kitty to me.
These are only the few lines I can remember and I do not know if they are correct. Hoping some of the readers of your delightful magazine will be able to send them to me, I am,—A reader of the
W. H. M.

Will "A reader of the W.H.M." kindly send his name to the editor of this page.

The Glory of the Country Life

Dear Editor and Reader,—I am just a new reader of your paper which I consider the best magazine in Western Canada, and will confess it was City Bred's letter that caused me to write and defend the country life.

I have lived in the country all my life and think there is no place like it. I spent last winter in a city of over 300,000 population (Minneapolis) and it is a nice city in every way. It is very pretty with all its trees and nice buildings and I enjoyed the city for a change. But there are houses everywhere you look, cement walks, trolley cars making a continual noise and people by the thousands, some hurrying this way and some that. I often used to watch the crowds on the busiest street in the city, Hennipen Ave., rushing back and forth having to elbow their way through autos, trucks and street cars. It looked as though no one knew where they were going. Then my thoughts would go back to the Western Canadian Prairies and to the wooded land and I would wish myself back. Back where there are great waving fields of grain, where tall trees stretch their leafy arms to God and where one can hear the birds singing happily.

City Bred, you say you think Country Life would be monotonous. City Life

I think is far more liable to be so. It is the same old grind day after day. On a farm there is something new almost every day. In the spring we have to get the seed cleaned and ready for sowing and then it is not long before haying is on our hands, then comes the harvest and while everything is growing, we must see that binders, etc., are in repair. Then of course, the horses, cattle, hogs, etc., have always to be taken care of and colts must be broken in and what can be more interesting than breaking in colts. When the fields are all cleared the plowing begins. We must get our furrows straight and as clear of stones as possible. During the winter wood has to be hauled and broken unless you burn coal. Then of course, you do your Christmas shopping early. Oh, yes, we farmers have lots of leisure moments too. The evenings are always free and in the summertime, we have sports days and fair week. But best of all is the wonderful, fresh air, blue skies or cloudy ones, there is beauty in them both; wonderful sunrises and sunsets; the singing of birds, the babbling of brooks or the silence of the forest with only the chatter of squirrels to break it. There is nothing I would rather do than go for a swift gallop over a soft carpet of grass, or in the Winter go for a sleigh ride with a bob-sleigh full of jolly people, bells ringing and echoing in the woods.

Now I will close. I am taking up a great deal of space, but hope to see a reply from City Bred in the W.H.M. before long.

Back Home.

Guess I wasn't meant for bright lights,
For the blaze of red and white lights,
For the throngs that seem to smother
in their selfishness, each other,
For when ever I've been down there,
Tramped the noisy, blatant town there,
Always in a week I've started,
Yearning, hungry, heavy hearted,
For the home town and its spaces,
Lit by fine and friendly faces.

Like to be where men about me,
Do not look on me to doubt me;
Where I know the men and women,
Know why tears, some eyes are dimmin;
Know the good folks an' the bad folks,
An' the glad folks an' the sad folks,
Where we live with one another,
Meanin' something to each other,
An' I'm glad to see the steeple,
Where the crowds aren't merely people.
Tom Boy.

WORK FOR BUSY FINGERS

Continued from page 49.

joined, 5 ds, close, fasten thread and break; repeat these two flowers leaving the same number of rings for the joining. Make seven flowers like the first one and six flowers like the second. Leave nine rings for the underarm and make six flowers like the first one, five like the second.

For the Shoulder Strap: Make two pieces of insertion like the first with 22 rings on each side. The flowers are made the same, five of the first flower and four of the second flower.

For the Beading Around the Top of Yoke: This is made with shuttle and ball, join to a picot, ch 2 ds, p, 4 ds, p, 4 ds, p, 2 ds, join to the next p, 2 ds, join to ch, 4 ds, p, 4 ds, p, 2 ds, join, repeat around.

Two Ends of Art

To the long list of witty sayings credited to Whistler one more clever, if brutal, retort must be added. Robert Henri, the landscape painter, tells the story, which is repeated in the Detroit "Republican."

Whistler was generally at war with artists of the Bouguereau school, whose overfinished and commonplace work he could not abide. One day, while walking in Piccadilly, he met Sir Frederick Leighton, who has been called the English Bouguereau. The two men sauntered along together, talking art.

"But, my dear Whistler," said Leighton, "you leave your work so rough and sketchy. Why do you never finish?" Whistler screwed his glass into his eye and gave a fiendish laugh.

"My dear Leighton," he said, "why do you ever begin?"

The Vital Reason for the Internal Bath

In Chicago recently, there was held a gigantic political meeting that attracted a crowd of some 15,000 men and women of varying ages. On the outskirts of the assembly stood a physician with a friend. Turning to his friend, the medical man said, "I'll wager that in this vast throng there aren't 100 persons who are in anything like normal health."

Much as we dislike unpleasant truths, there is significance in that physician's remark for all of us. Few of us can honestly say that we are over 50 per cent. efficient.

We all want to be free from disease or ailment of any kind. We all want to have pure blood, normal heart and sound nerves. We all want to enjoy restful nights and active, vigorous days. Yet many of us are half the time blue and worried, all the time nervous, and much of the time actually incapacitated by illness.

And why? Largely because we do not follow a few simple rules in the care of our physical condition. How many of us, for instance, practice internal bathing. True it is that this means of improving the physical condition is growing in use every day, but there are thousands of us yet who are strangers to the benefits of the Internal Bath.

The need for internal bathing arises from the functioning of the large intestine or colon. Accumulating waste as it does, the colon is the bane of our health. The waste is toxic, which means poisonous, and as the blood flows through the walls of the colon it absorbs the poisons and carries them through the circulation. That's what causes Auto-Intoxication—which in plain English means "Self-Poisoning," a condition which pulls down our powers of resistance and renders us subject to almost any serious ailment that may be prevalent at the time. And the worst feature of it is that few of us know when we are suffering from "Auto-Intoxication."

The proper kind of Internal Bath is Nature's own relief and corrector—Just warm water, which, used in the correct way, cleanses the colon thoroughly its entire length and makes and keeps it sweet and pure.

The effect on your physical condition is little short of marvelous. Your eyes take on a new sparkle, your step a new vigor. Your nerves relax, your appetite improves, and your sleep becomes more restful, more refreshing. You feel re-made.

To understand the Internal Bath and all it accomplishes, one should read the very interesting booklet by Dr. Chas. A. Tyrrell, the inventor of the "J. B. L. Cascade." Dr. Tyrrell's own life was saved and prolonged by internal Bathing and he wrote on the subject with the broad knowledge of an eminent authority. The booklet, which is entitled "The What, The Why, and The Way of Internal Bathing," will interest every man and woman. All that is necessary to obtain this booklet is to write to Tyrrell's Hygienic Institute, 253 Tyrrell Building, 163 College St., Toronto, and mention having read this article in the Western Home Monthly. The booklet will be mailed to you free of cost or obligation.

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TOGETHER WITH MANY MERCHANDISE PRIZES

The picture herewith shows a "Wise Old Owl" at first glance all you see is the owl perched on the tree. If you look closely you will find the faces of 8 persons showing about the tree and body of the owl. Can you find them? It is no easy task but by patience and endurance can be accomplished.

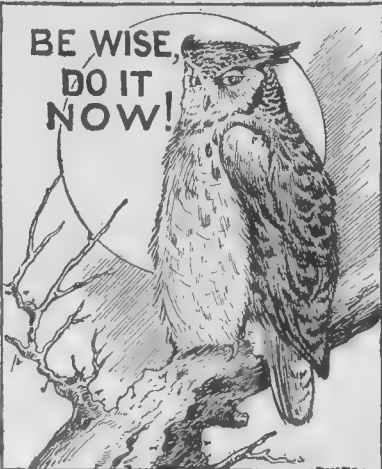
You may win a cash prize by doing so. Many have done this as will be shown by the names and addresses which we will send you. If you find the faces mark each one with an X, cut out the picture and send it to us, together with a slip of paper on which you have written the words "I have found all the faces and marked them." Write these nine words plainly and neatly, as in case of ties, both writing and neatness are considered factors in this contest.

This may take up a little of your time but as TWO HUNDRED DOLLARS in cash and many merchandise prizes are given away, it is worth your time to take a little trouble over this matter. Remember all you have to do is to mark the faces, cut out the picture and write on a separate piece of paper the words, "I have found all the faces and marked them."

WE DO NOT ASK YOU TO SPEND ONE CENT OF YOUR MONEY IN ORDER TO ENTER THIS CONTEST

Send your answer at once; we will reply by Return Mail telling you whether your answer is correct or not, and we will send you a complete Prize List, together with the names and addresses of persons who have recently received over Six Thousand Dollars in Cash Prizes from us, and full particulars of a simple condition that must be fulfilled. (This condition does not involve the spending of any of your money.) Although these persons are entirely unknown to us, they are our references. An

**BE WISE,
DO IT
NOW!**



enquiry from any one of them will bring the information that our contests are carried out with the utmost fairness and integrity. Winners of cash prizes in our late competitions will not be allowed to enter this Contest.

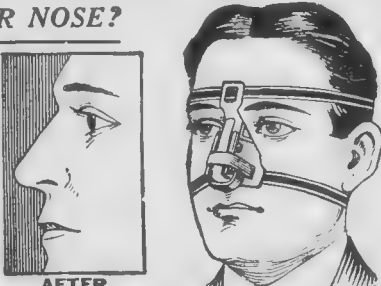
This Competition will be judged by two well known business men of undoubted integrity, who have no connection with this Company, whose decisions must be accepted as final.

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Send Your Reply Direct to

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YOU HAVE A BEAUTIFUL FACE BUT YOUR NOSE?



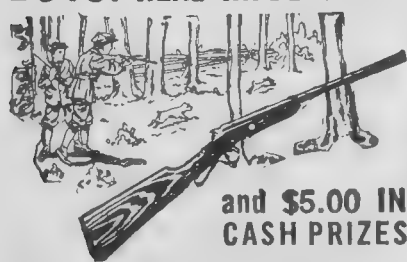
BEFORE AFTER

IN THIS DAY and AGE attention to your appearance is an absolute necessity if you expect to make the most out of life. Not only should you wish to appear as attractive as possible, for your own self-satisfaction, which is alone well worth your efforts, but you will find the world in general judging you greatly, if not wholly, by your "looks," therefore it pays to "look your best" at all times. Permit no one to see you looking otherwise; it will injure your welfare! Upon the impression you constantly make rests the failure or success of your life. Which is to be your ultimate destiny? My latest Nose Shaper, "Trados Model 25", U.S. Patent, with six adjustable pressure regulators and made of light polished metal, corrects now ill-shaped noses without operation, quickly safely and permanently. Diseased cases excepted. Does not interfere with one's work, being worn at night.

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Children's Cosy Corner

Conducted by Bobby Burke

Dear Boys and Girls of the Cosy Corner.

Well we hav'n't had much luck lately with our corner have we? The printers' strike gave us such a small paper that our corner was almost crowded out, but there are good days coming, and we shall hope that later on we may be able to steal a little more room to make up for all the space we have lost.

We have a great many competitions to straighten up and the first among them is the Motto Competition. Now some of you did not understand this competition very well, because just any Motto won't do for our Corner you know. We want something bright and clever and worth remembering. The one on the prize-button "wisdom is more precious than rubies" is a good one, but here are the best of the others submitted, and I want all our readers to vote on their favorite, send in the vote to "The Editor of the Cosy Corner, Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg" before the end of November, and we shall then decide on our motto.

That done today,
Will twice repay,
That that's done tomorrow.
That done tomorrow
Will cause sorrow,
Because it wasn't done today.

Eric Campbell,
Birtle P.O.

- (2) (a) Give joy to all.
(b) Always aiming higher.
(c) Every cloud has a silver lining.

Annie Rattray,
Woodnorth, Man.

- (3) (a) Do unto others as you would they should do unto you.
(b) Do your best.

Helen Talmay,
Rocanville, Sask.

- (4) (a) We learn to do by doing.
(b) Try, try and try again.

Asa Marks,
Ship Harbour

- (5) (a) I serve,
(b) I would love to.

L. C. Wildfong,
Richmond, Sask.

- (6) (a) Make Others Happy.
(b) Do a kind deed for some one every day.
(c) Think of others first.

Ivy I. Chase — Box 46
Mozart, Sask.

of Rose Lynn, Alta., who is a rising young artist for her 12 flowers were mounted on tinted pages which composed a pretty book and she also joins the C. C. C.'s and 'wears a gold button'; and Laurier Martel, Coleville, Sask. who made a neatly 'mounted' collection of twelve flowers in booklet form and who like the last competitor is granted an extra gold button because of his good work. We are very proud of these wild flowers collections and we congratulate all the competitors, and especially those whose collections were worthy of a prize.

SOMETHING FOR YOU TO DO IN NOVEMBER

Write a letter to some other member of the cosy corner, telling all about your own part of the world,—your school, your home and all your friends. Enclose the letter in a blank open envelope with a three cent stamp on it. Write your own name and address plainly inside the letter and the editor will send it just as far away from home to someone else who also writes and so you will have a new correspondent. Perhaps if you live in Alberta your letter will go to Nova Scotia, and so on. Don't forget all the directions, **blank, open stamped envelope** and a nice newsy friendly letter inside it.

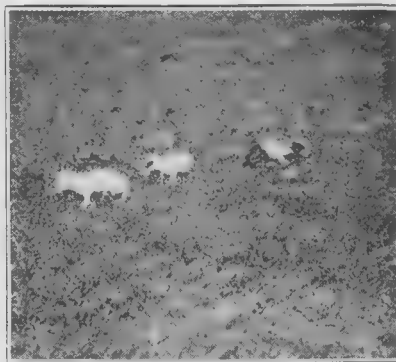
SOMETHING TO READ

THE SWAGGERING CROW

By Clara Dillingham Pierson

When the crows who have been away for the winter return to the forest, all their relatives gather on the tree-tops to welcome them and tell them the news. Those who have been away have also much to say, and it sometimes seems as though they were all talking at once. They spend many days in visiting before they begin nest-building. Perhaps if they would take turns and not interrupt each other, they would get the news more quickly, for when people are interrupted they can never talk well. Sometimes, too, one hungry fellow will fly off for a few mouthfuls of grain, and get back just in time to hear the end of a story. Then he will want to hear the first part of it, and make such a fuss that they have to tell it all over again just for him.

At this time in the spring, you can



Pet Rabbits taken July 15th.



This picture taken August 13th.

PHOTOGRAPH COMPETITION

You can't imagine how many competitors we had for this interesting competition?—Shame on you all! Only one! And so the camera just naturally goes to Winston Nichols, Box 367 Ingersoll, Ont. for pictures of his rabbits taken July 15th, and August 13th:

WILD FLOWER COMPETITION

Here, there were several hard-working and painstaking competitors and I wish I could show you the beautiful collections well mounted and carefully named which were made by Miss Eva I. Morris (age 14) of Osage Sask. who is the fortunate winner of the Camera; by Winston Nicholls who has already won one camera and now joins the C. C. C. and wears a handsome gold button; by Dagmar Sanderson (age 12) of Sturgis, Sask. whose flowers were unmounted but very well pressed and preserved and who also becomes the proud possessor of a gold button; by Betty Porter,

hear their chatter and laughter, even when you are far away; and the song-birds of the forest look at each other and say: "Dear me! The crows are back." They have very good reasons for disliking the crows, as any robin will tell you.

There was one great shining black crow who had the loudest voice of all, and who was not at all afraid to use it. This spring he looked very lean and lank, for it had been a long, cold winter, and he had found but little to eat, acorns, the seeds of the wild plants, and once in a great while a frozen apple that hung from its branch in some lonely orchard.

He said that he felt as though he could reach around his body with one claw, and when a crow says that, he feels exceedingly thin. But now spring was here and his sisters and his cousins and his aunts, yes, and his brothers and his uncles too, had returned to the forest to live. He had found two good

IN WITNESS WHEREOF,

The parties to this agreement have hereunto set their hand, the day and year first above written. Signed and acknowledged in the presence of

E. P. Stevenson



Esther G. Gossel



Wilde A. Spain



Marjorie Bell



Geo. A. Elliott



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GIRLS! THIS LOVELY DOLL GIVEN



We haven't been able to give a doll as good as this for years. She is simply wonderful with her jaunty hat sitting on her fluffy hair, and her beautiful dress with pretty ribbon trimmings. The very doll you have always wished for. Big pretty and beautifully dressed. And she does not cost you a cent. Given for selling only \$4.50 worth of our magnificent Xmas and other Picture Post Cards at 2 for 5 cents; beautiful Xmas Cards and Folders at 5, 10 and 15 cents each; Xmas tags and seals at only 10 cents a packet and lovely pictures at 10 and 15 cents each.

Everybody buys. You can win this fine prize in next to no time. IT'S TWICE AS EASY TO SELL TWO KINDS OF GOODS. ORDER TO-DAY. SEND NO MONEY — we trust you. The Gold Medal Co. (Established 1898), Dept. W. H. 10, X. 311 Jarvis St., Toronto.



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The Western Home Monthly

dinners already, all that he could eat and more, too, and he began to feel happy and bold. The purple gloss on his feathers grew brighter every day, and he was glad to see this. He wanted to look so handsome that a certain Miss Crow, a sister of one of his friends, would like him better than she did any of the others.

That was all very well, if he had been at all polite about it. But one day he saw her visiting with another crow, and he lost his temper and flew at him and pecked him about the head and shoulders, and tore the long fourth feather from one of his wings, besides rumpling the rest of his coat. Then he went away. He had beaten him by coming upon him from behind, like the sneak that he was and he was afraid that if he waited he might yet get the drubbing he deserved. So he flew off to the top of a hemlock tree where the other crows were and told them how he had fought and beaten. You should have seen him swagger around when he told it. Each time it was a bigger story, until at last he made them think that the other crow hadn't a tail feather left.

The next day, a number of crows went to a farm not far from the forest. Miss Crow was in the party. On their way they stopped in a field where there stood a figure of a man with a dreadful stick in his hand. Everybody was frightened except Mr. Crow. He wanted to show how much courage he had, so he flew right up to it. They all thought him very brave. They didn't know that down in his heart he was a great coward. He wasn't afraid of this figure because he knew all about it. He had seen it put up the day before and he knew that there was no man under the big straw hat and the flapping coat. He knew that, instead of a thinking, breathing person, there was only a stick nailed to a pole. He knew that, instead of having two good legs with which to run, this figure had only the end of a pole stuck into the ground.

Of course, he might have told them all, and then they could have gathered corn from the broken ground around, but he didn't want to do that. Instead, he said: "Do you see that terrible great creature with a stick in his hand? He is here just to drive us away, but he dares not touch me. He knows I would beat him if he did." Then he flew down and ate corn close beside the figure, while the other crows stood back and cawed with wonder.

When he went back to them, he said to Miss Crow: "You see how brave I am. If I were taking care of anybody, nothing could ever harm her." And he looked tenderly at her with his little round eyes. But she pretended not to understand what he meant, for she did not wish to give up her pleasant life with the flock and begin nest-building just yet.

When they reached the barn-yard, there was rich picking, and Mr. Crow made such a clatter that you would have thought he owned it all and that the others were only his guests. He flew down on the fence beside a couple of harmless hens, and he flapped his wings and swaggered around until they began to sidle away. Then he grew bolder (you know bullies always do if they find that people are scared), and edged up to them until they fluttered off, squaking with alarm.

Next, he walked to the hen-house, saying to the other crows: "You might have a good time, too, if you were not such cowards." He had no more than gotten the words out of his bill, when the door of the hen-house blew shut and caught there. It was a grated door and he scrambled wildly to get through the openings. While he was trying, he heard the hoarse voice of the crow whom he had beaten the day before saying: "Thank you, we are having a fairly good time as it is"; and he saw Miss Crow picking daintily at some corn which the speaker had scratched up for her.

At that minute the great Black Brahma Cock came up behind Mr. Crow. He had heard from the hens how rude Mr. Crow had been and he thought that as the head of the house he ought to see about it. Well, one cannot say very much about what happened next,

but the Black Brahma Cock did see about it quite thoroughly and when the hen-house door swung open, it was a limp, ragged and meek-looking crow who came out, leaving many of his feathers inside.

The next morning Mr. Crow flew over the forest and far away. He did not want to go back there again. He heard voices as he passed a tall tree by the edge of the forest. Miss Crow was out with the crow whom he had beaten, and they were looking for a good place in which to build. "I don't think they will know me if they see me," said Mr. Crow, "and I am sure that I don't want them to."

HOW FAST CAN YOU SAY THEM?

Here are a number of amusing "tongue-twisters" discovered by Capper's Weekly:

A glowing gleam growing green.
The black breeze blighted the bright blossoms.

Flesh of freshly flying fish.
Six thick thistle sticks.

Two toads tried to trot to Tedbury.
Give Grimes Jim's great gilt gig whip.

Slick, strong Stephen Stringer snared six sickly sickly silky snakes.

She stood at the door of Mrs. Smith's fish sauce shop welcoming him in.

AN OBVIOUS NICKNAME

The following dialogue between mother and son appears in the Youngstown Telegram:

"Edgar?"

"Yes, mother, what is it?"

"What are you children doing?"

"Playing royalty. I am a Knight of the Garter, and Edwin is Saturday."

"That's a strange name for royalty."

"Oh, it is just a nickname on account of his title."

"What is his title?"

"He's a Knight of the Bath!"

JIMMY KNEW MULES

A teacher of whom the Argonaut has heard was instructing a class in English. She called on a small boy, Jimmy Brown.

"James" said she, "write on the board, 'Richard can ride the mule if he wants to.'"

That Jimmy proceeded to do to the satisfaction of all concerned.

"Now," continued the teacher, when Jimmy had returned to his place, "can you find a better form for that sentence?"

"Yes, m'am, I think I can," was the prompt response of Jimmy. "Richard can ride the mule if the mule wants him to."

NOBLESSE OBLIGE

The British officer, whatever his professional qualifications, always has courage, solicitude for his men and a strict sense of justice.

I have wondered, says Mr. Charles W. Whitehair in his recently published book *Out There*, at the great love and sympathy that seem to exist between the British officer and his men. I had seen it in India before the war. I have seen it in all parts of the British Empire. I know the reason now. I have yet to see a British officer among the walking wounded who goes ahead of his men to have his wounds dressed.

Outside of one dressing station sat a young colonel with a bad wound. One of the secretaries noticed him and said, "You had better get into the dressing station at once."

"It is not my turn. I will not go out of turn."

Some few hours later, the secretary, passing out food and drink, again noticed the colonel.

"Here! Why haven't you had your wounds dressed?" he exclaimed.

"I am waiting for my turn."

"But it was your turn long ago."

"Are you sure?"

"Of course I am. Come, let me help you."

Into the dressing room he staggered. He had no idea that he had done a heroic thing.

GRACEFULLY PLEASED.

A British railway official tells of the tourist in Ireland who left the train at every station and went ahead to the luggage van to ask if his trunk were safe. After the sixth time the exasperated guard replied:

"Begorra, I wish the Lord had made ye an elephant instead of an ass, and then you'd always have your trunk in front of you."



BABY BEGLEY.

"It was the Virol saved her Life."

40, Java Street, Ottawa, 21/9/20.

Dear Sirs,

I want to tell about my baby Doris Mabel. She weighed 5½ lbs. when born and appeared healthy then, but began to waste away, and was so poorly that she had to be carried about on a pillow and no food would agree with her.

At the age of two months the nurse advised VIROL added to the feeding; she then weighed 5 lbs. and after a few days she began to improve. The VIROL was continued and she steadily gained until at nine months she weighed 17 lbs. The nurse at the Health Station said she had very little hope of the baby living, and we are sure it was the VIROL saved her life. I am enclosing her photo taken at the age of one year and eight months, weighing 22 lbs., and you can use it if you wish as I am so grateful to your VIROL.

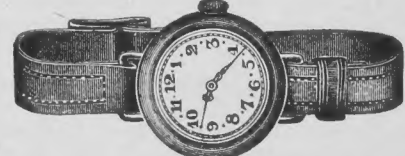
Yours truly,
(Sgd.) (Mrs.) W. J. BEGLEY.

Virol is used in large quantities in more than 2,800 Hospitals and Infant Clinics. It is invaluable for the expectant and nursing mother herself, whilst for children it supplies those vital principles that are destroyed in the sterilising of milk; it is also a bone and tissue building food of immense value. Virol babies have firm flesh, strong bones and good colour.

VIROL

Sole Importers: BOVRIL, Ltd.,
27, St. Peter's Street, Montreal.

GIRLS! THIS FINE WRIST WATCH GIVEN



This little watch is a real beauty—very small and dainty, yet a splendid timekeeper. The case is of nickel-silver, very highly polished, and it has a real leather strap. Given for selling only \$8.00 worth of our magnificent Xmas and other Picture Post Cards at 2 for 5 cents; beautiful Xmas Cards and Folders at 5, 10 and 15 cents each; Xmas tags and seals at only 10 cents a packet and lovely pictures at 10 and 15 cents each. Everybody buys. You can win this fine prize in next to no time. IT'S TWICE AS EASY TO SELL TWO KINDS OF GOODS. ORDER TO-DAY. SEND NO MONEY — we trust you. The Gold Medal Co. (Established 1898), Dept. W. H. 42 X. 311 Jarvis St., Toronto.

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The Latest in Slip Socket. Satisfaction Guaranteed.

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WHAT THE WORLD IS SAYING



Wage War on Waste

War on waste is one way of making up for the waste of war.—Toronto Globe.

The Best Rule of the Road

To avoid collisions, nations should always keep to the right.—Montreal Gazette.

One More Ford Joke

The Ford plant is to increase its output. That is rattling good news.—Regina Post.

Peril of Indiscriminate Immigration

It is high time to see to it that our goose isn't cooked in the melting-pot.—Washington Post.

Not Enough Food Production

The trouble seems to be that too many persons are raising something that is not edible.—Brantford Express.

Decided to Sheer Off

That comet that was headed towards us took one good look, and then turned away.—Hamilton Herald.

They Should Have Arbitrated

Two farmers are dead in Wisconsin as the result of a dispute over a fence. The fence, however, survives.—Lethbridge Herald.

A Fair With Many Kicks

Hamburg, Iowa, is to have a Mule Exposition in September. There's an idea with a kick in it.—Vancouver World.

No!

Longfellow wrote a poem with the title, The Skeleton in Armor. Is that what World Peace is to become?—Halifax Chronicle.

Astronomical Item

Wienecke's comet missed the earth by 10,000,000 miles, thereby destroying Germany's last chance of escaping payment.—Duluth Herald.

A Definition

Savage people are those that know nothing of pogroms, or jazz, or race riots or bootleg hootch.—Minneapolis Journal.

Shoe and Leather Item

Unfortunately for our particular branch of industry, stepping on gas doesn't wear out much shoe leather.—Shoe and Leather Reporter.

A Difference

In heathen China bandits prowl in the desert, but in this glorious free country they sit in pleasant offices.—Chicago Tribune.

An Expert Opinion

Trotsky says the world revolution is a long way off, and it will be perfectly safe to record this as an expert opinion.—Boston Transcript.

Times Have Changed

In 1861 the entire province of New Jersey was offered for sale in England for \$25,000. Now look at the cost of a single New Jersey prizefight!—Cleveland Plaindealer.

The Explanation

The reason why the big interests get so much more than the general public out of Congress is that they know what they want.—Kansas City Star.

Germany Is Learning

Germany said she could not pay. A few years ago she said she could not lose. Germany is beginning to find out about herself.—Toronto World.

This Applies to most Controversies

An economist writes that "there should be more fact and less fiction in the railroad controversy."—Also more tact and less fiction.—Toronto Telegram.

Germany's Debt to Canada

Canadians will do well to think more of the wealth to be extracted from Canada than of the \$300,000,000 of reparations which Germany owes to this country.—Toronto Mail and Empire.

Accidents Will Happen

The death recently of a famous toreador in Madrid from injuries received in a bull fight shows that accidents will happen in the best regulated arenas.—Victoria Colonist.

No Chance

Russia, it is reported, is threatened with famine. It is believed, however, that Lenine and Trotsky will not be among the starving.—Kingston Whig.

A Suggestion

Wouldn't it be a good thing for the League of Nations to examine some of these infant republics and see if a pin isn't sticking them somewhere?—Montreal Standard.

As They View Each Other

Both Turkey and Greece have been full of the idea that the other lost the war, and that is why they have been so keen on having another war with each other.—Buffalo Express.

The Ex-Kaiser's Taxes

The ex-Kaiser has few points of contact with humanity, but his unwillingness to pay taxes is a touch of nature that makes him kin to the world.—Brooklyn Eagle.

National Ambitions and Wars

If the nations are willing to lay down some of their ambitions with their arms there is a good chance for peace in the world.—Ottawa Morning Journal.

An Organized Business

Pickpockets in Chicago have a trust of their own which hires lawyers to defend them, etc. The thing must be getting almost respectable.—Omaha Bee.

Busy Germany

In the industrial centres of Germany there are no unemployed. Which provokes in us a train of thought in which we almost feel inclined to ask ourselves, "Who won the war?"—Woodstock Sentinel-Review.

A History-making Summer

The summer of 1921 may easily loom large in the history of the twentieth century. If things go smoothly it may conceivably be remembered as the period in which the English-speaking world entered upon a new period of rapprochement and the foundation for a real peace association was laid.—New York World.

A Statesman with Vision

Premier Smuts is the best living example of the international mind. He is a wise, far-seeing statesman, with his feet planted firmly on his native soil, and his head high enough to give him a world view.—Regina Leader.

Lord Byng will be Busy

Lord Byng of Vimy, the new Governor-General, has received enough invitations to open fall fairs and do similar stunts, to keep him busy until Christmas. He might as well rent Rideau Hall at Ottawa to somebody else for the next six months.—Stratford Beacon.

Queer Things Happen In Russia

The report comes by cable that 500 Russian peasants assembled in a village and committed suicide. This would indicate a disordered state of mind probably on the part of the correspondent.—London Advertiser.

A Question

The Russian government is to begin the coining of money again. By the way, what has become of that communist theory that money is not necessary?—Winnipeg Free Press.

A Remark about Germany

It does not appear that Germany is over-enthusiastic about trying her war criminals; but there is reason to believe that it will be a long time before Germany is enthusiastic again to try a criminal war.—St John Globe.

Canada and the U. S.

Canada is so close to the United States in spirit, ideals and interests that we may expect to see her become more and more the bond that unites America with the rest of the English-speaking world.—New York Tribune.

The Big Rake-off from the Fight

The Dempsey-Carpentier bout was a prize-fight all right; but it was Uncle Sam, and not Mr. Dempsey who was the chief prize-winner, for Uncle Sam's winnings from the affair, in the form of income-tax, amounted to more than the total sum received by both the fighters.—Saskatoon Star.

Professor Einstein's Conclusion

Prof. Einstein, the noted expert on relativity has gone back home to Germany and told the people there that in America the men are "the toy dogs of the women." You have to hand it to these experts for arriving at important conclusions.—St. Paul Pioneer-Press.

The Costliness of Weeds

There is a good deal of truth in the remark of the Winnipeg citizens who say that it will cost a good deal to cut the weeds in the province, but that it will cost a good deal more to leave them standing.—Winnipeg Tribune.

A Plain Economic Truth

Secretary of the Treasury Mellon of President Harding's Cabinet, says that "ruin would follow the immediate payment of the approximate total of \$11,000,

000,000 now owed to this country by European and other nations." Economic facts seem to be making headway at last.—Calgary Albertan.

He Will Find a Way

A "spree" among laborers on the Chippawa Canal in which "native wine" figured, resulted in a number of those who took part in it being sent to a hospital, some of them in a serious condition. The man who is determined upon making a beast of himself would find a way, if the only plant left in the fields were the dandelion.—Brockville Recorder and Times.

Great Britain and the U. S.

These are dreadful days for Mr. Hearst with Japan suspecting Britain of undue friendliness toward the United States. Mr. Hearst devoted a great part of a mis-spent life to prove that Japan and Britain are the two relentless, conspiring foes of the United States.—New York Evening Post.

Chromatic Corn

That Chicago university professor who has spent three years producing red, white and blue corn, undoubtedly has accomplished something, but, after as much thoughtful consideration as we can afford to devote to a paragraph of this length, we are unable to determine what.—Calgary Herald.

Not Much to Worry About

It has taken the hot weather to make some people think out subjects to worry about. For instance, MacMillan, the explorer who is on his way north, has as the object of his expedition the investigation of the theory that a new Ice Age is beginning in Baffin Land, which in the course of several million years will move gradually down over the whole northern half of the globe we inhabit.—Vancouver Province.

Various Explanations

Meteorologists explain that unseasonably hot weather comes in cycles averaging from ten to fifteen years and that sun disturbances average about the same. As usual, in matters where experts give advice, there is considerable difference of opinion. Some attribute the heat to one cause and some to another.—Edmonton Journal.

George III and George Washington

It is a notable fact, as the London Nation points out, that not only has London a statue of George Washington now, but that of all the other statues in London the one nearest to that of George Washington is that of George III. When Washington was heading the American Revolution, would either he or the King against whom the Americans were in rebellion have believed that such a thing could ever be possible?—Dundee Courier.

Germany is Learning

Delusion seems at last to be giving way to enlightenment in Berlin. After years of trying to separate America from the Allies, it is slowly beginning to dawn upon some of the German people that this policy has been unsuccessful. Repeated attempts to bully, bluff wheedle or bamboozle America into siding with Germany have failed—none so notable perhaps, as the recent endeavors to make America a mediator on the reparations question.—Springfield Republican.

The Busy Western Farmer

How do those Central Europeans find so much time for fighting? Take the Western farmer and he is so busy chasing weeds, fighting potato bugs, looking for rust, getting in the summer fallow, side-stepping machinery agents, and a few hundred other small jobs that he hardly has enough time to take a gun after a prairie chicken.—Edmonton Bulletin.

The Dawn of the New Era

There is now common ground on which the United States, the Dominions, and ourselves can meet together and consider what can be done, and how quickly, to advance the peace and progress of the world. Foremost is the question of disarmament, involving the problem of an equitable settlement with and between China and Japan. Let us plan a reign of real peace and set about restarting trade and lightening the burdens of everybody.—London Daily Mail.

Unknighted Premiers

There are now no prime ministers in the dominion who are burdened with the prefix "Sir". The last of them was Sir Lomer Gouin. Newfoundland, unlike Canada, did not promulgate a "self-denying ordinance" in regard to knighthoods, and so her prime minister, Richard A. Squires, was created this month a K.C.M.G. He is the only prime minister in the western hemisphere who is a British Knight; while the only one in the eastern hemisphere so honored is the premier of Tasmania, Sir Walter H. Lee. The premier of Great Britain is a plain "Mr." And the premiers of the empire who meet in conference in London are Messrs. Lloyd George, Meighen, Hughes, Smuts and Massey.—Toronto Star.

McClary's

RANGES

For Cabin or Modern Home



MANY a pioneer in a log cabin or sod shack has started on the road to prosperity with a little McClary's Trans-Con Steel Stove.

Later he bought a McClary's LeRoy Steel Range, and as he grew more prosperous and the household demands on the range increased he traded in his LeRoy and bought a McClary's Regina Range.

Finally when the new home was built and all the comforts earned by long toil and effort were installed, a

McClary's Kootenay Range, Queen of all steel ranges was installed.

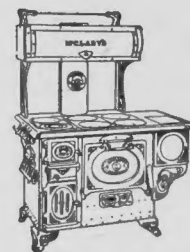
That is the story of thousands of pioneer homes in Western Canada.

To meet the rigorous conditions of pioneer transportation and usage in which breakage of ordinary cast iron stoves or ranges was so frequent, McClary's produced their series of steel ranges. McClary's steel ranges stood up under this gruelling usage of those early days, and their performance gives them the undisputed leadership in Western Canada.

Step by step McClary's kept pace with the demand for bigger and more efficient ranges until today the McClary series of steel ranges fills every requirement from that of the homesteader up to the kitchen of the finest farmhouses in the West.

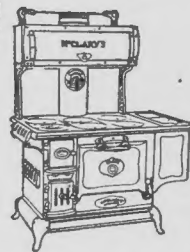
With every McClary's range goes the McClary's guarantee of workmanship, materials and performance.

**If you have a
McClary's Range
you have the best
you can get for
your money**



**McClary's
Kootenay
Steel
Range**

Queen of the McClary's range family—six sizes—efficient, simple in operation—economical of fuel.
Oven works perfectly under all conditions—burnished top, always smooth, easily cleaned
The splendid result of 70 years of experience—of science—of skill—of knowledge.



**McClary's
Garry
Steel Range**

Second only to the Kootenay in all the qualities of a high class range. Made in four sizes. Built to give maximum service in cooking, baking and heating. Oven of American Ingot Iron, nickel coated for easy cleaning. Top of doubly burnished cast iron, smooth, bright and clean. Heavy, durable duplex grates—a range of real quality, dependable at all times and under all conditions

durable duplex grates—a range of real quality, dependable at all times and under all conditions



**McClary's Regina
Steel Range**

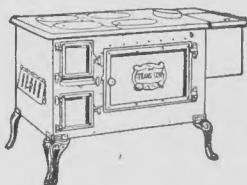
Range quality at a moderate price—four sizes—well-built fire box from which the large oven is evenly heated—drop oven door; flues deep and broad, scientifically built for even distribution of heat—top of large capacity—six holes. The Regina will last a life time—it is built that way.



McClary's LeRoy Steel Range

"Service without show"—accurately describes McClary's LeRoy Range—sturdily built in five sizes—a large oven around which the flue system carries the heat twice—not elaborate but neat and tastily trimmed with nickelled trimmings. The price is attractively low. The LeRoy will give good service for years and usually brings in a good price when traded in for a new higher grade McClary's range.

McClary's Trans-Con Steel Range



Many a homesteader and prospector has cooked comfortably and well for years on the little McClary's Trans-Con Steel Range. Just the thing for the "shack" or small family—light to transport—strong and durable—a good cooker and baker, and easily within the purse reach of those who find it necessary to practice economy at the start.



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You ought to have white teeth, too. You *can* have them! By using Klenzo—the *white* dental cream.

There is no other dentifrice made exactly like Klenzo. Klenzo's *white*, snowy foam penetrates every crevice—searches out old secretions and food particles, and destroys them. Cleans, polishes, and *whitens* the enamel. And, besides all that, it leaves that delicious Cool, Clean, Klenzo Feeling in your mouth.

This delightful feeling—more than mere

taste—is proof of the cleansing work Klenzo is doing. And results show in *whiter* teeth, a healthier mouth.

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